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VINCENT ASTOR, SUDDENLY MADE ONE OF THE GREAT LANDOWNERS OF NEW YORK BY THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AT THE SINKING OF THE "TITANIC"

PERMANENT OWNERS OF NEW YORK

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

THE old Knickerbocker families of New York are to-day, precisely as were their predecessors in the early part of the nineteenth century, the owners of New York. They invested their fortunes, not in railroads or in shipping or in manufactures, but in America's most productive source of wealth—the soil of Manhattan Island. They are the city's landed aristocracy; they represent essentially the only American fortunes that endure from generation to generation; that maintain their own in the face of changing economic circumstances; and that steadily and surely increase from year to year.

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Taken as a mass, these Knickerbocker names, or the names of their immediate descendants, probably represent not far from $1,000,000,000 in New York landed property. The Astors and their numerous collateral branches own at least $500,000,000; the Goelets, the Gerrys and the Gallatins, all Goelet descendants, control at least $150,000,000; the Rhinelanders, with their branches, hold not far from $100,000,000; the heirs of Henry Spingler and Garret Storm represent another $50,000,000; and the present generation of the Wendels have in the neighborhood of $40,000,000. If we join with these the other large landed estates, represented by the Beekmans, the Stuyvesants, the Enos, the Schermerhorns, and four or five others, we shall reach a total not far removed from the billion mark.

For the larger part, the New York landed families acquired their property when it was vacant farm or marsh or rock, years before the most prophetic foresaw the present metropolis. At the beginning of the nineteenth century New York extended only a short distance beyond the present City Hall. Those familiar with the island to-day, with its angular streets, its acres of ugly tenements, its elevated roads, its skyscrapers, and its miscellaneous warehouse buildings, can hardly picture it as it was a century ago — the abiding-place of a sober, industrious yeomanry. It had its white and well-kept farmhouses, its pastures, its sheep-ranges, its old country roads,— all obliterated now except the Bowery and Broadway,— its lakes, its ponds, and a multitude of beautiful watercourses running through its valleys and meadows. John Jacob Astor, the son of a German butcher, who landed here a penniless boy at the close of the Revolution, was the first to purchase extensively these Knickerbocker farms. He invested in this way his entire accumulations in the fur trade. We are nearly

WALDORF ASTOR, SON OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH (MAY GOELET), WHO OWNS $20,000,000 IN NEW YORK LAND

all familiar with his story: how the million dollars which he placed in vacant land grew to be $20,000,000 at the time of his death; how it was increased in the hands of his son to $50,000,000, in the hands of his grandsons to $100,000,000, until now, in the fourth generation, its value is not far from half a billion.

Goelet Fortune Dates from 1686

Astor was not the only pioneer, however, who was industriously piling up this splendid inheritance for his descendants. Compared with the Knickerbocker families, indeed, the Astors are simply *nouveaux riches*. A hundred years before the original John Jacob Astor began beating furs in his little Chambers Street headquarters, the Goelets had already established their standing as New York landed proprietors. Our first glimpse of them takes us back to the little old New York of the closing days of the eighteenth century, a period when the town, with a population not exceeding 1,500, was still intensely and patriotically Dutch. One of its regular international uses was in providing asylum for the Huguenots driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Several of the present great landholding families of New York arrived at Manhattan Island in

MRS. ROBERT GOELET, WIFE OF ONE OF THE GREAT LANDOWNERS OF NEW YORK

these exciting days. In 1686 came one François Goelette, a brilliant, dashing young Huguenot refugee, bringing tales of persecution and hairbreadth escapes that immediately made him a hero with the intensely Protestant Knickerbocker burghers. It was the grandson of this Goelet, Peter, who laid the basis of the family fortunes. He accomplished this as a successful ironmonger in his little shop in Hanover Square at the "Sign of the Golden Key." Several years before the Revolution, the firm of Goelet & Curtenius enjoyed a wide notoriety, not only for the patriotic impulses of its heads (both played a leading part in the excitement leading up to the break with England), but for the originality and enterprise of its advertisements. One can hardly turn over the pages of the colonial papers without finding columns of fine type setting forth their latest importations from Bristol, England — wares that included not only cutlery, farm implements, and general hardware, but practically everything essential to the comfort and convenience of their community.

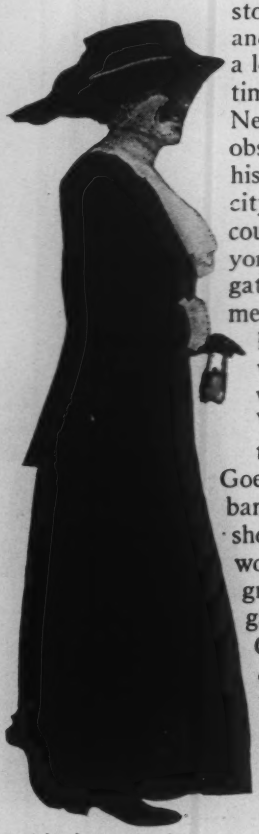
A Farm that Grew from $10,000 to $200,000,000 in a Century

Peter Goelet accumulated a decent competence in trade, and early developed the family habit of picking up worthless parcels of real estate. The present Goelets, however, have reason to be grateful chiefly for the marriages contracted by his two sons, Peter P. and Robert R. These young men married two sisters, Almy and Margaret Buchanan. At that time no one, least of all the Goelets themselves, appreciated that they were marrying, not only two of the belles of the aristocracy, but a principality. The father of the Buchanan girls, Thomas Buchanan, was a Scotch farmer, who cultivated a wide acreage in the northern Manhattan wilderness, extending between what has since become Forty-first Street and Forty-ninth. In the early nineteenth century this Buchanan farm could easily have been purchased for $10,000; now it has a market value exceeding $200,000,000. On one corner of the Buchanan farm stands the terminal of the New York Central Railroad; the choicest possession of the Goelet family, the Ritz Carlton Hotel, occupies another minute section; the Windsor Arcade, the great eleven-story building of the Day and Night Bank, Delmonico's and Sherry's restaurants, and other monuments of the modern New York repose upon the soil where Thomas Buchanan, only seventy-five years ago, cultivated his corn and turnips and potatoes. Unfortunately for them, the Goelets have not retained the whole of this enormous estate; what they still hold, however,—the Fifth and Madison Avenue fronts, and certain large slices here and there in the side streets,— has a valuation not far removed from $20,000,000.

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY IS WORTH $25,000,000

Almy Goelet's two sons, Peter and Robert, inherited about half a

million each as their share of the profits of the hardware store and the family's landed estate. For a time they continued their father's business; soon, however, their energies became absorbed in the far greater opportunities offered by the soil of Manhattan. These two Goelets were contemporaries of the two acquisitive Astors, John Jacob and William Backhouse; and, with the Astors, they were the great real estate operators of the time. The two brothers were singularly different in character and manner of life, having really nothing in common except their business shrewdness and their affection for each other. Robert, in his early days, was evidently something of a beau, his name flitting across the chronicles of the early nineteenth century as a participant in the general social gayeties of the town. Peter, on the other hand, was a saturnine bachelor. For many years he was the most conspicuous eccentric of New York. In early life he established his headquarters in an old-fashioned brownstone house at Broadway and Nineteenth Street, a locality which at that time was a part of rural New York. Here Peter obstinately lived until his death in 1879. The city grew up to his country house and beyond; around him gathered great department-stores, theaters, hotels, and the district which in the seventies was the Great White Way. Through all these changes Peter Goelet clung to his suburban home. The rushing shoppers used to gaze wonderingly through his grated fence into the garden where Peter Goelet's cow quietly chewed its cud amid the roar of modern Broadway. Sometimes there were gathered crowds of small boys peering through the interstices at a sight unmatched anywhere in the New World. For Peter, in addition to his rents, his mortgages, and his vacant lands, had one great passion. He was a lifelong collector of blooded poultry and rare birds. He filled his Broadway garden with storks, peacocks, birds of paradise, cranes, and Indian pheasants — his back yard, indeed, would have served as a modern stage-setting for "Chantecler." Peter found his chief delight in feeding these birds and caring for them; according to gossip, they had not only the run of the Broadway garden, but his house as well.



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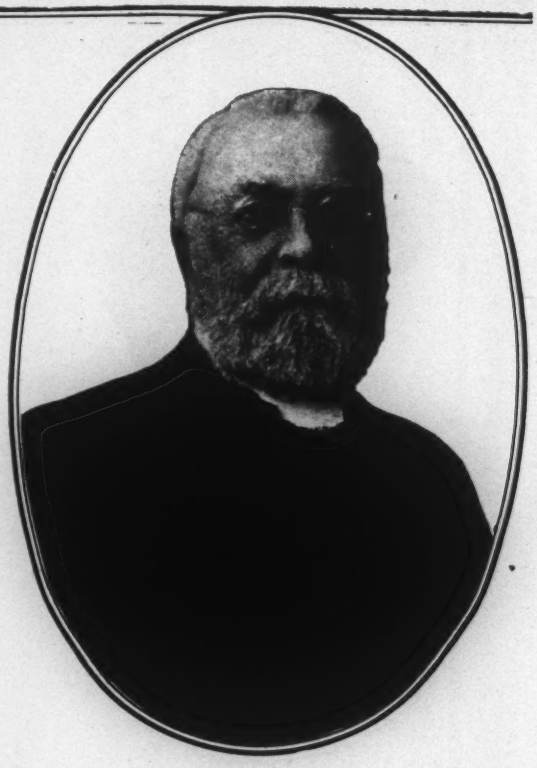


DEAN EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN THEOLOGIAN, WHO LEFT A FORTUNE OF $15,000,000 IN NEW YORK REAL ESTATE

Of Peter himself his fellow New Yorkers obtained only occasional glimpses. A spare, bent, gray-haired figure, shabbily and scantily dressed, with hat drawn down and coat closely buttoned up, passed silently now and then through the streets, usually on some rent-collecting tour. At night passers-by would now and then see his weather-beaten figure in the basement, where Peter kept his office, poring over his account-book. Occasionally, if the cellar door opened suddenly, a brilliant glare of light would burst out upon the hurrying Broadway crowds, and perhaps there could be heard the clang of a hammer on an anvil and the weary soughing of a bellows. For Peter, in addition to his animals and his birds,

MRS. MATHILDE TOWNSEND GERRY, WIFE OF PETER G. GERRY, WHO WILL INHERIT A LARGE PART OF THE PETER GOELET FORTUNE

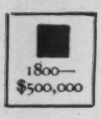
had one other dissipation: he was an amateur blacksmith. He had a forge in his basement, and here for hours, especially at night, he would fashion all kinds of mechanical contrivances, particularly locks. His one companion was an old servant. The many years' association of the two men, according to the prevailing explanation, had brought about a marked physical resemblance. In his talks with this servant and his few intimates Peter constantly gave expression to one pursuing fear. He was terrorized by the belief that he would spend his last days in the poorhouse. Times were bad, property values and rents were falling—calamity stared everybody, and especially the Goelets, in the face.

Peter's $500,000 Increased to $25,000,000

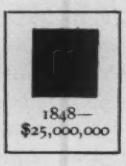
All the time that Peter was indulging in these gloomy forebodings, he was constantly buying more land. He started life with an inheritance of $500,000; when he died, in 1879, he had increased this to $25,000,000. As with the Astors, it was chiefly marsh and rock and woodland in the outlying sections that attracted Peter and his brother Robert. For several years before his death, Peter could look across from his Nineteenth Street basement to a great department-store standing on his land, worth probably not far from $1,000,000. When the Goelets acquired this it had a value not exceeding $2,000 or $3,000. And so, all along the line of Broadway, from Chambers Street to what is now Central Park, Peter and Robert purchased scores of lots for $200 and $300 each that are now easily worth $200,000 or $300,000. Either by chance or by a foresight that can only be described as genius, they selected properties along what has since become the great headquarters of trade and residence. Their favorite locations were found upon the old Bloomingdale Road, now known as Broadway, along Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue, and in the great wholesale section west of lower Broadway. When they died they had not far from three hundred pieces of real estate, great and small, improved and unimproved. Like the early Astors, these Goelets had the habit of tenaciously keeping what they bought. Once Goelet property, always Goelet property, was their motto. Let it rise or let it fall — in either event, it was the policy of the Goelets to retain their hold. Once Peter had taken hold of a piece of real estate, it was almost impossible to wrench him from his bull-dog grip. One of the exciting episodes of the seventies was Commodore Vanderbilt's attempt to get a piece of Peter's land required for his new Grand Central terminal. In spite of the fact that this great railroad station would enormously enhance the value of his other large holdings in the same neighborhood, Peter persistently refused to sell. Vanderbilt had finally to

ROBERT GOELET

obtain a special act of the legislature before he could acquire this property. Peter Goelet never forgave the Commodore for this "high-handed" act.


1800—$500,000

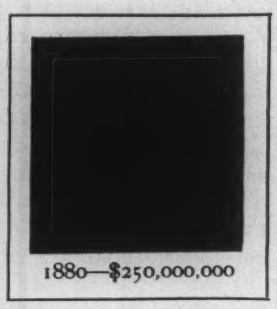
The Goelet brothers died in 1879, within two months of each other. Together they left not far from $50,000,000. They gave nothing back to the city whose rapid growth had heaped up this great fortune. Perhaps it was for this reason that the newspaper critics treated somewhat harshly the memory of "Peter the Hermit," as the eccentric elder Goelet was popularly known. "Whatever he knew of felicity," said an editorial in the *New York Times*, "was bound up in his consciousness of added gains. He passed more than half a century in pinching pennies and caressing dollars, that he might die at eighty a lonely old bachelor worth from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000, his calm affections divided between his numberless leases, his Cochin-China cocks and Brahmaputra hens." However, Peter had strong family affections and family pride and great devotion to his brother's sons, Ogden Goelet and Robert, and to the son of his sister Hannah — Elbridge T. Gerry. To these he left practically his entire estate.


1848—$25,000,000

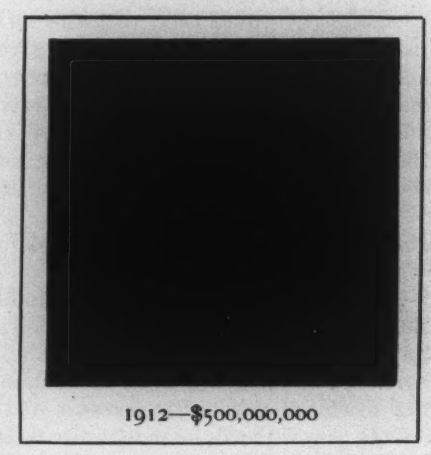
In the days when Peter Goelet carried on his retail business in tenpenny nails and carpenters' tools at the "Sign of the Golden Key," one of his most prosperous contemporaries was Garret Storm. Storm, who was descended from a long line of Dutch ancestry, was a dealer in green groceries. The present generation knows little of Garret Storm, but he laid the foundation of one of New York's largest fortunes in real estate. To his foresight in purchasing a single block of land the great Hoffman accumulations of to-day owe their origin. This block was the one bounded by Fifth and Sixth avenues, Forty-second and Forty-third streets. In 1852, when Garret Storm purchased it, this was known as "corporation property" —that is, it was owned by the city. Those who are familiar with this stately estate, now covered with great office buildings, hotels, "arcades," shops, and department-stores, flanked on one side by New York's beautiful new Public Library and on the other by the New York Central's new $100,000,000 railroad terminal, with the elevated road skirting its western border, the subway and the McAdoo tunnel its southern edge, would hardly recognize the frontier plot that attracted the longing glances of Garret Storm. Then it was part of Manhattan's "bad lands"; indeed, it was so worthless that no one had even taken it up for farming. Forty-second Street, in 1852, was bordered by a high, precipitous rock on whose surface were located a ragged array of "squatters'" huts. On Fifth Avenue, from Forty-second Street north, the only conspicuous improvement was a slaughter-house and a cattle-yard.

One day in 1852 the city offered this whole plot for sale at auction. Garret Storm was one of the few bidders. He got the whole thing for $15,000 — at the rate of about $300 a lot. That was only sixty years ago; and yet, to-day, you couldn't buy the property for $15,000,000.

However, even Garret weakened a little when the city handed him his deed. What could he ever do with this section of Shantyville? He went to his brother Stephen and asked him to help him out by "going halves" on it. Stephen shook his head. "You may want to put your money into that kind of truck," he replied, "but I don't want any of mine in it." However, he offered to lend Garret money with which to "carry" his purchase.

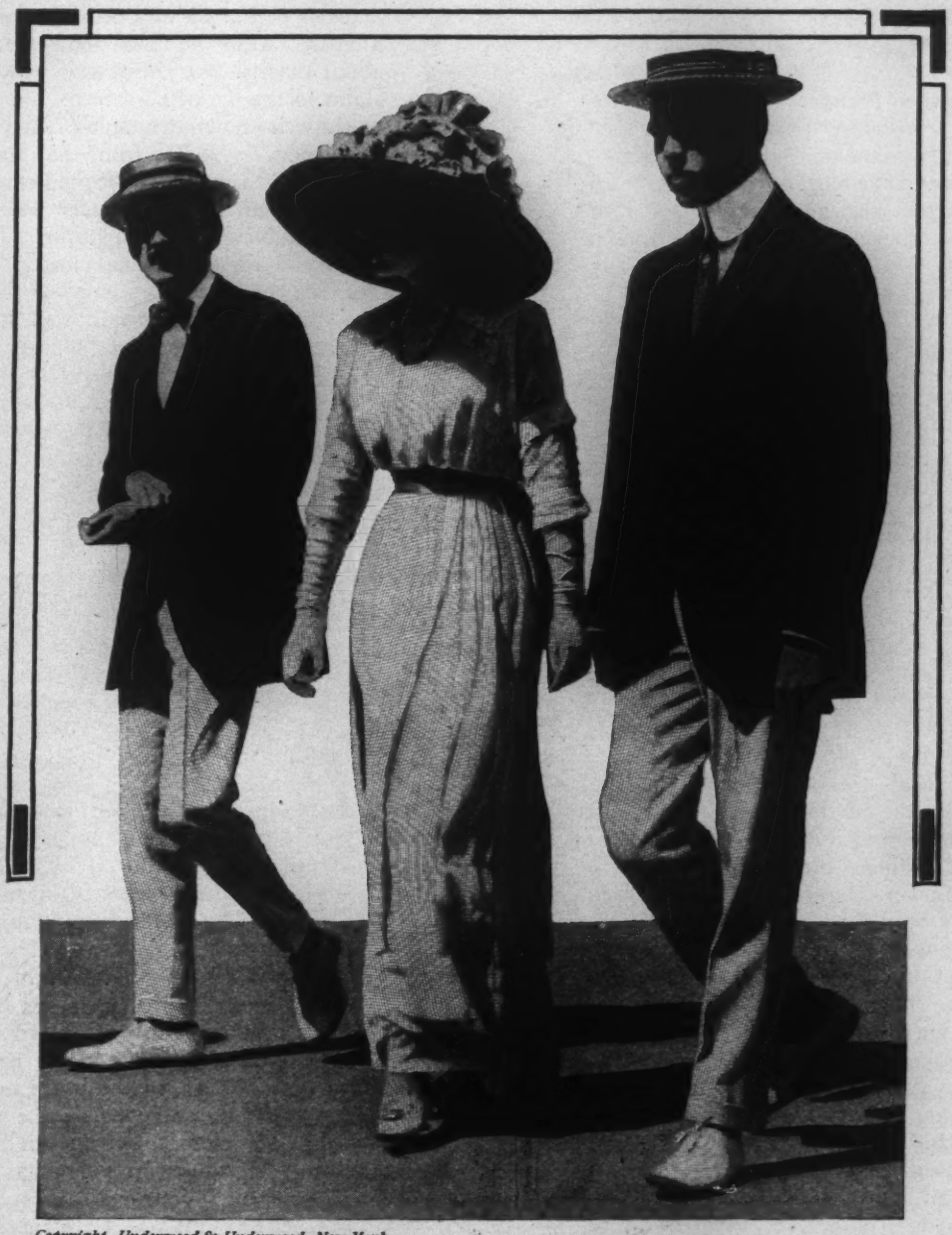

1880—$250,000,000

Stephen Storm's descendants are unknown to-day; his brother Garret's are numbered among the city's millionaires. His Forty-second Street purchase went to his two grandsons, Eugene A. and Charles F. Hoffman, and to his granddaughter, Louisa Livingston Gerry, wife of that same Elbridge T. Gerry who inherited so largely from Peter Goelet. The Hoffmans and the Gerrys still own the larger part of it. It made Eugene A. Hoffman, who was for many years dean of the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his brother, the Rev. Charles


1912—$500,000,000

THESE DIAGRAMS SHOW THE GROWTH OF THE SEVERAL ASTOR AND GOELET FORTUNES FROM 1800 TO DATE

F. Hoffman, pastor of All Angels' Church in New York, the richest clergymen in America. They both died a few years ago, their combined fortunes amounting to not far from $25,000,000. Dean Hoffman clad in his mortarboard seemed a rather incongruous figure for an American millionaire. And yet a millionaire was the Dean in the full implications of the word. Not only was he sufficiently eminent as a theologian and a scholar to win the honorary



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ROBERT WALTON GOELET, MISS WILLIARD, AND VINCENT ASTOR. TOGETHER THESE TWO YOUNG MEN OWN ABOUT $200,000,000

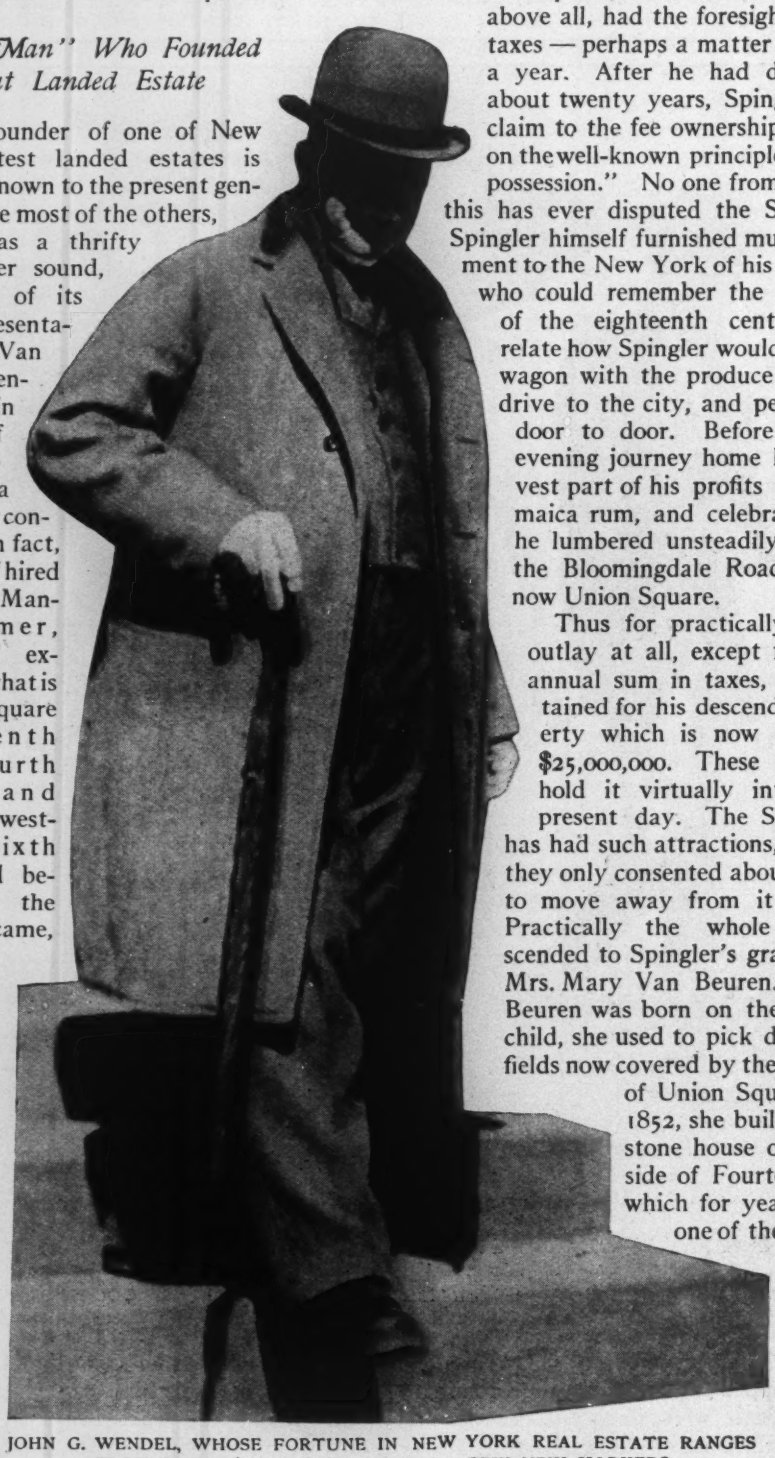
and scholastic gown, moving sedately along the well-cropped lawns of the seminary grounds,—which, with its ivy-clad walls and towers, its mullioned windows, and its heavy shadowing oaks, seems almost like a piece of Oxford landed bodily in New York,—certainly degree of D.D. from Oxford, but he was for years one of the ablest real estate judges in New York. He was always in the market, with a singular fondness for good things in the mercantile section of Fifth Avenue and the streets immediately contiguous. That he was

not at all narrow-minded is evident from the fact that he owned the Hoffman House, whose remarkable bar, with its far-famed Doré-like mural decorations, hardly suggested the ecclesiastical seclusion of Chelsea Square.

A "Hired Man" Who Founded a Great Landed Estate

Another founder of one of New York's greatest landed estates is virtually unknown to the present generation. Like most of the others, his name has a thrifty Knickerbocker sound, as has that of its present representatives — the Van Beurens. Henry Spingler, in the days of the Revolution, was not a man of great consideration. In fact, he was a "hired man" for a Manhattan farmer, whose acres extended from what is now Union Square — Fourteenth Street, Fourth Avenue, and Broadway — westward to Sixth Avenue and beyond. When the Revolution came, Henry Spingler's master turned out to be a Tory. He was so outspoken in his loyalty to George III that his fellow citizens, as was the custom in those days, made life in New York City unendurable to him. One day Spingler awoke and found that his boss had departed. What became of him no one ever knew; he never returned to claim his farm, nor did his heirs ever put in an appearance. Spingler kept at work on the place, cultivated his crops, and, above all, had the foresight to pay his taxes — perhaps a matter of $20 or $25 a year. After he had done this for about twenty years, Spingler put in a claim to the fee ownership of the farm on the well-known principle of "adverse possession." No one from that day to this has ever disputed the Spingler title. Spingler himself furnished much entertainment to the New York of his time. Those who could remember the closing years of the eighteenth century used to relate how Spingler would load his ox-wagon with the produce of his farm, drive to the city, and peddle it from door to door. Before making the evening journey home he would invest part of his profits in gin or Jamaica rum, and celebrate wildly as he lumbered unsteadily back along the Bloomingdale Road to what is now Union Square.

Thus for practically no money outlay at all, except for a trifling annual sum in taxes, Spingler obtained for his descendants a property which is now easily worth $25,000,000. These descendants hold it virtually intact at the present day. The Spingler farm has had such attractions, indeed, that they only consented about a year ago to move away from it themselves. Practically the whole estate descended to Spingler's granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Van Beuren. Mrs. Van Beuren was born on the farm; as a child, she used to pick daisies in the fields now covered by the retail stores of Union Square; and, in 1852, she built the brownstone house on the north side of Fourteenth Street which for years has been one of the most interesting sights in New York. Here Mrs. Van Beuren and her spinster sister, Miss Belle, for years main-



JOHN G. WENDEL, WHOSE FORTUNE IN NEW YORK REAL ESTATE RANGES FROM $30,000,000 TO $40,000,000. FEW NEW YORKERS HAVE EVER HEARD OF HIS EXISTENCE

tained a rural establishment not unlike Peter Goelet's on Broadway. On land valued at more than $1,000,000 they kept a country garden, with cows, horses, dogs, chickens, parrots, and other live stock. The appearance of Miss Belle, her calico dress pinned up, feeding her chickens, frequently broke in upon the gaze of shoppers on this, one of the busiest thoroughfares in modern New York.

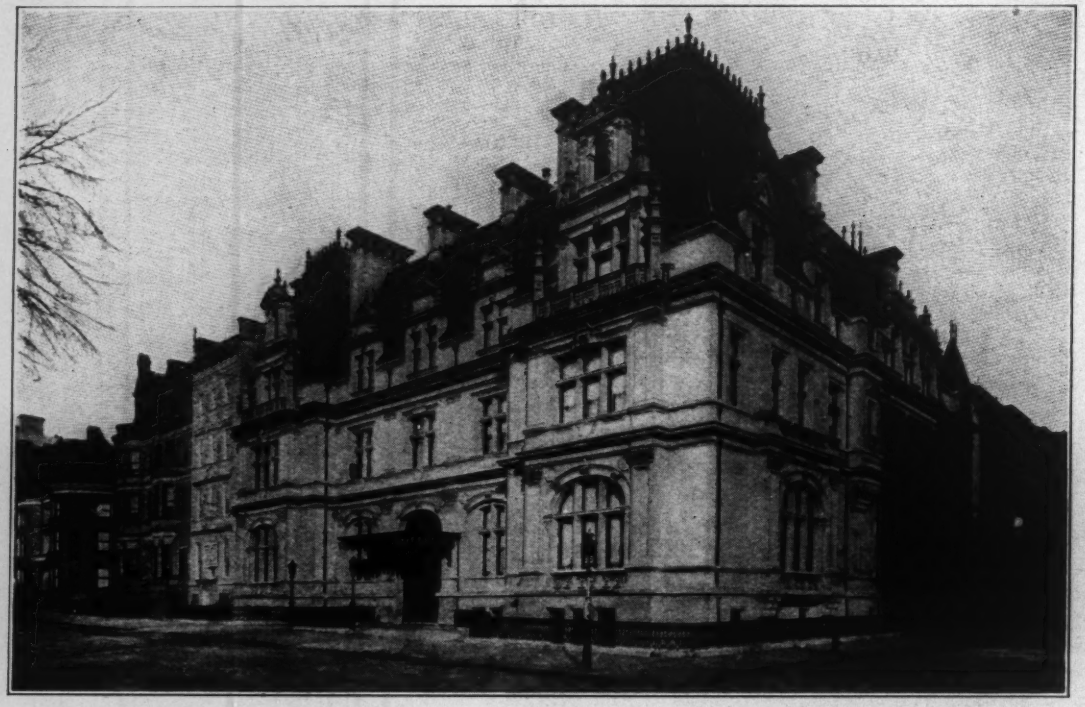
Great Holdings of the Rhinelanders

Another great landed family — probably the one which, in actual possessions, ranks next to the Astors and the Goelets — was founded as far back as 1686 by Philip Jacob Rhinelander. Like the first Goelet, the original Rhinelander was a Huguenot refugee; and, like the Goelet fortune, the Rhinelander estate had its beginnings in a fortunate marriage. William C. Rhinelander began to purchase New York real estate toward the close of the eighteenth century, when he acquired, by foreclosing a $6,000 mortgage, the old sugar-house lot on Rose and Spruce streets — a site where the $2,000,000 Rhinelander Building now stands. His son, William C. Rhinelander, married the daughter of John Rogers, who owned a farm which now comprises several blocks in the shopping section of Sixth Avenue. All through the nineteenth century the Rhinelanders invested their profits in vacant property — property which afterward developed into teeming business and tenement districts. The holdings of all the Rhinelanders to-day (the family has many branches) probably has a value of not far from $100,000,000. Like many other old New York families, they cling to the old family homestead. Several representatives live to-day in the quaint and dignified houses on the north side of Washington Square — in a neighborhood which, although now filled with business buildings and apartments, was, fifty years ago, New York's leading residential area. Here for many years the Rhinelander sisters, Miss Julia and Miss Serena, *grandes dames* of the old New York, lent an air of Knickerbocker dignity to the encroachments of business. As social leaders, indeed, they had little in common with the heroines of the modern Sunday supplement. Miss Julia died twenty years ago; but Miss Serena Rhinelander still occupies the beautiful old house at the corner of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue.

THE WENDEL FIFTH AVENUE HOUSE — A PIECE OF LAND VALUED AT $3,000,000. THE WENDELS ARE THE ONLY NEW YORKERS WHO HAVE A BACK YARD ON FIFTH AVENUE. THREE YEARS AGO THEY REFUSED TO SELL THIS YARD, SAYING THAT THE FAMILY DOG NEEDED IT TO EXERCISE IN

There are several other landowning families of whom identically the same story can be told. There is John D. Wendel, for example, a brother-in-law of the first John Jacob Astor, who made

a fortune as a commission dealer in deerskins, and who invested it so thoughtfully in New York real estate that his grandson owns from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 worth to-day. There is Amos R. Eno, who, in addition to other fortunate purchases, acquired for $25,000 the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in 1855 (when it was used as a circus ground), only to have his grandson sell it a year or two ago for $5,000,000. Included in this list of the owners of New York are the Beekmans, the Roosevelts, the Lorillards, the Havemeyers, the Schermerhorns, and the Stuyvesants. Nearly all Americans have read how Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Amsterdam, after surrendering the city to the English in 1664, bought his farm on the Bouwerie Road, three miles from the city center, and there spent a choleric, discontented old age. How many know, however, that his descendants still control enormous acres of this same old farm — that one branch of it alone possesses not far from 250 tenement-houses on it, with a value of perhaps $10,000,000? Indeed, nearly all of these landowning families are of the Dutch and Huguenot stock that laid the foundations of the present city. The Dutch struck their flag to the English nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, but they still hold tenaciously to the soil.



THE ASTOR RESIDENCE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREET. IT WAS BUILT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO, BY THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AT A COST OF ABOUT $3,000,000

Influence of the Erie Canal

If we seek the original creator of landed wealth in New York, we must look over the heads of Astor and the Goelets to De Witt Clinton, the man who, in 1825, pushed to completion the Erie Canal. Up to that time New York was not inevitably marked out for the American metropolis; in 1800 Philadelphia was actually a larger city, and Baltimore, with its splendid harbor and its inland river communication, confidently expected to grasp the nation's commercial leadership. But the Erie Canal changed the situation in a twinkling. It placed the city in communication with inland New York — an agricultural empire in itself, whose wealth had previously flowed by way of the Susquehanna River to Baltimore — and New York became the seaport for the agricultural States bordering on the Great Lakes. Until the Erie Canal was opened, it had cost eighty-eight dollars a ton to transport wheat from Buffalo to Albany; with this new waterway the cost fell to something more than five dollars. A string of cities, several of which became large ones, sprang up along its course — all tributary to New York. A year after the canal was opened, 19,000 boats and rafts, all loaded with merchandise for New York, were counted upon the Hudson River. The Hudson, instead of the Po-

tomac, now became the regular highway to the trans-Alleghany country; and the little leafy town, which had previously had to struggle with other places for its share of trade, became America's great trans-Atlantic port.

Effect of Immigration on New York Land Values

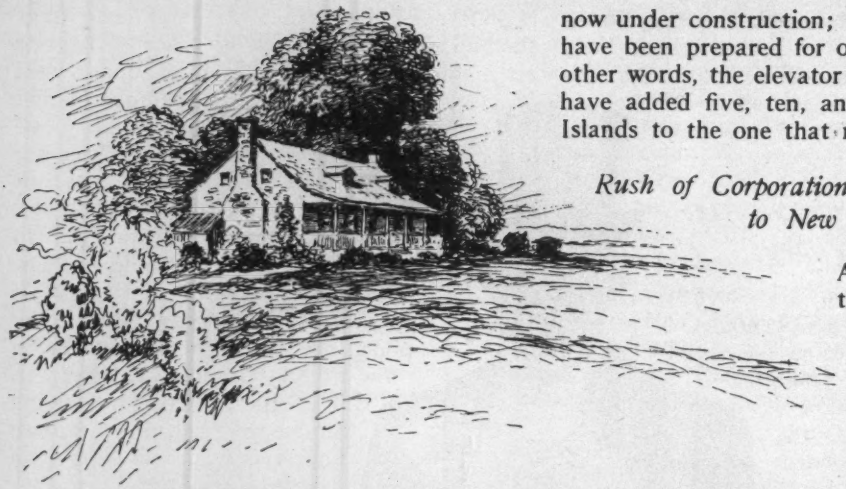
These families have also silently benefited from that other phenomenon which so largely explains the development of the city — immigration. The potato famine of the forties in Ireland, the mid-century revolutionary army disturbances in Germany, the economic pressure in Italy and central Europe in the eighties and nineties, and the Jewish persecution in Russia in more recent years, have wonderfully raised property values in New York. These influences have added to the unearned increment, not only because they have added millions to the population, but because they have provided a new utilization for the land. With immigration came what may be called the "tenementization" of New York. Manhattan, which, up to about 1840, had contented itself with growing laterally, east and west and north, now suddenly began to start into the air. At first the immigrants crowded into the old-fashioned Manhattan houses — five or six families in buildings that had hitherto sheltered one. They even filled the cellars and the garrets — all to the profit of the landlord. In the early forties the builders began the destruction of these old-fashioned dwellings, and placed upon land that had formerly been set apart for a single family a building housing sixteen, twenty, and twenty-four families.

These builders had only one ambition, and, in the lack of decent building laws, they had no difficulty in gratifying it: to wring from every available square foot of land the highest possible revenue. In those early days the builders left absolutely no space for light or air; a considerable proportion of the rooms were without windows or openings of any kind. Not content with building one tenement on a lot, they frequently built two, one back of the other. Satisfied at first with four-story houses, they soon changed the standard to five, then six, then seven, and in a few cases eight. As a result of this sweating process Manhattan Island developed the most atrocious slums in the world. Its practical effect, so far as the ancient landholding families were concerned, was an unprecedented stimulation in property values.

DOUGLAS ROBINSON, BROTHER-IN-LAW OF EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND A TRUSTEE OF THE WILLIAM ASTOR ESTATE

How the Elevator Made the Landlord Rich

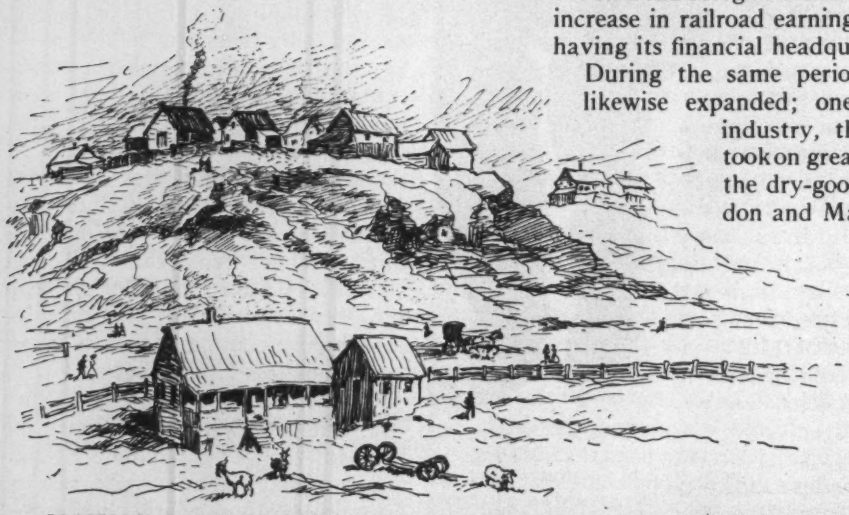
Two American inventions, as unforeseen a hundred years ago as the aëroplane or the wireless telegraph, have added untold millions to the value of the soil. The first of these is the elevator. As early as 1859 a crude steam elevator made its appearance in New York, with the opening of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It had a speed limit of about 50 feet a minute — compared to the 600 feet a minute which modern New York demands. When Henry B. Hyde, in 1868, built the Equitable Building, he astonished New York by installing in it several of these newfangled contrivances. Awkward and slow moving as they were, people came from all over the country to look at them. These sight-seers did not realize that, interesting mechanically as the elevator is, its economic influence is more remarkable still. At a stroke it doubled the value of urban property available for office buildings, hotels, commercial warehouses, and high-class apartments. Up to this time five stories was the limit for structures of this kind; with the elevator, ten stories became the maximum. The builders could not go higher, because they still constructed on old-fashioned lines. With each



SITE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL FIFTY YEARS AGO. THIS FARM WAS BOUGHT BY THE ASTORS FOR $25,000; IT IS NOW WORTH $25,000,000

story they had to increase the thickness of the walls, with a consequent reduction in rentable space, especially on the ground floor, the most valuable of all. With the invention of the present system of steel construction, however, this difficulty disappeared.

Under the new scheme, the walls no longer served to carry the weight of the building. They became merely protections against the rain and the cold. A huge skeleton of steel supported the entire structure. This contrivance, combined with the rapidly moving elevator, made practicable buildings of any height. From ten stories, they shot up to sixteen, eighteen, twenty-two, twenty-four. In the last five years the two tallest buildings, one forty-one and one fifty stories high, have been erected. Still another of fifty-two is now under construction; and architects' plans have been prepared for one of sixty-four. In other words, the elevator and the steel system have added five, ten, and fifteen Manhattan Islands to the one that nature made.



PROPERTY IN FORTY-SECOND STREET BOUGHT BY GARRET STORM SIXTY YEARS AGO FOR $15,000; IT IS NOW WORTH $15,000,000

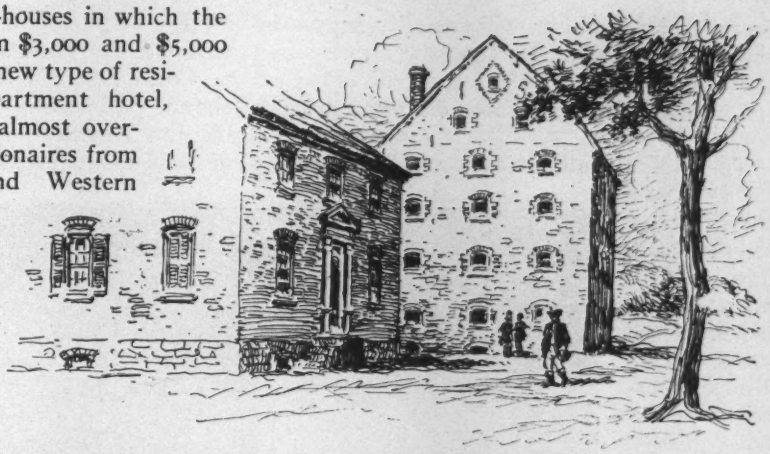
Rush of Corporations and Rich Men to New York

Another thing that these primitive investors did not foresee was the rush of finance and fashion to New York. They did not know that Manhattan Island would become the nation's financial capital and the ultimate residential headquarters of American millionairedom. The general movement toward New York had gained great impetus before the Spanish war; it was the unparalleled prosperity following that event, however, which fixed its commercial supremacy for all time. This was the period of the growth of trusts and combinations — which, whatever their influence upon American life, greatly enhanced the value of real property in New York. For nearly all these new combinations made their offices on Manhattan Island. They brought with them a long procession of capitalists, professional men, executive officers, and clerks; their large flotation of stocks and bonds enormously increased the business of the Stock Exchange and the New York banks. Coincidently came the railroad reorganizations and the sensational increase in railroad earnings — all this activity having its financial headquarters in New York.

During the same period general business likewise expanded; one single New York industry, the dry-goods trade, took on greater proportions than the dry-goods business of London and Manchester combined.

In order to provide accommodations for these new tenants, the greatest period of building activity in the history of any city started in. Skyscrapers, warehouse buildings, hotels of hitherto un-

known luxury, apartment-houses in which the annual rentals ranged from $3,000 and $5,000 to $15,000 a year, and a new type of residence known as the apartment hotel, seemed to rise by scores almost overnight. Newly made millionaires from Pittsburgh, Chicago, and Western towns rushed for New York *en masse*— having as their one ambition in life, apparently, a house on Fifth Avenue.

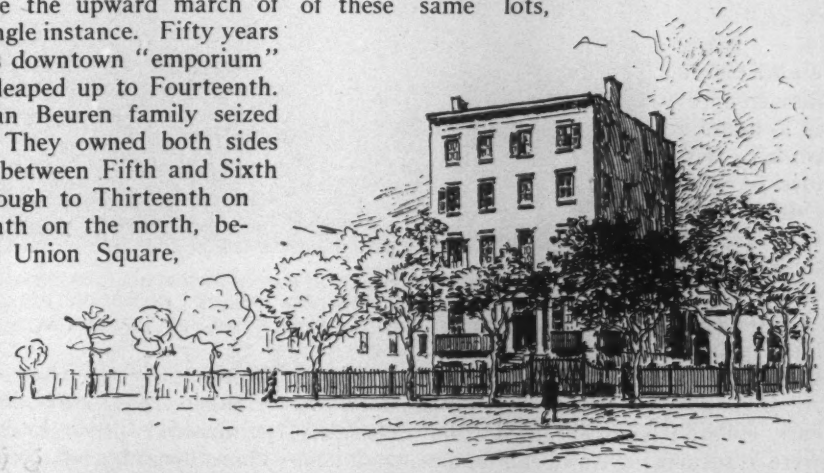


THE OLD RHINELANDER DWELLING AND SUGAR-HOUSE. ON THIS SITE NOW STANDS THE $2,000,000 RHINELANDER BUILDING

New York, the Nation's Playground

New York became not only the nation's business, financial, and residential center, but its playground as well. Its production of office buildings had its appropriate complement in the growth of expensive restaurants, theaters, and concert-halls. Whole blocks of the town in particular sections — such as the one known as Longacre Square, at the junction of Broadway and Forty-second Street — were dismantled to make room for scores of playhouses. At the present time there are nearly a thousand licensed places of entertainment in New York, not including cabaret shows and restaurant attractions. There are now thirty-six new theater projects under construction. Competent authorities have figured that $127,000,000 is invested in various forms of public amusement in New York, and that not far from $67,000,000 a year is spent upon them by the public.

For the last seventy-five years, wherever the city has started to grow it could make no progress without encroaching upon these Knickerbocker estates. Take the upward march of the retail trade as a single instance. Fifty years ago it left the famous downtown "emporium" on Canal Street and leaped up to Fourteenth. Here the Spingler-Van Beuren family seized its largest rewards. They owned both sides of Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, reaching through to Thirteenth on the south and Sixteenth on the north, besides the frontages on Union Square, and no merchant obtained a footing here without first making terms with the old ladies in the Van Beuren homestead. Presently retail trade overflowed into Broadway, and here the Goelets controlled nearly all the strategic corners. The elevated road in the late seventies built up a new shopping section in Sixth Avenue from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third. Several large establishments had to lease their properties here from the Rhinelanders, the Astors, and the Roosevelts. When, four or five years ago, the shopping district extended to Thirty-fourth Street and northerly on Fifth Avenue, again the Astors and the Goelets became automatically its greatest beneficiaries. In the last two years the retail trade has extended to Forty-second Street, and here the Gerrys and the Hoffmans have practically the whole situation in their hands. A large new department-store is now being constructed on a few hundred feet of the rocky estate purchased sixty years ago by Garret Storm. Storm, it will be remembered, paid $15,000 for forty-eight abandoned building lots in this section: merely for the use of a couple of these same lots,



PETER GOELET'S HOUSE AT BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET. PETER INHERITED $500,000, AND DIED, IN 1879, WORTH $25,000,000

Storm's grandchildren will annually receive in the neighborhood of $300,000 a year.

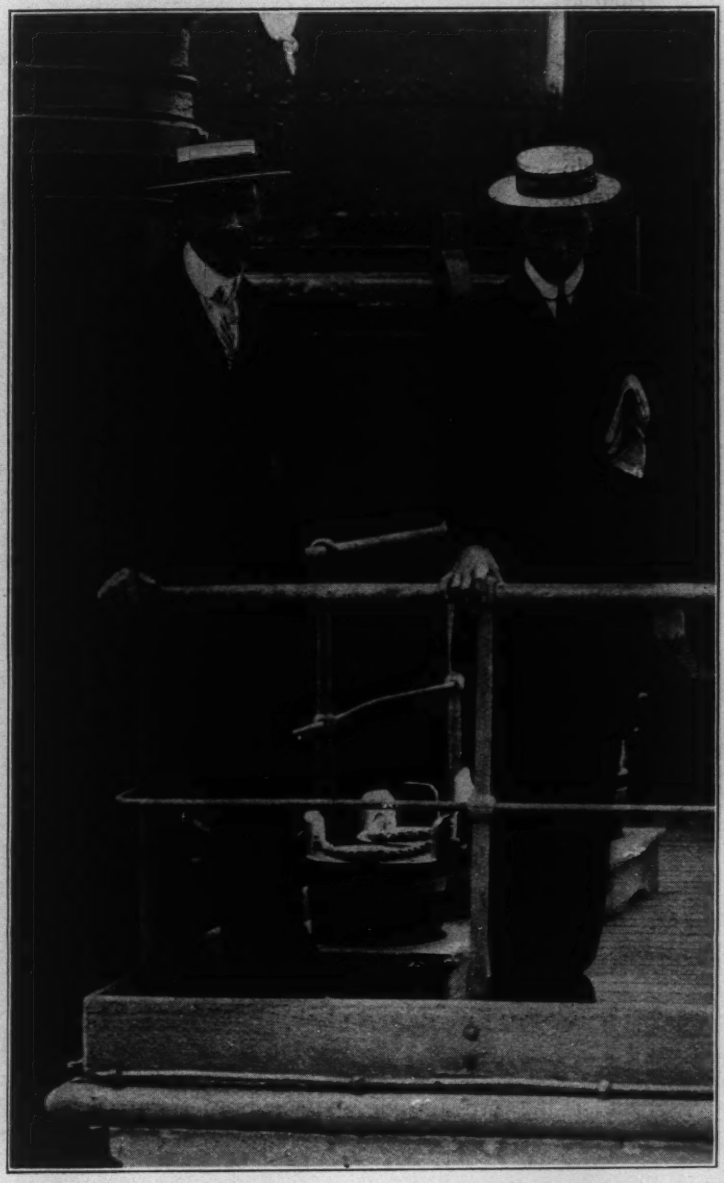
The Knickerbocker Aristocracy

The most friendly critic could hardly maintain that these large family holdings, in the main, have benefited the city. The Knickerbocker families have played a quiescent part; from the first their tendencies have been aristocratic. The original Dutch settlers of New York belonged to the trading classes; their national traditions ought naturally to have inspired them with democratic sentiments; in spite of these facts, hardly had they established themselves in the New World before they attempted to found a landed aristocracy. The Dutch Patroons, with their spacious estates extending for miles on both sides of the Hudson River as far north as Albany, gave a certain romantic color to early colonial history; in fact, however, they were transplanted European barons, and held their estates upon what were essentially feudal tenures. Their manors were entailed, descending as a whole to the oldest son; the younger sons, like the younger sons of Europe, had to find their future in public employment, in the church, or in lucky marriages; the daughters, like the daughters of the railroad millionaires of to-day, frequently married foreign noblemen. Some of these demesnes were of enormous size; the Van Rensselaer Manor, for example, extended twenty-four miles on the west bank of the Hudson and forty-eight miles into the interior. The Patroons rented these estates to a multitude of tenants or vassals. The extent to which they imitated the European baronial system is brought out curiously in the terms of these old leases. Their retainers, for example, could grind their flour only at the mill maintained by the lord of the manor. They could not trade in anything except the produce of the estate. They could not entertain strangers for twenty-four hours without the permission of their lord or his representative. These tenants, of course, seldom acquired freehold land; leasing and rack-renting was the essence of the system.

ANITA STEWART, GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM C. RHINELANDER, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF NEW YORK'S LANDED MILLIONAIRES. SHE IS THE WIFE OF PRINCE MIGUEL DE BRAGANZA

The Tenant System in New York City

The Revolution destroyed primogeniture and entail, and the violent rent-wars of the early nineteenth century ended the last vestiges of patroonship. Strangely enough, however, the Knickerbocker families attempted to restore this discredited tenant system in New York City. Had not the law prohibited, Astor, Peter Goelet, and William Rhinelander would unquestionably have entailed their property; baffled in this, they did the best they could — they let their land out in long leases. They almost never sold; they seldom put up buildings themselves; they waited until the city's growth had made their property available, and then leased to tenants who made their own improvements. These leases usually ran for twenty-one years, with a renewal on a new valuation. The lessees paid all taxes, all assessments, and a fixed rental, based on five or six per cent of the valuation of the land; at the expiration of the leases the improvements reverted to the landlords. Hundreds of tenements, private dwellings, and commercial and office buildings were erected on this basis. This policy was not only unprogressive and un-American, but essentially stupid. The landlords, in the long run, probably lost greatly by it. The ground-rent system works logically in a stable community, but in a growing city like New York, where values are constantly rising, the tenants are likely to get the best of the bargain; that is, the value of the land frequently increases during the life of the lease so greatly that they can sublet with great profit to themselves.



THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AND HIS SON, VINCENT ASTOR, ON THE ASTOR YACHT. THE ASTOR FAMILY HOLD THE WORLD'S LARGEST FORTUNE IN REAL ESTATE

Blocking the City's Growth

Singularly obstinate and blinded, indeed, was this older generation. Peter Goelet's attempt to block the Grand Central terminal, in spite of the fact that he owned millions of property in the same locality, has already been described. His spirit survives today in one of the most curious persons in New York — John G. Wendel. According to the estimates of competent authorities, John G. Wendel and his sister Josephine own real estate on Manhattan Island to the value of $40,000,000. They live together in the stately old house at the northwest corner of Fifth

Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, across the way from the Union League Club. Real estate men place a value of $3,000,000 upon this property, but nothing can persuade the Wendels to sell or lease or improve it themselves; here they have lived nearly all their lives, and here they propose to die. They are the only New Yorkers who enjoy the luxury of a back yard in what is probably the most expensive section of New York's most ornate thoroughfare. Passers-by have sometimes wondered at the high board fence which shuts off this Fifth Avenue garden — a little strip which, in itself, is valued at not far from $700,000. A few years ago a real estate broker who opened negotiations for this little plot met a stern refusal; he was informed that Miss Josephine Wendel's pet dog needed the yard as a place for exercise.

John G. Wendel, Old-School Millionaire

Every morning, promptly at ten, John G. Wendel, a man not far from seventy years old, clad in garments that may have been fashionable forty years ago, carrying, rain or shine, a stout umbrella, leaves his Fifth Avenue house. Sometimes he steps into a rickety, shabby carriage, but more frequently he walks down to his office at 175 Broadway. This is a little five-story building dating architecturally from times long before the Civil War, standing incongruously to-day in a titanic forest of modern skyscrapers. There is no elevator; Mr. Wendel slowly ascends several dark and treacherous stairways, finally entering a gloomy room which, according to the all but obliterated letters on the door, is "Mr. Wendel's office." One would hardly think that he was in the business headquarters of one of New York's most substantial millionaires — one of the world's greatest landlords. It is the kind of atmosphere that would have delighted Charles Lamb: like the South Sea House, it has its high desks, its high stools, upon which are perched a few grizzled clerks, its quaint prints on the walls, its long rows of mountainous ledgers. So completely has "Mr. Wendel's office" withstood the pressure of modernity that it has not even a telephone.

"No Property for Sale"

Perhaps the most striking feature is a sign that stares defiantly at all incomers: "No Property for Sale." This is Mr. Wendel's challenge to so-called "progressive" New York. Moreover, it represents a long-standing family policy. Long before John Jacob Astor began bargaining glass beads with the Indians for furs and investing his profits in New York real estate, the Wendels were conspicuous as Manhattan landlords. "And they have sold no property for two hundred years," says Mr. Wendel proudly. They still own No. 83 Maiden Lane, where the grandfather of the present family head heaped up a fortune in deerskins seventy-five years ago — and it looks just about the same now as in his lifetime. Like Peter Goelet, they care nothing for railroad enterprises, however much these may improve their property. John G. Wendel has waged continuous war upon the McAdoo-Hudson River tunnels. He began by refusing to sell the McAdoo corporation a piece of Dey Street property needed for its downtown terminal. When Mr. McAdoo took this by condemnation, Mr. Wendel fought the matter all through the courts of New York State, and did not surrender until the Court of Appeals decided against him. Though the property in question was worth only about $75,000, Mr. Wendel spent not far from $20,000 in fighting to retain it. When the McAdoo Company extended its subway up Sixth Avenue, with a station at Thirty-eighth Street, the Wendels, as large property-holders in the district, protested. That this great enterprise would add largely to the value of their large holdings mattered nothing. They also tried to stop the building of New York's beautiful new Hall of Records, because the site included a small piece of Wendel property; and only by virtue of a special act of the legislature did the city succeed in finally getting this land.

Ten Million Dollars' Worth of Broadway Land Unused

The Wendels strikingly illustrate one of the favorite theories of Henry George — the extent to which the private ownership of land interferes with progress. Their policy has practically destroyed certain important sections of New York. Wherever you find Wendel property you find dilapidation and decay. Wendel has set his face firmly against modern building tendencies. In his opinion, New York to-day represents a huge and hideous mistake, for which posterity will pay dearly. He abhors skyscrapers and modern hotels as heartily as he despises steam yachts and automobiles. He looks with contempt on the Astors and Goelets, brother landowners who have invested many millions in buildings of this kind. Wherever he puts up a building it is usually two or four stories high, in a few cases six — never higher. Six stories, he believes, is the proper limit for Manhattan Island. In fact, he is constitutionally bearish upon Manhattan real estate; though he is all the time buying land, he is constantly

depreciating its investment value. This policy has all but ruined one important section of Broadway — that extending above Thirty-sixth Street to Forty-second Street. Here the Wendels own a whole block and a half of property just south of the Metropolitan Opera House. According to an authoritative estimate, these concentrated holdings could readily be sold for $10,000,000. The Wendels have covered them with two-story buildings, with livery-stables, lumber-yards, and other improvements of similar nature. Had it not been for these Wendel blocks, upper Broadway would be an entirely different thoroughfare, for business that would ordinarily have located here has been diverted into other channels.

mansions, both in New York and in Newport, of steam yachts, of establishments in Europe and alliances with the European aristocracy. Ogden and Robert Goelet became international sportsmen, the friends and companions of emperors and kings — particularly Emperor William and King Edward. The Rhinelanders even went to Germany and purchased Schoenberg Castle on the Rhine — a medieval structure that overlooks the vineyard village of Oberwesel, from which the first American Rhinelander came. The daughter of Ogden Goelet, Miss May, inheriting, on her father's death in 1899, $20,000,000,— a fortune which probably makes her the richest American girl in her own right,— married the

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL (OWNED BY WILLIAM WALDORF AND THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR)

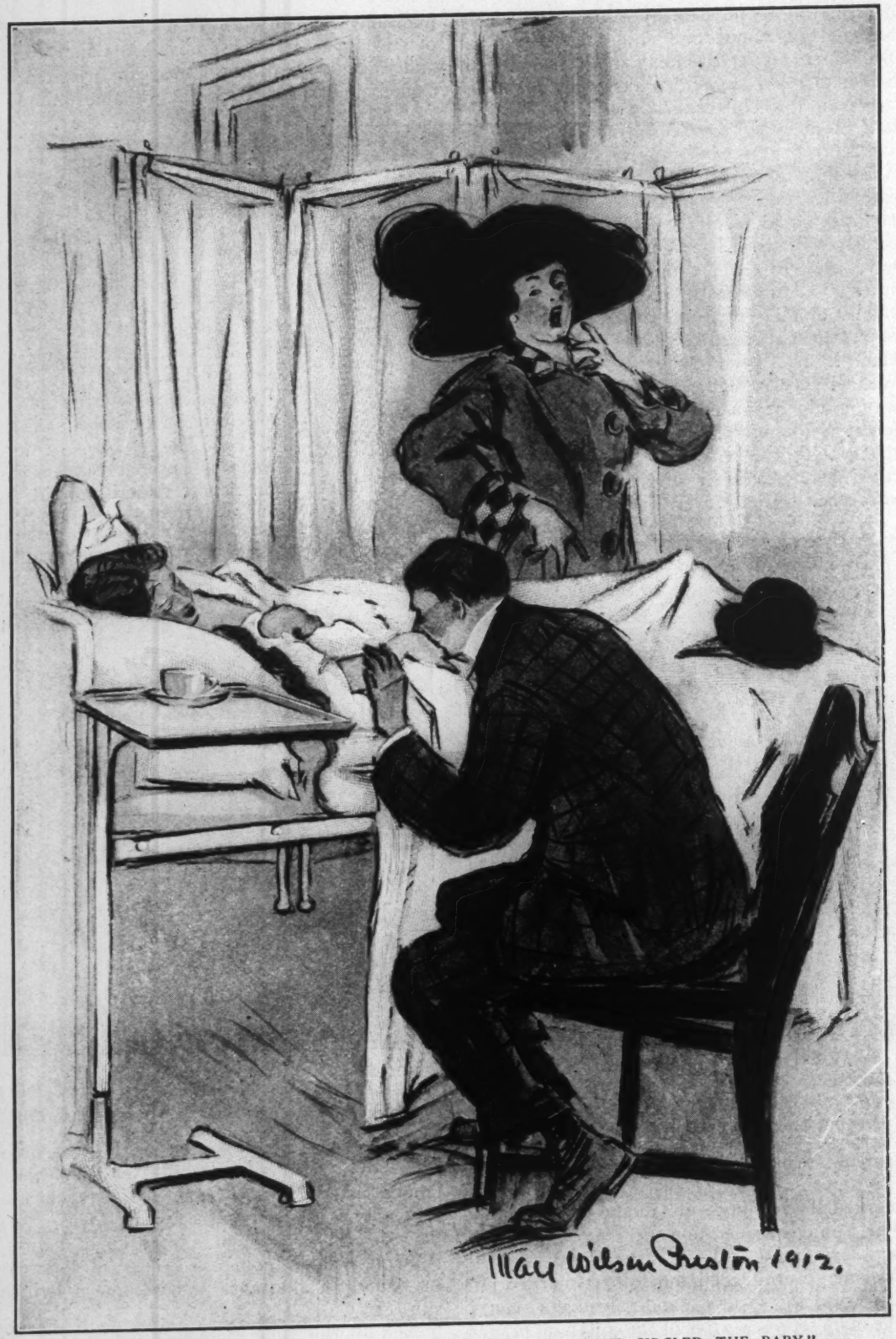
THE ST. REGIS HOTEL (OWNED BY THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR)

THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL (OWNED BY THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR)

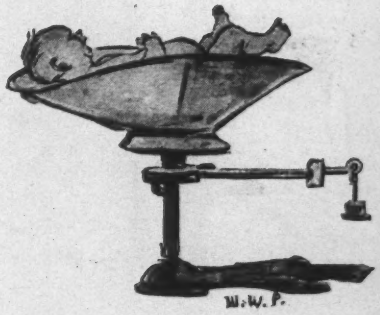
In the main, however, the other landholding families are outgrowing their eighteenth-century traditions. The death of "Peter the Hermit" marked the turning-point in the Goelet family. The younger generation gave up the Broadway farm-house and established itself on Fifth Avenue. Both Ogden and Robert married into the world of "society," and Elbridge T. Gerry, the main representative of the collateral branch, joined part of the landed estate of Garret Storm to its own. Now arrived the period of stately Scottish Duke of Roxburgh in 1903. Anita Stewart, a granddaughter of William Rhinelander, married Prince Miguel of Braganza, a pretender to the Portuguese throne. The Astors likewise have become international figures, William Waldorf going so far as to forswear his American allegiance and become a British subject.

And all this time these fortunes in land are rapidly growing. Unlike the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, and the other railroad "magnates,"

Continued on page 66 of the advertising section



"HE LEANED OVER AND PUT HIS LIPS TO THE ARM THAT CIRCLED THE BABY"



THE MIRACLE

BY

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BIG MARY was sweeping the ward with a broom muffled in a white bag. In the breeze from the open windows, her blue calico wrapper ballooned about her and made ludicrous her frantic thrusts after the bits of fluff that formed eddies under the beds and danced in the spring air.

She finished her sweeping, and, with the joyous scraps captured in her dust-pan, stood in the doorway, critically surveying the ward. It was brilliantly clean and festive: on either side a row of beds, fresh white for the day; on the center table a vase of Easter lilies, and on the record-table near the door a potted hyacinth. The nurse herself wore a bunch of violets tucked in her apron-band. One of the patients had seen the young doctor give them to her. The Easter sun, shining across the beds, made below them, on the polished floor, black islands of shadow in a gleaming sea of light.

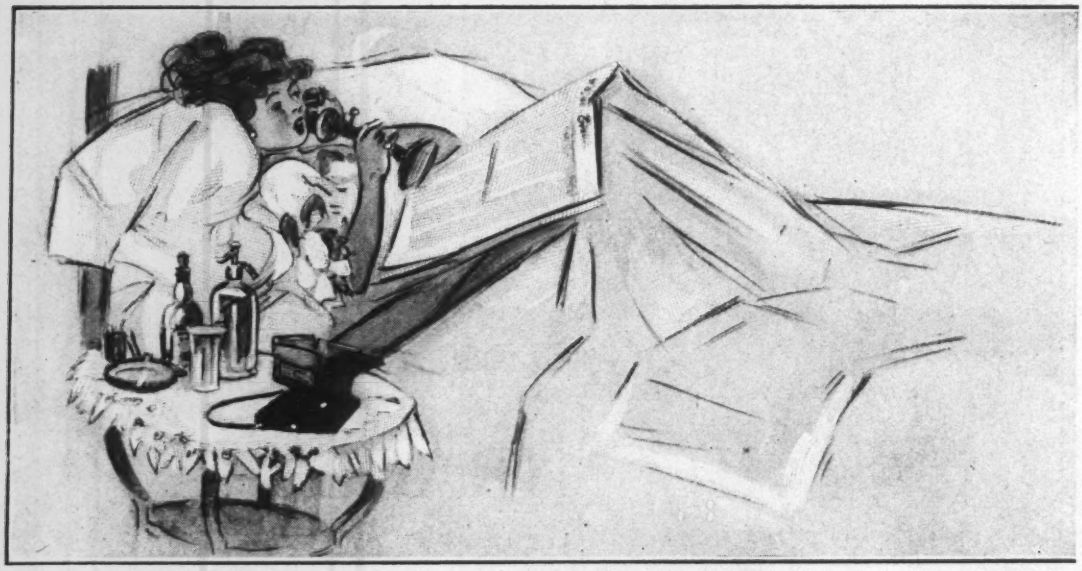
And scattered here and there, rocking in chairs or standing at windows, enjoying the Sunday respite from sewing or the bandage-machine, women, grotesque and distorted of figure, in attitudes of weariness and expectancy, with patient eyes awaited their crucifixion. Behind them, in the beds, a dozen perhaps who had come up from death and held the miracle in their arms.

The miracles were small and red, and inclined to feeble and ineffectual wrigglings. Fists were thrust in the air and brought down on smiling pale mother faces. With tight closed eyes and open mouths, each miracle squirmed and nuzzled until the mother would look with pleading eyes at the nurse. And the nurse would look severe and say:

"Good gracious, Annie Petowski, surely you don't want to feed that infant again! Do you want the child to have a dilated stomach?"

Fear of that horrible and mysterious condition, a dilated stomach, would restrain Annie Petowski or Jennie Goldstein or Maggie McNamara for a time. With the wisdom of the serpent, she would give the child her finger to suck — a finger so white, so clean, so soft in the last week that she was lost in admiration of it. And the child would take hold, all its small body set rigid in lines of desperate effort. Then it would relax suddenly, and spew out the finger, and the quiet hospital air would be rent with shrieks of lost illusion. Then Annie Petowski or Jennie Goldstein or Maggie McNamara would watch the nurse with open hostility and defiance, and her rustling exit from the ward would be followed by swift cessation of cries, and, close to Annie or Jennie or Maggie's heart, there would be small ecstatic gurglings — and peace.

In her small domain the nurse was queen. From her throne at the record-table, she issued proclamations of baths and fine combs, of clean bedding and trimmed nails, of tea and toast, of regular hours for the babies. From this throne, also, she directed periodic searches of the bed-



"'WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT; MY CIGARETTE'S SET FIRE TO THE SHEET. ALL RIGHT—GO AHEAD'"

side stands, unearthing scraps of old toast, decaying fruit, candy, and an occasional cigarette. From the throne, too, she sent daily a blue-wrappered and pig-tailed brigade to the kitchen, armed with knives, to attack the dinner potatoes.

But, on this Easter morning, the queen looked tired and worn. Her crown, a starched white cap, had slipped back on her head, and her blue-and-white dress was stained and spotted. Even her fresh apron and sleevelets did not quite conceal the damage. She had come in for a moment at the breakfast hour, and asked the Swede, Ellen Ollman, to serve the breakfast for her; and at half past eight she had appeared again for a moment, and had turned down one of the beds and put hot-water bottles in it.

The ward ate little breakfast. It was always nervous when a case was "on." Excursions down the corridor by one or another of the blue-wrappered brigade brought back bits of news: "The doctor is smoking a cigarette in the hall"; or, "Miss Jones, the day assistant, has gone in"; and then, with bated breath, "The doctor with the red mustache has come"— by which it was known that things were going badly, the staff man having been summoned.

Suggestions of Easter began to appear even in this isolated ward, denied to all visitors except an occasional husband, who was usually regarded with a mixture of contempt and skepticism by the other women. But now the lilies came, and after them a lame young woman who played the organ in the chapel on Sundays, and who afterward went from ward to ward, singing little songs and accompanying herself on the mandolin she carried with her. The lame young woman seated herself in the throne-chair and sang an Easter anthem, and afterward limped around and placed a leaflet and a spray of lilies-of-the-valley on each bedside stand.

She was escorted around the ward by Elizabeth Miller, known as "Liz" in Our Alley, and rechristened Elizabeth by the nurse. Elizabeth always read the tracts. She had been there four times, and knew all the nurses and nearly all the doctors. "Liz" had been known, in a shortage of nurses, to be called into the mysterious room down the hall, to assist; and on those occasions, in an all-enveloping white gown over her wrapper, with her hair under a cap, she outranked the queen herself in regalness and authority.

The lame mandolin-player stopped at the foot of the empty bed. "Shall I put one here?" she asked, fingering a tract.

Liz meditated majestically.

"Well, I guess I would," she said. "Not that it'll do any good."

"Why?"

Liz jerked her head toward the corridor.

"She's not getting on very well," she said; "and, even if she gets through, she won't read the tract. She held her fingers in her ears last Sunday while the Bible-reader was here. She's young. Says she hopes she and the kid'll both die."

The mandolin-player was not unversed in the psychology of the ward.

"Then she — isn't married?" she asked, and, because she was young, she flushed painfully.

Liz stared at her, and a faint light of amusement dawned in her eyes.

"Well, no," she admitted; "I guess that's

"'SHE'S TAKING IT PRETTY HARD, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HELP HER'"

what's worrying her. She's a fool, she is. She can put the kid in a home. That's what I do. Suppose she married the fellow that got her into trouble? Wouldn't he be always throwing it up at her?"

The mandolin-player looked at Liz, puzzled at this new philosophy of life.

"Have — have you a baby here?" she asked timidly.

"Have I!" said Liz, and, wheeling, led the way to her bed. She turned the blanket down with a practised hand, revealing a tiny red atom, so like the others that only mother love could have distinguished it.

"This is mine," she said airily. "Funny little mutt, isn't he?"

The mandolin-player gazed diffidently at the child.

"He — he's very little," she said.

"Little!" said Liz. "He holds the record here for the last six months — eleven pounds three ounces in his skin, when he arrived. The little devil!"

She put the blanket tenderly back over the "little devil's" sleeping form. The mandolin-player cast about desperately for the right thing to say.

"Does — does he look like his father?" she asked timidly. But apparently Liz did not hear. She had moved down the ward. The mandolin-player heard only a snicker from Annie Petowski's bed, and, vaguely uncomfortable, she moved toward the door.

Liz was turning down the cover of the empty bed, and the nurse, with tired but shining eyes, was wheeling in the operating-table.

The mandolin-player stepped aside to let the table pass. From the blankets she had a glimpse of a young face, bloodless and wan — of hurt, defiant blue eyes. She had never before seen life so naked, so relentless. She shrank back against the wall, a little sick. Then she gathered up her tracts and her mandolin, and limped down the hall.

The door of the mysterious room was open, and from it came a shrill, high wail, a rising and falling note of distress — the voice of a new soul in protest. She went past with averted face.

Back in the ward, Liz leaned over the table and, picking the girl up bodily, deposited her tenderly in the warm bed. Then she stood back and smiled down at her, with her hands on her hips.

"Well," she said kindly, "it's over, and here you are! But it's no picnic, is it?"

The girl on the bed turned her head away. The coarsening of her features in the last month or two had changed to an almost bloodless refinement. With her bright hair, she looked as if she had been through the furnace of pain and had come out pure gold. But her eyes were hard.

"Go away," she said petulantly.

Liz leaned down and pulled the blanket over her shoulders.

"You sleep now," she said soothingly. "When you wake up you can have a cup of tea."

The girl threw the cover off and looked up despairingly into Liz's face.

"I don't want to sleep," she said. "My God, Liz, it's going to live, and so am I!"

II

Now the nurse had been up all night, and at noon, after she had oiled the new baby and washed out his eyes and given him a teaspoonful of warm water, she placed Liz in charge of the ward, and went to her room to put on a fresh uniform. The first thing she did, when she got there, was to go to the mirror, with the picture of her mother tucked in its frame, and survey herself. When she saw her cap and the untidiness of her hair and her white collar all spotted, she frowned.

Then she took the violets out of her belt and put them carefully in a glass of water, and, feeling rather silly, she leaned over and kissed them. After that she felt better.

She bathed her face in hot water and then in cold, which brought her color back, and she put on everything fresh, so that she rustled with each step, which is proper for trained nurses; and finally she tucked the violets back where they belonged, and put on a new cap, which is also proper for trained nurses on gala occasions.

"'HERE, OLD SPORT, GO AND BLOW YOURSELF TO A DRINK. IT S EASTER'"

If she had not gone back to the mirror to see that the general effect was as crisp as it should be, things would have been different for Liz, and for the new mother back in the ward. But she did go back; and there, lying on the floor in front of the bureau, all folded together, was a piece of white paper, exactly as if it had been tucked in her belt with the violets.

She opened it rather shakily, and it was a leaf from the ward order-book, for at the top it said:

Annie Petowski – may sit up for one hour.

And below that:

Goldstein baby — bran baths.

And below that:

I love you. E. J.

"E. J." was the doctor.

So the nurse went back to the ward, and sat down, palpitating, in the throne-chair by the table, and spread her crisp skirts, and found where the page had been torn out of the order-book.

And as the smiles of sovereigns are hailed with delight by their courts, so the ward brightened until it seemed to gleam that Easter afternoon. And a sort of miracle happened: none of the babies had colic, and the mothers mostly slept. Also, one of the ladies of the House Committee looked in at the door and said:

"How beautiful you are here, and how peaceful! Your ward is always a sort of benediction."

The lady of the House Committee looked across and saw the new mother, with the sunshine on her yellow braids, and her face refined from the furnace of pain.

"What a sweet young mother!" she said, and rustled out, leaving an odor of *peau d'Espagne*.

The girl lay much as Liz had left her. Except her eyes, there was nothing in her face to show that despair had given place to wild mutiny. But Liz knew; Liz had gone through it all when "the first one" came; and so, from the end of the ward, she rocked and watched.

The odor of *peau d'Espagne* was still in the air, eclipsing the Easter lilies, when Liz got up and sauntered down to the girl's bed.

"'HE CAN SING SOME, CAN'T HE!' SAID LIZ, 'HE HAS A BEAUTIFUL VOICE,' ANSWERED THE NURSE. HER EYES WERE SHINING"

"How are you now, dearie?" she asked, and, reaching under the blankets, brought out the tiny pearl-handled knife with which the girl had been wont to clean her finger-nails. The girl eyed her savagely, but said nothing; nor did she resist when Liz brought out her hands and examined the wrists. The left had a small cut on it.

"Now listen to me," said Liz. "None of that, do you hear? You ain't the only one that's laid here and wanted to end it all. And what happened? Inside of a month they're well and strong again, and they put the kid somewhere, and the folks that know what's happened get used to it, and the ones that don't know don't need to know. Don't be a fool!"

She carried the knife off, but the girl made no protest. There were other ways.

The nurse was very tired, for she had been up almost all night. She sat at the record-table with her Bible open, and, in the intervals of taking temperatures, she read it. But mostly she read about Annie Petowski being allowed to sit up, and the Goldstein baby having bran baths, and the other thing written below!

At two o'clock came the doctor, in a frock-coat and gray trousers. He expected to sing "The Palms" at the Easter service downstairs in the chapel that afternoon, and, according to precedent, the one who sings "The Palms" on Easter in the chapel must always wear a frock-coat.

Very conscious, because all the ward was staring at his gorgeousness, he went over to the bed where the new mother lay. Then he came back and stood by the table, looking at a record.

"Have you taken her temperature?" he said, businesslike and erect.

"Ninety-eight."

"Her pulse is strong?"

"Yes; she's resting quietly."

"Good. And — did you get my note?"

This, much as if he had said, "Did you find my scarf-pin?" or anything merely casual; for Liz was hovering near.

"Yes." The nurse's red lips were trembling, but she smiled up at him. Liz came nearer. She was only wishing him God-speed with his wooing, but it made him uncomfortable.

"Watch her closely," he said; "she's pretty weak and despondent." And he looked at Liz.

"Elizabeth," said the nurse, "won't you sit by Claribel and fan her?"

Claribel was the new mother. Claribel is, of course, no name for a mother, but she had been named when she was very small.

Liz went away and sat by the girl's bed, and said a little prayer to the effect that they were both so damned good to everybody, she hoped they'd hit it off. But perhaps the prayer of the wicked availeth nothing.

"You know I meant that," he said, from behind a record. "I — I love you with all my heart — and if only you ——"

The nurse shook down a thermometer and examined it closely. "I love you, too!" she said. And, walking shakily to one of the beds, she put the thermometer upside down in Maggie McNamara's mouth.

The young doctor went away with his shoulders erect in his frock-coat, and his heavy brown hair, which would never part properly and had to be persuaded with brilliantine, bristling with happiness.

And the nurse-queen, looking over her kingdom for somebody to lavish her new joy on, saw Claribel lying in bed, looking at the ceiling and reading there all the tragedy of her broken life, all her despair. So she rustled out to the baby-room, where the new baby had never batted an eye since her bath, and was lying on her back with both fists clenched on her breast; and she did something that no trained nurse is ever supposed to do.

She lifted the baby, asleep and all, and carried her to her mother.

But Claribel's face only darkened when she saw her.

"Take the brat away," she said, and went on reading tragedies on the ceiling.

Liz came, and proffered her the little mite with every art she knew. She showed her the wrinkled bits of feet, the tiny, ridiculous hands, and how long the hair grew on the back of her head. But when Liz put the baby on her arm, she shuddered and turned her head away. So finally Liz took it back to the other room, and left it there, still sleeping.

The fine edge of the nurse's joy was dulled. It is a characteristic of great happiness to wish all to be well with the world; and here before her was dry-eyed despair. It was Liz who finally decided her.

"I guess I'll sit up with *her* to-night," she said, approaching the table with the peculiar gait engendered of heelless hospital carpet-slippers and Mother Hubbard wrappers. "I don't like the way she watches the ceiling."

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" asked the nurse.

"Time I had the twins — that's before your time," said Liz—"we had one like that. She went out the window head first the night after the baby came, and took the kid with her."

The nurse rose with quick decision.

"We must watch her," she said. "Perhaps if I could find — I think I'll go to the telephone. Watch the ward carefully, Elizabeth, and if Annie Petowski tries to feed her baby before three o'clock, take it from her. The child's stuffed like a sausage every time I'm out for five minutes."

Nurses know many strange things: they know how to rub an aching back until the ache is changed to a restful thrill, and how to change the bedding and the patient's night-dress without rolling the patient over more than once, which is a high and desirable form of knowledge. But also they get to know many strange people, their clean starchiness has a way of rubbing up against the filth of the world and coming away unsoiled. And so the nurse went downstairs to the telephone, leaving Liz to watch for nefarious feeding.

The nurse called up Rosie Davis; and Rosie, who was lying in bed with the Sunday papers scattered around her and a cigarette in her manicured fingers, reached out with a yawn and, taking the telephone, rested it on her lace and ribboned bosom.

"Yes," she said indolently.

The nurse told her who she was, and Rosie's voice took on a warmer tinge.

"Oh, yes," she said. "How are you? . . . Claribel? Yes; what about her? . . . What!"

"Yes," said the nurse. "A girl — seven pounds."

"My Gawd! Well, what do you think of that! Excuse me a moment; my cigarette's set fire to the sheet. All right — go ahead."

"She's taking it pretty hard, and I — I thought you might help her. She — she ——"

"How much do you want?" said Rosie, a trifle coldly. She turned in the bed and eyed the black leather bag on the stand at her elbow. "Twenty enough?"

"I don't think it's money," said the nurse, "although she needs that too; she hasn't any clothes for the baby. But — she's awfully despondent — almost desperate. Have you any idea who the child's father is?"

Rosie considered, lighting a new cigarette with one hand and balancing the telephone with the other.

"She left me a year ago," she said. "Oh, yes; I know now. What time is it?"

"Two o'clock."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Rosie. "I'll get the fellow on the wire and see what he's willing to do. Maybe he'll give her a dollar or two a week."

"Do you think you could bring him to see her?"

"Say, what do you think I am — a missionary?" The nurse was wise, so she kept silent. "Well, I'll tell you what I *will* do. If I can bring him, I will. How's that yellow-haired she-devil you've got over there? I've got that fixed all right. She pulled a razor on me first — I've got witnesses. Well, if I can get Al, I'll do it. So long."

"'IT'S THE LIVING IMAGE OF YOU,' SAID ROSE. 'LOOKS LIKE ME!' AL OBSERVED CAUSTICALLY. 'LOOKS LIKE AN OVER-RIPE TOMATO!'"

It did not occur to the nurse to deprecate having used an evil medium toward a righteous end. She took life much as she found it. And so she tiptoed past the chapel again, where a faint odor of *peau d'Espagne* came stealing out into the hall, and where the children from the children's ward, in roller-chairs and on crutches, were singing with all their shrill young voices, earnest eyes uplifted.

The white Easter lilies on the altar sent their fragrance out over the gathering, over the nurses, young and placid, over the hopeless and the hopeful, over the faces where death had passed and left its inevitable stamp, over bodies freshly risen on this Easter Sunday to new hope and new life — over the young doctor, waiting with the manuscript of "The Palms" rolled in his hand, and his heart singing a hymn of happiness.

The nurse went up to her ward, and put a screen around Claribel, and, with all her woman's art, tidied the immaculate white bed and loosened the uncompromising yellow braids, so that the soft hair fell across Claribel's bloodless forehead and softened the defiance in her blue eyes. She brought the pink hyacinth in its pot, too, and placed it on the bedside table. Then she stood off and looked at her work. It was good.

Claribel submitted weakly. She had stopped staring at the wall, and had taken to watching the open window opposite with strange intentness. Only when the nurse gave a final pat to the bedspread she spoke.

"Was it a boy — or a girl?" she asked.

"Girl," said the nurse briskly. "A little beauty, perfect in every way."

"A girl — to grow up and go through this hell!" she muttered, and her eyes wandered back to the window.

But the nurse was wise with the accumulated wisdom of a sex that has had to match strength with wiles for ages, and she was not yet ready. She went into the little room where eleven miracles lay in eleven cribs, and, although they all looked exactly alike, she selected Claribel's without hesitation, and carried it to the mysterious room down the hall — which was no longer a torture-chamber, but a resplendently white place, all glass and tile and sunlight, and where she did certain things that are not prescribed in the hospital rules.

First of all, she opened a cupboard and took out a baby dress of lace and insertion,— and everybody knows that such a dress is used only when a hospital infant is baptized,— and she clothed Claribel's baby in linen and fine raiment, and because they are very, very red when they are so new, she dusted it with a bit of talcum — to break the shock, as you may say. It was very probable that Al had never seen so new a baby, and it was useless to spoil the joy of parenthood unnecessarily. For it really was a fine child, and eventually it would be white and beautiful.

The baby smelled of violet, for the christening-robe was kept in a sachet.

Finally she gave it another teaspoonful of warm water and put it back in its crib. And then she rustled starchily back to the throne-chair by the record-table, and opened her Bible at the place where it said that Annie Petowski might sit up, and the Goldstein baby — bran baths, and the other thing written just below.

III

The music poured up the well of the staircase; softened by distance, the shrill childish sopranos and the throaty basses of the medical staff merged into a rising and falling harmony of exquisite beauty.

Liz sat on the top step of the stairs, with her baby in her arms; and, as the song went on, Liz's eyes fell to her child and stayed there.

At three o'clock the elevator-man brought Rosie Davis along the hall — Rosie, whose costume betrayed haste, and whose figure, under a gaudy motor-coat, gave more than a suggestion of being unsupported and wrapper-clad. She carried a clinking silver chatelaine, however, and at the door she opened it and took out a quarter, extending it with a regal gesture to the elevatorman.

"Here, old sport," she said, "go and blow yourself to a drink. It's Easter."

Such munificence appalled the ward.

Rosie was not alone. Behind her, uncomfortable and sullen, was Al. The ward, turning from the episode of the quarter, fixed on him curious and hostile eyes; and Al, glancing around the ward from the doorway, felt their hostility, and plucked Rosie's arm.

"Gee, Rose, I'm not going in there," he said. But Rosie pulled him in and presented him to the nurse.

Behind the screen, Claribel, shut off from her view of the open window, had taken to staring at the ceiling again. When the singing came up the staircase from the chapel, she had moaned and put her fingers in her ears.

"Well, I found him," said Rosie cheerfully. "Had the deuce of a time locating him." And the nurse, apprising in one glance his stocky figure and heavy shoulders, his ill-at-ease arrogance, his weak and just now sullen but not bad-tempered face, smiled at him.

"We have a little girl here who will be glad to see you," she said, and took him to the screen. "Just five minutes, and you must do the talking."

Al hesitated between the visible antagonism of the ward and the mystery of the white screen. A vision of Claribel as he had seen her last, swollen with grief and despair, distorted of figure and accusing of voice, held him back. A faint titter of derision went through the room. He turned on Rosie's comfortable back a look

of black hate and fury. Then the nurse gave him a gentle shove, and he was looking at Claribel — a white, Madonna-faced Claribel, lying now with closed eyes, her long lashes sweeping her cheek.

The girl did not open her eyes at his entrance. He put his hat awkwardly on the foot of the bed, and, tiptoeing around, sat on the edge of the stiff chair.

"Well, how are you, kid?" he asked, with affected ease.

She opened her eyes and stared at him. Then she made a little clutch at her throat, as if she were smothering.

"How did you — how did you know I was here?"

"Saw it in the paper, in the society column." She winced at that, and some fleeting sense of what was fitting came to his aid. "How are you?" he asked more gently. He had expected a flood of reproaches, and he was magnanimous in his relief.

"I've been pretty bad; I'm better."

"Oh, you'll be around soon, and going to dances again. The Maginnis Social Club's having a dance Saturday night in Mason's Hall."

The girl did not reply. She was wrestling with a problem that is as old as the ages, although she did not know it — why this tragedy of hers should not be his. She lay with her hands crossed quietly on her breast, and one of the loosened yellow braids was near his hand. He picked it up and ran it through his fingers.

"Hasn't hurt your looks any," he said awkwardly. "You're looking pretty good."

With a jerk of her head she pulled the braid out of his fingers.

"Don't," she said, and fell to staring at the ceiling, where she had written her problem.

"How's the — how's the kid?" — after a moment.

"I don't know — or care."

There was nothing strange to Al in this frame of mind. Neither did he know or care

"What are you goin' to do with it?"

"Kill it!"

Al considered this a moment. Things were bad enough now, without Claribel murdering the child and making things worse.

"I wouldn't do that," he said soothingly. "You can put it somewhere, can't you? Maybe Rosie'll know."

"I don't want it to live."

For the first time he realized her despair. She turned on him her tormented eyes, and he quailed.

"I'll find a place for it, kid," he said. "It's mine, too. I guess I'm *it*, all right."

"Yours!" She half rose on her elbow, weak as she was. "Yours! Didn't you throw me over when you found I was going to have it? Yours! Did you go through hell for twenty-four hours to bring it into this world? I tell you, it's mine — mine! And I'll do what I want with it. I'll kill it, and myself too!"

"You don't know what you're saying!"

She had dropped back, white and exhausted.

"Don't I?" she said, and fell silent.

Al felt defrauded, ill treated. He had done the right thing: he had come to see the girl, which wasn't customary in those circles where Al lived and worked and had his being; he had acknowledged his responsibility, and even — why, hang it all ——

"Say the word and I'll marry you," he said magnanimously.

"I don't want to marry you."

He drew a breath of relief. Nothing could have been fairer than his offer, and she had refused it. He wished Rosie had been there to hear.

And just then Rosie came. She carried the baby, still faintly odorous of violets, held tight in unaccustomed arms. She looked awkward and conscious, but her amused smile at herself was half tender.

"Hello, Claribel," she said. "How are you? Just look here, Al! What do you think of this?"

Al got up sheepishly and looked at the child.

"Boy or girl?" he asked politely.

"Girl; but it's the living image of you," said Rose — for Rose and the nurse were alike in the wiles of the serpent.

"Looks like me!" Al observed caustically. "Looks like an over-ripe tomato!"

But he drew himself up a trifle. Somewhere in his young and hardened soul the germs of parental pride, astutely sowed, had taken quick root.

"Feel how heavy she is," Rose commanded. And Al held out two arms unaccustomed to such tender offices.

"Heavy! She's about as big as a peanut!"

"Mind her back," said Rose, remembering instructions.

After her first glance Claribel had not looked at the child. But now, in its father's arms, it began to whimper. The mother stirred uneasily, and frowned.

"Take it away!" she ordered. "I told them not to bring it here."

The child cried louder. Its tiny red face, under the powder, turned purple. It beat the air with its fists. Al, still holding it in his outstretched arms, began vague motions to comfort it, swinging it up and down and across. But it cried on, drawing up its tiny knees in spasms of distress. Claribel put her fingers in her ears.

"You'll have to feed it!" Rose shouted over the din.

The girl comprehended without hearing, and shook her head in sullen obstinacy.

"What do you think of that for noise?" said Al, not without pride. "She's like me, all right. When I'm hungry, there's hell to pay if I'm not fed quick. Here,"—he bent down over Claribel,—"you might as well have dinner now, and stop the row."

Not ungently, he placed the squirming mass in the baptismal dress beside the girl on the bed. With the instinct of ages, the baby stopped wailing and opened her mouth.

"The little cuss!" cried Al, delighted. "Ain't that me all over? Little angel-face the minute I get to the table!"

Unresisting now, Claribel let Rose uncover her firm white breast. The mother's arm, passively extended by Rose to receive the small body, contracted around it unconsciously.

She turned and looked long at the nuzzling, eager mouth, at the red hand lying trustfully open on her breast, at the wrinkled face, the indeterminate nose, the throbbing fontanelle where the little life was already beating so hard.

"A girl, Rose!" she said. "My God, what am I going to do with her?"

Rose was not listening. The young doctor's turn had come at last. Downstairs in the chapel, he was standing by the organ, his head thrown back, his heavy brown hair (which would never stay parted without the persuasion of brilliantine) bristling with earnestness.

'O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay,"

he sang, and his clear tenor came welling up the staircase to Liz, and past her to the ward, and to the group behind the screen.

"Are strewn this day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away—
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare."

On the throne-chair by the record-table, the nurse sat and listened. And because it was Easter and she was very happy, and because of the thrill in the tenor voice that came up the stairs to her, and because of the page in the order-book about bran baths and the rest of it, she cried a little, surreptitiously, and let the tears drop down on a yellow hospital record.

The song was almost done. Liz, on the stairs, had fed her baby twenty minutes too soon, and now it lay, sleeping and sated, in her lap. Liz sat there, brooding over it, and the last line of the song came up the staircase:

"Blessed is He who comes bringing sal-va-a-a-a-tion!"

the young doctor sang.

The services were over. Downstairs the small crowd dispersed slowly. The minister shook hands with the nurses at the door, and the young doctor rolled up his song and wondered how soon he could make rounds upstairs again.

Liz got up, with her baby in her arms, and padded in to the throne-chair by the record-table.

"He can sing some, can't he!" she said.

"He has a beautiful voice." The nurse's eyes were shining.

Liz moved off. Then she turned and came back.

"I — I know you'll tell me I'm a fool," she said; "but I've decided to keep the kid, this time. I guess I'll make out, somehow."

Behind the screen, Rosie had lighted a cigarette and was smoking, sublimely unconscious of the blue smoke swirl that rose in telltale clouds high above her head. The baby had dropped asleep, and Claribel lay still. But her eyes were not on the ceiling; they were on the child.

Al leaned forward and put his lips to the arm that circled the baby.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said. "I guess it was the limit, all right. Do you hate me?"

She looked at him, and the hardness and defiance died out of her eyes. She shook her head.

"No."

"Do you — still — like me a little?"

"Yes," in a whisper.

"Then what's the matter with you and me and the little mutt getting married and starting all over — eh?"

He leaned over and buried his face with a caressing movement in the hollow of her neck.

Rose extinguished her cigarette on the foot of the bed, and, careful of appearances, put the butt in her chatelaine.

"I guess you two don't need me any more," she said, yawning. "I'm going back home to bed."

FELICE LYNE

THE LATEST AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA

THE most talked about person in London is a twenty-year-old girl from Kansas City — Felice Lyne, who has been appearing at Oscar Hammerstein's new London opera-house. Night after night she has filled the large house; she has won from the exacting English public praise such as no foreign singer has had since the days of Calvé.

Her story is one of a magnificent gamble. Six years ago an American pupil of Madame Marchesi's heard the little girl sing, and advised her mother to take the child to Paris. This the mother did; and when Madame Marchesi heard Felice sing she declared that the child had the four great essentials for a grand-opera star — voice, intelligence, dramatic ability, and personality.

Felice Lyne began her work under Madame Marchesi in 1906. Her father and mother staked all they had on the girl's talent. Her mother stayed with her, and her father practised osteopathy at home. For five years she worked incessantly.

"No girl," she herself says, "ever succeeded on the operatic stage unless she had to do so. If I had been rich I should have given up the struggle long ago." She gives her mother most of the credit for her success.

"My mother just made me sing and study," she says. "She has been with me all the time. When I got tired or discouraged, she was always there to cheer me up. She has taught me many things that a teacher never could — the things that come through love and happiness.

"She never allowed me to 'show off' as a child. I never sang before people. It was fortunate, for I conserved whatever powers I had. Our friends thought it rather absurd when we went to Paris. I can hear them saying, 'Why, I never knew Felicia Lyne had a voice.' They always called me Felicia at home, though Felice is my name; it was the name of one of

my mother's bridesmaids."

In Paris she studied with Madame Marchesi, de Reszke, and d'Aubigny, the last of whom she thinks helped her most of all. Her mother saw to it that she had no side interests to distract her; she had nothing to unlearn, and she progressed with marvelous rapidity. But she was continually haunted by one bugaboo.

"I wanted to sing in grand opera," she says, "but I weigh only ninety-two pounds, so they all spoke of comic opera for me. I grew to hate the very word. I had momentary temptations to accept engagements for comic opera; and when I suffered a disappointment from the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, London, I signed with Mr. Hammerstein for 'Hans the Flute-Player.' After that I was miserable. I was afraid that I was sentenced forever to frivolous light opera."

It was one day in June, 1909, three years after she had gone to Paris, that Oscar Hammerstein heard her sing at one of Madame Marchesi's recitals. He engaged her then and there, though he admits that he did not foresee her grand-opera success. She was so tiny and so young; he, too, was thinking of light opera; but he had to make certain concessions to her ambition and extend hopes of grand opera later, before she would consent to come to America and sing in "Hans the Flute-Player."

FELICE LYNE AS "LISBET" IN "HANS THE FLUTE-PLAYER"

Early last winter she made her first appearance in London as Gilda in "Rigoletto." It was a Saturday night début; the house was only partly filled and the audience was indifferent. The effect of the new singer's voice on the listless crowd was immediate and astonishing. Nothing like it had been known since the night of Madame Tetrazzini's first appearance.

The young débutante did not look more than fifteen. The repose, simplicity, and natural grace of her manner captivated the audience at once; and when the first notes of the great aria in the garden scene floated out into the house, London knew that it was listening to one of the most beautiful voices it had ever heard.

It is a voice singularly pure in quality and perfectly even throughout its entire range, and it is produced with extraordinary ease and skill. Throughout the big scene of the second act everything she did was filled with a sense of musical beauty. She never for one moment gave the impression that she was parading vocal technique or seeking anything but the appropriate expression of the melody. The audience continually broke into applause in the midst of

the performance. The London newspapers twenty-four hours later published columns of extravagant praise. Five nights that first week she sang to sold out houses — Hammerstein's one conspicuous success.

That impresario is not slow in realizing his assets. The young prima donna was put to work rehearsing other rôles. She has appeared as Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Doll in "The Tales of Hoffmann," the boy in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," and Marguerite in "Faust"; and every time she has renewed her first triumph. Her days and nights have been filled with hard work, but her reward has been great; her fame and position are assured.

Felice Lyne is the daughter of Dr. Sanford T. Lyne, a practising osteopathic physician; she was born and reared in Missouri. Her mother's father, Colonel Hezekiah Purdom, a veteran newspaper publisher of that State, began his career in the same newspaper office with Mark Twain. Felice had never seriously taken up vocal study until she went to Paris in the summer of 1906.

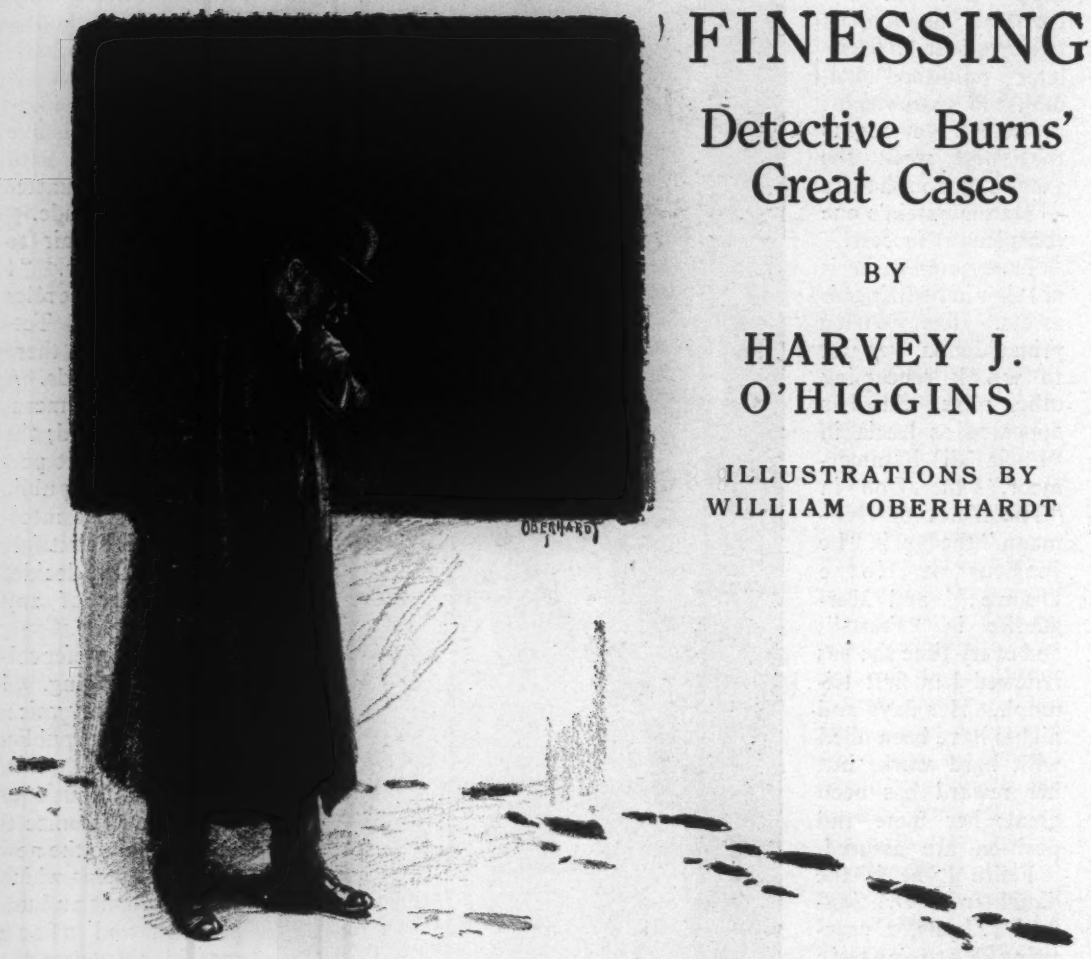
The personality of the new singer is simple and winning in the extreme. She has bright brown eyes lighting up a small face, a vivacious manner, a merry, flexible voice; she talks quickly and cleverly, without a trace of self-consciousness or affectation.

FELICE LYNE AS "GILDA" IN "RIGOLETTO"

The young singer does not at all like being compared with famous stars, no matter of what magnitude.

"It is not fair to me," she says. "I may sing the same rôles that Melba and Tetrazzini do, but there the similarity ends. A voice can not be measured or appraised; the question is, what percentage of the public finds the voice interesting and beautiful? And the future decides the caliber of any artist's voice.

"I myself prefer coloratura singing. I know it suits my voice. And I think the public, in its heart of hearts, prefers the music of Verdi and Donizetti and Rossini to the new dramatic operas, which are discordant and unpleasant and often morbid. Of course, the early Italians are now in disfavor, and it is not fashionable to like 'Aïda' and 'The Barber'; but I think that is largely pose. Frankly, I like melody. I think melody is the essence of music — and I am not a bad musician. Coloratura operas will be sung as long as there are voices to sing them, because they are pure music. They give to an artist the same scope that the Shakespeare plays give to an actress. I feel sure that Verdi and Donizetti will be heard when Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy are forgotten."



FINESSING

Detective Burns' Great Cases

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

THE superintendent of the mint — whose name was Fleischman, let us say — had come to the Secret Service office, in the Federal Building, in a pale perspiration of heat and worry. "Billy," he said to the operative in charge, — whose name was William J. Burns, — "some one's been stealing our precipitate of silver and selling it to the Cooley Smelting and Reduction Company. And there's not a man in that room I don't trust. Not one. Not one that I haven't had absolute confidence in."

"Oh, well," Burns said, "absolute confidence is all right, but ——"

"No; I mean it," Fleischman protested. "I'd trust those boys further — If they're stealing, I can't trust any one. I can't trust my own wife."

"Perhaps the stuff doesn't come from the mint, then."

"There are only three places in the country that it *could* come from: one is in Red Bank, New Jersey; another is the Cooley Company's own works; and the last is our mint. The Cooley people have had it analyzed. They've sent me word that it's ours; the chemical analysis shows it. And it makes me sick to think of it. If I can't trust those boys ——"

Burns put on his hat. "Where did the Cooley Company get it?"

"From a metal dealer here. He's supposed to have had it shipped to him from Idaho, where the people that made it couldn't get their price for it. That's a stall of some sort. There's no such precipitate produced in Idaho. And the firm in Red Bank has investigated, and they report that it isn't theirs; it must be ours."

Now, in a previous investigation of a mint robbery Burns had had some dealings with the Cooley Company; and he had *not* found all the

Note: For obvious reasons proper names have been changed and recognizable details of character and incident have been disguised, in this narrative, beyond any possibility of identification.

company's officials so scrupulous in their business morality that they had remained above suspicion in his thought of them. More than that, the Cooley Company had been robbed of some hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold bars by an employee, a few years earlier; and Burns had watched with interest the discovery and prosecution of the thief. These things had marked the Cooley Company's works and offices, for him, with a scent of malefaction.

He found the president of the smelting company in his office, busy at his table-desk. Imagine him a solid, double-chinned, gray man with an important manner. Suppose his name to be Richard C. F. Callingham. Picture him reading typewritten letters and signing them with a big, ebony-handled stub-pen, writing his dashing and robustious signature with ponderous care.

He had no affection for William J. Burns, Secret Service operative. In the investigation of the previous mint robbery, Burns had been impertinently curious about the business relations between the Cooley Company and an official of the mint who was suspected of the theft. Burns had asked embarrassing questions about the sale of blue-stone to the Cooley Company by the suspected official. He had insisted upon seeing the details of an account between the Cooley Company and the mint in the matter of an exchange of lead for lead that was impregnated with precious metal. He had made himself "unpopular" with President Richard C. F. Callingham.

Callingham said, "How d'you do," busily, in response to Burns' greeting, without looking up from his papers and without asking the detective to sit down.

Burns seated himself. "Mr. Callingham," he began, "Mr. Fleischman, the superintendent of the mint, has been telling me of a silver precipitate that has been brought to you ——"

"We've given all the facts to Mr. Fleischman," Callingham cut him short.

"It would be no trouble, I suppose, to repeat them to me."

"I don't see the use of it."

"Mr. Fleischman has asked me to investigate. He doesn't remember all the details, and there may be something that you've overlooked. Who received this precipitate when it was brought here?"

"Mr. Cheney."

"I'd like to see him."

"There's no use bothering *him*. We've told you all we know."

"I have been asked to investigate," Burns explained, "and this is the only way I know of doing it. If I can't get my information, I'll have to drop the case."

Callingham blotted his signature. "I can't help *that*," he said, taking up another letter.

And here Burns began his sleight-of-hand. (He calls it, professionally, "finessing.") "Perhaps," he said, "it would interest you to know that the precipitate was not stolen from the mint."

Callingham shook his head. "That's for Mr. Fleischman to decide."

"No," Burns said; "it's for *you*. It was stolen from *you*."

Callingham looked up, over his glasses. "That's impossible. We've had four detectives guarding our works." Burns tells this story privately, as a good joke on the operatives of this particular detective agency — which may be known here as the Nick Carter Sleuthing Company.

"I don't know anything about your detectives," he replied confidently; "but I know it's your precipitate of silver. And I'm not interested in the fact — except that I've got to prove it to the government in order to prove that it didn't come from the mint."

Callingham laid down his pen. "Would you mind telling me how you *know* it?"

"Yes," Burns said, "I do mind. That's a confidential matter which I'm not in a position to divulge — yet."

"Well, Mr. Burns," Callingham hastened to say, "I know you're not a man to claim that you *know* a thing unless you're sure of it. I don't like to contradict you, but ——"

"It doesn't matter to me whether you contradict me or not," Burns assured him. "It's your silver, and I'll prove it."

Callingham took off his glasses, shaken and rather tremulously alarmed. The previous theft of gold bars had made a scandal that had not yet been forgotten. The business credit of the company had been impaired. The president's reputation as an executive officer had been blown upon. The name of R. C. F. Callingham — no matter with what

"'I HAVE A MAN OUTSIDE, SHADOWING THE PLACE'"

a flourish it might be signed — would be the name of an absurd gull if it was found that his company had now been receiving — and smelting cheerfully — a silver precipitate that had been stolen from its own works. And they had handled several thousand dollars' worth of the stuff.

"Mr. Burns," he said, "I can't believe it, but — What is it you want to know?"

"Where are the samples that you tested?"

Callingham reddened to the roots of his gray hair. He had no right to take samples of a silver precipitate that had been brought to him for smelting, and if he had kept the samples it was a theft. He said: "Of course we gave them back to the man."

"When did he bring them here?"

"If you'll just come in and talk to Mr. Cheney," Callingham said meekly, "he'll tell you all about it."

They went in. They talked to Cheney. And Burns learned what he wished to know — which was the name of the metal dealer who had brought in the silver, the amount that he had brought, and the dates on which he had brought it.

It was Burns' business, of course, to know all the metal dealers in the district, for professional reasons, as a man whose chief concern in the world was the protection of the currency. He had an intimate acquaintance with the dealer who had been handling the stolen silver, and he did not doubt that the dealer would tell where he had obtained it. When the government Secret Service asks questions, the wise citizen tries to be frank.

Burns left the offices of the Cooley Company and crossed the street to the entrance of the Mining Exchange Building; he waited there until he saw President R. C. F. Callingham come out to get luncheon; and then he returned composedly to the smelting company's offices. He had decided that if the samples of stolen silver were still preserved, they would be at the company's works in the neighboring town of Cooley. He went to the young man who had been left in charge of the office, and asked him: "Did those samples come yet?"

"What samples?"

"Mr. Callingham sent out to the works for some samples of silver precipitate."

"They haven't come."

"Would you mind telephoning again?"

"Sure thing," the clerk said. He called up the company's works on the telephone and asked: "Have you sent in those samples of silver precipitate for Mr. Callingham?" He turned to Burns, with the receiver at his ear, to inquire: "What samples were they?"

"Samples of a silver precipitate that was stolen from the mint."

The clerk repeated that explanation to the man at the works. "All right." He hung up the receiver. "They'll start them in right away, Mr. Burns," he promised.

"How long will it take them to get here?"

"About an hour."

Burns said, "Thanks," with a matter-of-fact indifference, and went out to his luncheon, easy in his mind.

He was back on his post, at the entrance of the Mining Exchange, in time to see Callingham return; and after a sufficient interval he rejoined Callingham in his office, on pretense of asking him about the inquiries that had been made in Red Bank, New Jersey, concerning the precipitate of silver. Callingham was worried, but polite. Burns led the conversation around to a discussion of the notorious theft of gold bars from the Cooley Company, and he remarked admiringly upon the fact that an official of the company had obtained a confession from the thief after the Nick Carter Company's sleuths had failed to get a jot of evidence against him. This sort of talk did not make Callingham look any happier. It was not designed to.

They were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the works, with his leather bag over his shoulder. He said, "There's the samples you wanted," as he took them out and laid them on the table-desk. Burns nodded. When the messenger had withdrawn, he explained casually to Callingham, without looking at him: "They had those samples of silver precipitate out at the works still; they sent them in."

"Oh, did they?" Callingham's voice was flat, and there was the sound of an awkward blush in it. The samples contained about fifty dollars' worth of silver.

Burns put them in his pocket. "Mr. Fleischman wants to have them tested again. I'll let you know when I get your man."

"Thanks," Callingham stammered doubtfully; "I wish you would. I — I've telephoned to our superintendent. He doesn't believe it *can* be our material. I'd like you to have a talk with him."

"There isn't any talking that I can *do* yet," Burns replied. "But I know it's your stuff. Good-by."

He went to turn the samples over to the superintendent of the mint for analysis, and then he posted off to see the metal dealer from whom they had come. That canny gentleman did not attempt to put Burns off with any story of shipments from Idaho. He admitted that the silver had been brought to him by a pawnbroker, whose name and address he gave.

"'BILLY, SOME ONE'S BEEN STEALING OUR PRECIPITATE OF SILVER. AND THERE'S NOT A MAN IN THAT ROOM I DON'T TRUST'"

And in fifteen minutes Burns was in the pawnshop.

The community in which he was making this investigation was notorious, at the time, for its political corruption. There was then in control of the city a political boss who sold the privilege of lawlessness to the criminal, to the vicious, to the predatory franchise-grabber, to the malefactor of wealth, and to every other enemy of society who could pay for protection. Burns' pawnbroker was related, by marriage, to this political boss. The small thieves, paying tribute to the police, dealt with the pawnbroker as with a sort of official "fence"; and if Burns had been a local detective, inquiring there for the trail of loot, the pawnbroker would probably have laughed at him.

But the Secret Service represented the federal power, an alien — almost an imperial — authority beyond the reach of native corruption. The pawnbroker had no wish to involve himself in a federal prosecution. He received Burns with a fawning cordiality, smiling, "pop-eyed," and eager to assist "Mr. Purns" in getting any information that "Mr. Purns" might have need of.

He had been receiving the silver precipitate, he said, from a stranger who usually brought it to the pawnshop on a Saturday night, accepted a small advance on its value, and returned on the following Saturday to get the rest of his money — after the pawnbroker had disposed of the metal to the dealer who had been having it smelted by the Cooley Company.

Burns asked: "When is he due here again?"

The pawnbroker consulted his records. It appeared, from them, that the man ought to arrive on the following Saturday.

"All right," Burns said; "I'll be here, from now on, to watch for him. I have a man outside, shadowing the place. I'll sit inside and have a look at your customer when he comes. You go ahead and buy the stuff, and give him whatever advance he asks on it."

"Yes, Mr. Purns."

Burns did not use any finesse with the pawnbroker or the metal dealer, and he did not take any precautions to prevent either one from

betraying him — though they did not know *that*. He was aware that both had a wholesome respect for the government detectives, and he was confident that both would be eager to assist the investigation in order to clear themselves of suspicion.

He spent the remainder of the week in the pawnshop, waiting patiently, talking the gossip of local politics, and acquiring expert information of the "inside" variety about the personnel and the methods of the gang that governed the community. Some of that information subsequently assisted him in putting their leader in the State penitentiary.

On Saturday night the expected customer arrived with a valise in which he had six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of silver precipitate. He did not notice Burns, who went outside — as soon as he was sure what was in the valise — and joined the operative who had been shadowing the shop. Together they followed their "subject" when he came out; and tailed him to a dry-goods shop, where he was joined by a woman; and went with the pair to a vaudeville theater; and then watched all night outside a rooming-house where the couple spent the night.

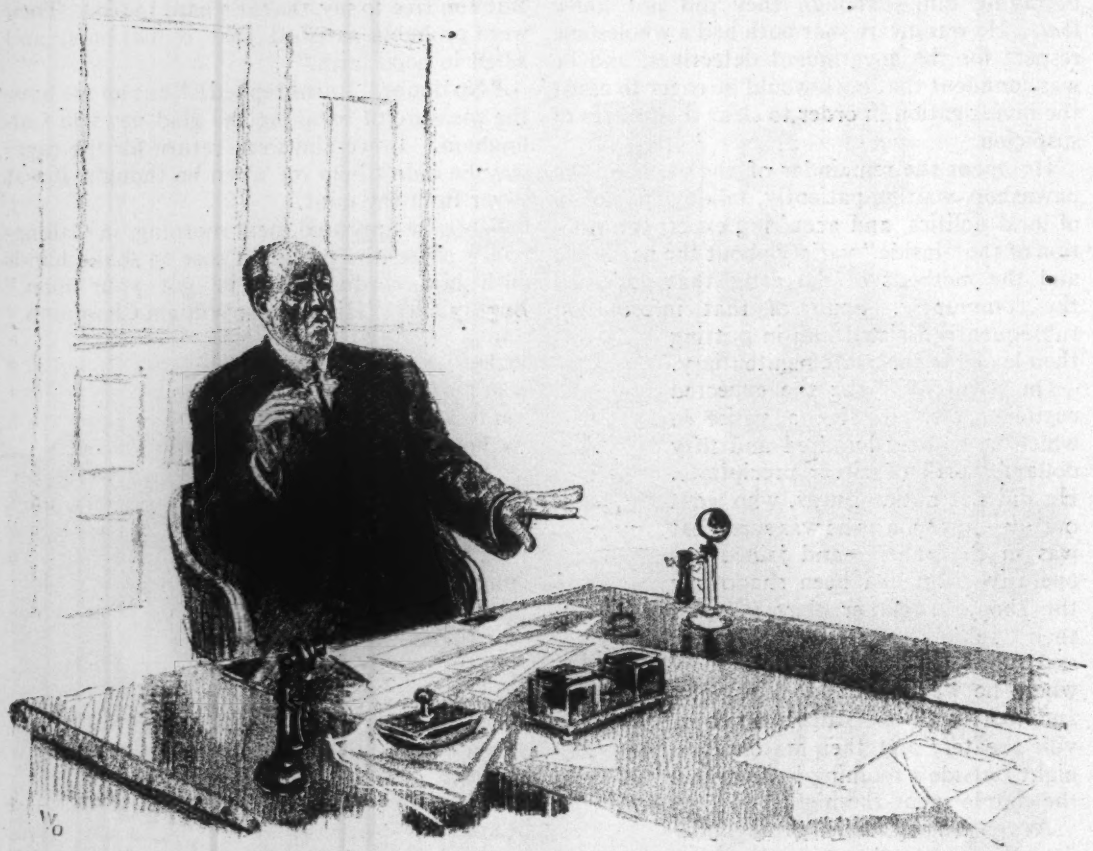
At ten o'clock next morning, Sunday, they were all out on the street again. They dined in the same restaurant, and walked around till two, and enjoyed another vaudeville entertainment till five. The five-fifteen train took them to Cooley, where the man and the woman separated. Burns tailed the man home. His assistant followed the woman.

That night Burns reported to the superintendent of the mint that he had located the employee of the Cooley Company who had been stealing precipitate of silver. "Well," Fleischman said, "I'm satisfied from the chemical analysis that the stuff's *not* ours. But I'm free to say that it's hard to tell. They were probably satisfied that it *was* ours, and acted in good faith."

"No doubt," Burns replied; "but let me have the pleasure of breaking the glad news to Callingham. I owe him some return for the eager way he didn't help me when he thought it was silver from the mint."

When he appeared, next morning, in Callingham's office, the president rose to shake hands with him cordially. "I've got your man," Burns said. "His name is William Champion."

"ON SATURDAY NIGHT THE EXPECTED CUSTOMER ARRIVED WITH SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS' WORTH OF SILVER PRECIPITATE"



"'WELL, MR. BURNS,' CALLINGHAM SAID, 'I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A MAN TO CLAIM THAT YOU KNOW A THING UNLESS YOU'RE SURE OF IT. I DON'T LIKE TO CONTRADICT YOU, BUT——'"

Callingham pressed a button. "Bring me the pay-roll," he ordered the clerk, and his voice was thick. He took the sheets with an agitated hand and glanced over them in apprehension. "He's here," he said; "and in that room, too!"

"He has sold about three thousand dollars' worth of silver precipitate to date," Burns reported cheerfully, "and he has six hundred and fifty dollars' worth more in the pawnshop."

"What pawnshop?"

Burns told the whole story, from the time he had left the president's office with the samples until he had trailed Champion to his home.

"Let me call our superintendent," Callingham said, "and the local superintendent of the detective agency. I want you to talk to them."

"I don't mind talking to them; but I can tell you now," Burns predicted, "that the detective won't take any advice from *me*."

"We'll see about that," Callingham replied, in his most executive manner. "I'll have something to say, in *that* case."

He sent out his summons for the two men.

"Mr. Burns," Callingham inquired, "would you mind telling me, now, how you knew that it was *our* precipitate when you first came in here?"

"Yes," Burns answered; "that matter is confidential with the government."

"Oh!" Callingham thought it over. "Then," he asked, "tell me who told you that those samples were still at the works. I was certainly given to understand that they had been returned."

"That, too," Burns replied gravely, "I'm not in a position to divulge."

Callingham cleared his throat. "I've forgotten to ask you what is your charge for your work on this case."

"You can't pay me a cent," Burns answered. "I'm paid by the government."

"Then," Callingham plunged, "what do you think we ought to do next?"

"Well," Burns cautioned him, "you want to be careful. If you arrest that man on insufficient evidence, and his lawyer learns that your own chemist originally reported that the silver came from the mint, Champion will stand a good chance in a suit for damages against you."

"That's true," Callingham agreed. "There was a case like that in Idaho!"

"'IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME WHETHER YOU CONTRADICT ME OR NOT,' BURNS ASSURED HIM. 'IT'S YOUR SILVER, AND I'LL PROVE IT'"

The superintendent of the Cooley works arrived — followed, in a moment, by the local superintendent of the Nick Carter sleuths. The latter was a large, impressive, dark man. He greeted Burns with professional reserve and heard the story of the theft with placidity. When he was asked, at last, what he proposed to do in the case, he replied: "We'll take it up at once. We'll not bother Mr. Burns any further. There's no necessity — no necessity at all. We'll take care of it."

"Just what will you do?" Burns inquired.

"Why, we're going to finish up the investigation. We'll take care of it."

"But what action are you going to take?" Burns prodded him. "What's your next move?"

"To arrest Champion."

"Right away?"

"Yes. There's the evidence against him. Plenty of it. Perfect."

Burns looked at Callingham.

"Mr. Burns," Callingham broke out, "I'm responsible for whatever is done in this investigation, and our company will have to pay the damages if we arrest Champion and fail to convict him. Never mind this man. Tell us what we ought to do."

"Well, in the first place," Burns said, "Champion steals this stuff when you have your clean-up. He takes it out of the works either in his pail or in his pocket. Let him go ahead. Let him 'come back to it.' Don't do anything different from what you have been doing right along. Immediately after the next clean-up, search his bucket without his knowing it. If the stuff isn't there, have two men lying in wait for him under the railroad bridge on his way home. They can accuse him of stealing a pocket-book, and search him for it. If he hasn't anything on him, he'll not know what you're after. If you find any on him, search his house ——"

"Without a warrant!" the detective cut in.

"If you find stolen goods on him you don't need a search-warrant. Go get a constable."

"The government may do that sort of thing ——"

"All right," Burns said; "go ahead your own way."

Burns left town, for a week, on another case. While he was away, he read in the newspapers of the arrest of William Champion, of Cooley, for stealing silver from the smelting company; and the despatches spoke admiringly of the "clever work" done on the case by the Nick Carter Company's sleuths. But when Burns returned to town he found that Callingham had been sending frantic messages to the Secret Service office for him, and when he saw Callingham, the distracted president explained:

"After you left, that idiot didn't wait to do anything you had advised. He went straight to the District Attorney's office to get a search-warrant for Champion. The District Attorney's stenographer knows the Champions. She telephoned Mrs. Champion that a Nick Carter detective had been in the office, getting a warrant for Champion for stealing precipitate of silver. And when the detectives got to the house, they found Champion sick in bed — with fright — and not a trace of the stolen silver to be found anywhere. They haven't a speck of evidence but what you got yourself. What are we to do?"

"Employ some detective," Burns advised, "to go over the ground that I went over. Have him show this evidence to Champion's lawyer. Then tell him that you want to save the expense of a trial, and, if Champion will plead guilty, he'll be given only a jail sentence."

"And that's what was done," Burns concludes. "Champion got thirty days in jail for stealing three thousand dollars, and they recovered the six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stuff that I had traced to the pawnshop."

"HE LEFT HER STANDING GRACEFULLY IN THE WIND, THE BREEZES TOSSING HER HAIR FROM HER WHITE TEMPLES"

"CQ"
IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND L. CROSBY

I

THE chief trouble with "Micky" Fitz, as he was called, was that the women all fell in love with him. And as he was generally a totally unconscious factor in the proceeding, he can hardly be held responsible, although it can not be denied that he was usually receptive and on occasion even provocative, for he was a sailor-man — of a sort — and English, in spite of his name. This, however, did not prevent his utter disgrace and prompt banishment from his uncle's vicarage when he and the Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farquhar were caught by the head gardener kissing in the lilac arbor, and the matter was reported to the irascible Earl, her grandpapa. For the golden-haired, rose-cheeked Hon. Evelyn was a great person in the land, while Michael Fitzpatrick was only a common or garden son of a second son, with no pretensions to aristocracy save through the elder branch of the family, which paid no attention to his trifling existence. So the Earl, as was his prerogative, was exceeding wroth, and, having sent for the much-embarrassed vicar, made it entirely unequivocal that Michael was to be deported beyond seas,— to Prince Rupert or Pekin or Zanzibar,— where he could nevermore see his dream lady until she was safely married to a gentleman of at least her own rank and fortune.

Later the Hon. Evelyn, having escaped from her governess (she was only fifteen and three quarters), met Micky in the grove back of the second gamekeeper's, and swore eternal fealty to him with her head on his shoulder, and they exchanged rings. He left her in the sweet, shadowy fragrance of the early evening, standing among the tree-trunks with her arms outstretched to him, a brave smile on her lips, trying to keep back her tears — a slender, wistful figure in a white frock that did not quite reach to the top of her shoes, her hair in rippling golden torrents blown toward him over her shoulders by a soft caressing breeze that bore a quivering "Good-by, Micky dear!" to his yearning ears. With a heart excitedly thumping, Micky packed a hand-bag, and, without saying as much as good-by to the vicar, walked four miles to the station and caught the 8.43 for Liverpool. For, though he was nineteen, he did not know what was right and proper or to be expected of a mere son of a second son. Incidentally he carried in his left-hand breast pocket a cabinet photograph of his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, showing her in long hair and standing beside a big St. Bernard dog.

This was three years ago, and in all that time he had heard from her only once, and that was when she had mailed him a post-card from Cortina d'Ampezzo six weeks after his departure, showing a Tyrolese couple in dancing costume and bearing the strange and unintelligible symbols (save to Micky), "I. L. Y." — which are the initials of the most important sentence in all history.

Those three years on the sea had made a man of him, but they had not changed his attitude toward Lady Evelyn or the Earl; and both the photograph and the Tyrolese dancers occupied a conspicuous position on the wall over his bunk in the wireless house on the *Pavonia*. Yet during that time there had been many candidates for Lady Evelyn's position — lithe, smoky Arab girls in Tangier, starchy pink-and-white stewardesses, smart daughters of prosperous resident officers, and many ladies of high degree on the first-cabin passenger list. But he had dis-

couraged them all and kept his heart true to the memory of the grove behind the second gamekeeper's.

"An infectious little red devil!" Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan called him — she of the white pony-coat and the string of melting blue-white pearls, who liked to joke with Micky on the boat-deck and visit him in the wireless house, and whose full-blown, rosily radiant beauty filled him with a vague uneasiness. Yet it was not his looks — he had freckles, blue eyes, and auburn-red hair — but his smile that drew people to him, first and second cabin alike, and made it quite impossible for even the purple-nosed captain to be as harsh with him as his escapades deserved — as, for example, that night at Algiers when he had kept the ship waiting an hour, with the tide on the ebb, while he won £16 at the little horses in the Casino.

It had been quite natural for him to go into the Marconi service, for he had always dabbled in electricity and had worked an amateur "wireless" between the roof of the vicarage and that of the village tinsmith, who was the father of his childhood's companion, Tommy Burcher. Tommy was the only one of his friends with whom he still kept in constant communication and from whom he learned the comings and goings of the Hon. Evelyn: how she now had her hair up and looked a ripper; how the family had taken her up to London and brought her out with a great party at Carlton Terrace; how she had been presented at Court; and how they had been filling the house with old bucks and young bucks, and been having party after party, until Tommy (who was not invited) said it quite turned his stomach. But never a word from the Hon. Evelyn, who, according to the ill-spelled and worse-expressed missives of his correspondent, was growing more of a stunner daily. As each letter was received and read in the privacy of the wireless house, Micky would grind his teeth, swear at the Earl and the vicar, and then smoke his pipe furiously for about an hour — after which life resumed its ordinary color. A letter had come that very day, with the usual consequences.

"Damn *all* the women!" he growled, still smoking, as he saw Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan's copious blonde coiffure bobbing up the ladder that led to the little coop which served him as office, bedroom, and parlor, and was situated on top of the deck-house in the after part of the *Pavonia*. Passengers were forbidden access to it; but for Mrs. Trevelyan anything forbidden was sweet — particularly the society of Micky Fitz. And she had no sooner gained the top of the deck-house, and begun adjusting the folds of her white pony-coat and her trim sailor hat, than a steward scurried up after her and knocked on the door of the wireless house.

"Cap'n says report to him at once, and no first-cabin passengers allowed aft the second-cabin deck!" said he rudely.

"Curse the Captain!" snorted Micky. "I suppose I'll catch it good and hearty for givin' out that bulletin this afternoon! Good evening, Mrs. Trevelyan. Sorry I can't receive you. The Captain's sent for me — most pressin' and particular!"

He smiled a soul-engaging, freckled smile.

"Oh, you naughty child!" protested Mrs. Trevelyan, shaking her finger at him. "Well, I'll wait for you! Don't be long. I am quite afraid to stay up here all alone. What if a big sailor should come up?"

"Just shake your finger at him!" replied Micky.

He left her standing gracefully in the wind, the breeze tossing her hair from her white temples and outlining her shapely form under the white coat that floated behind her like the robe of the Wingless Victory. He hurried across the second-cabin deck, climbed the ladder to the main deck, ducked under the upraised arm of the bugler, just beginning the first bar of "Roast Beef of Old England," made a wry face at him, and saluted the Captain.

"You young scamp!" roared the officer. "What do you mean by giving out the press news and letting it be posted on the bulletin-board? Don't you know this ship doesn't subscribe for it? Look at this thing! I tore it down myself five minutes ago!"

He held out a crumpled sheet of ship's writing-paper, upon which appeared, in Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan's obvious chirography, a résumé of the wireless news sent out from Poldhu early that morning. The lady had been flippant, and the sheet was headed: "The *Pavonia's Daily Scream*." Underneath were imitation newspaper columns entitled "Society Jottings," "Marine News," "Birth List," and other harmless pleasantries, but containing the actual six hundred words taken by Micky out of the air, for which the company had not paid.

"If that is reported it will cost me exactly twenty pounds!" shouted the Captain, glaring at him.

"Very sorry, sir!" answered Micky respectfully. "*I* didn't post it, and I don't know *who* did. I merely handed a copy to you, as usual, at breakfast. Of course, if by any chance one of the passengers saw your copy ——!"

"You impudent young jackanapes!" retorted the Captain furiously. "*My* copy, indeed! You gave it out to some woman — you *know* you did! What's more, you let them come

"THERE WERE MRS. TREVELYAN, AND A DARK GENTLEMAN WITH WAXED MUSTACHES, IN A LONG GREEN ULSTER, CALMLY EATING PHEASANT FROM HIS OPERATING-DESK. A QUART OF CHAMPAGNE STOOD IN A BUCKET OF ICE ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THEM"

up to the wireless house! I've seen them myself. If I catch another living soul there, I'll have you discharged."

"Very good, sir," replied Micky stolidly. "Of course, if *you* didn't give out the news the Marconi Company can't charge the boat for it; and if *I* gave it out the Company will sack me. So far as the passengers coming up is concerned, I wish you would devise some way to keep 'em out. *I* can't. I'm sure the Company wouldn't like it, and it interferes horribly with my work. Is that all, sir? And shall I take the news for you to-night, sir?"

The Captain gave Micky one withering look and brushed by him without reply. He had no evidence as to how the news had leaked out, and he was quite aware of it. In addition, he had no business to get the news himself, if his ship was not a subscriber. Of course they all *did* get it. There it was in the air, and all you had to do was to tune in and swipe it. The Company expected it, and you didn't deprive anybody of anything by so doing. The morning flimsy from the wireless house was a sort of daily courtesy from the Marconi people to the Captain. If he didn't want it — why, he could leave it, that was all.

All this the purple Captain knew very well; but he was angry and upset, for the home office had held him over two days at Genoa to take those of the *Olympic's* passengers who after her collision with the *Hawk* had shrewdly figured out that the only way to make sure of getting home was by the southern route, and had had the *Pavonia* held by wire from London in consequence.

Mrs. Trevelyan had been one of these, and for four days now she had sat at his right hand and made love to him. The ship was jammed to the bulwarks, with first-cabin passengers sleeping in threes in second-class state-rooms, and everybody was growling except the stewards and stewardesses, who already heard the clink of golden sovereigns on every hand.

At Gibraltar another swarm of belated ones had come aboard, and Billy Parish, the gambler, who regularly travels from Algiers to Gibraltar and back again, had made forty pounds by pretending he had taken passage for New York and selling out to a Wall Street stock broker, "at the greatest possible inconvenience to himself." But the really funny thing was how that *Olympic-Hawk* business had made all the captains so nervous — and Ponsonby, the purple Captain of the *Pavonia*, was the worst of all.

As Fitzpatrick scurried back to his post in the wireless house they were all filing in to dinner, and the deck stewards were darting around among the old ladies with sloppy trays of lukewarm bouillon and soggy sea-biscuit. A condensed odor, thick to the eye as a London fog, was working along the passageways, heavy with the steam of the soup caldrons, the smell of damp table-linen, of Castile soap, onions, oxalic acid, and warm upholstery. The string band was trying to be heard above the clatter of dishes, valiantly sawing out "O You Beautiful Doll," and the stewards were fighting for places around the scullery windows, giving each other the lie in polite cockney with "Oh, I s'y, I'm first there, now, Denby!" and "You swine, you took my plyte! Give it 'ere, now!" Inside the saloon, two hundred passengers were beginning to gorge stomachs, which should have been left entirely alone, with canned caviar, Scotch broth, boiled cod, celery, radishes, English mutton chops,— "pheasant, sir, with the 'ead steward's compliments,"—tipsy pudding, Neapolitan ice-cream, assorted cakes, grapes, bananas, and coffee, washed down with heavy draughts of Apollinaris water. The great event of the day was in full progress.

Micky winked at the purser as he slid by the latter's grating.

"No more news!" he grinned. "Cap'n's orders!"

"The deuce you say!" muttered the rat-faced financier, and went on unconcernedly counting up neat piles of half-crowns.

Micky ran up his ladder and opened the door of his office. There were Mrs. Trevelyan, and a dark gentleman with waxed mustaches, in a long green ulster, calmly eating pheasant from his operating-desk. A quart of champagne stood in a bucket of ice on the floor beside them.

"Ah, *there* you are!" cried the gay lady. "Lord Ashurst, let me introduce to you my very particular friend, Mr. Micky Fitzpatrick."

"Glad to know you!" nodded his lordship, his mouth full of pheasant. "Awfully jolly up here, you know. Quite rippin', in fact. So beastly hot in that saloon, one can't eat."

"Sit down, do," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I know you want to put us out, but it wouldn't be polite — would it, Ashurst?"

"Assuredly not!" he answered. "Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks," replied Micky. "I'm very sorry, but I have to go down to lunch. By the way, if anybody calls up, just send 'em a few V's and take the message, will you?"

"Impudence!" smiled Mrs. Trevelyan.

Soon she finished her pheasant, and, Micky having vanished down the ladder, began to examine the contents of the office through her gold lorgnette.

"That must be his sweetheart!" she remarked suddenly, pointing to the photograph over the bunk — "that leggy little girl with the big dog."

Ashurst arose stiffly, carefully wiped his mustache with his napkin, and inspected the picture.

"Well, I'm shot!" he ejaculated, in amazement.

"*Why*, may I ask?" inquired Mrs. Trevelyan, "And why do you invariably say you're *shot?*"

Ashurst ignored the latter half of her question.

"That's Evelyn Farquhar!" he gasped.

Mrs. Trevelyan emitted a shower of silver giggles, while Ashurst gave her a sheep-faced look.

"Rather rough on you, eh, boysie?" she laughed.

His lordship poured out a tumbler of champagne.

"Really, you know, that's rather a stunner!" he admitted.

"It is, if what everybody said was true," answered his companion — "that she turned you down *hard* at Biarritz last May. Anyhow, she's engaged to Cosmo Graeme at last — it was announced about a month ago. I wonder where Micky got that picture!"

"I — I never — asked her — *really*," he protested. "Rum sort of a child, but an awful ripper!"

"Never mind, old chap!" cooed Mrs. Trevelyan soothingly. "You've still got *me*."

"Yes, until Trevelyan comes out in a tug off Fire Island," he retorted dryly, wrinkling his nose.

"Well, cheer up — and give me a cigarette!" she admonished him. "Let's have a good time while it lasts."

The deck-house, or "Island," of the *Pavonia* is designed to accommodate second-class passengers, but the rooms are large and catch more air than those in the main body of the ship, for the port-holes look straight forward and straight aft. As Micky dropped down his ladder, he nearly landed on a tall man in a shabby ulster, the collar of which was turned up so as almost to hide the wearer's face. A soft hat was drawn down to cover his eyes. The man started and drew back into the shadow.

"I *beg* your pardon!" exclaimed Micky, who recalled the fact that this particular passenger had come aboard with a few others at Gibraltar.

The man muttered something indistinctly.

"Coming down to lunch?" continued the Marconi man politely. "You're at my table, you know — the one on the right as you go in."

"No, thanks; I'm not feeling very fit," replied the other, and, turning, he opened the door of one of the second-class state-rooms and disappeared inside.

Micky shrugged his shoulders.

"Affable!" he remarked to himself. "But rather a swell-looking beggar at that." Then he descended to the second-cabin saloon where he and his like belonged.

II

THE atmosphere of the second-cabin saloon was somewhat clearer than that of the first, and Micky's appetite was of the best.

"Good afternoon, everybody!" he cried genially, as he slipped into his place at the head of the table nearest the door. "Fetch me some soup, Dobson."

An intermittent chorus in Italian, English, and French greeted his arrival. There were seven at the table, one chair being vacant.

"Goot vetter we're having!" nodded a German brewer from Hoboken.

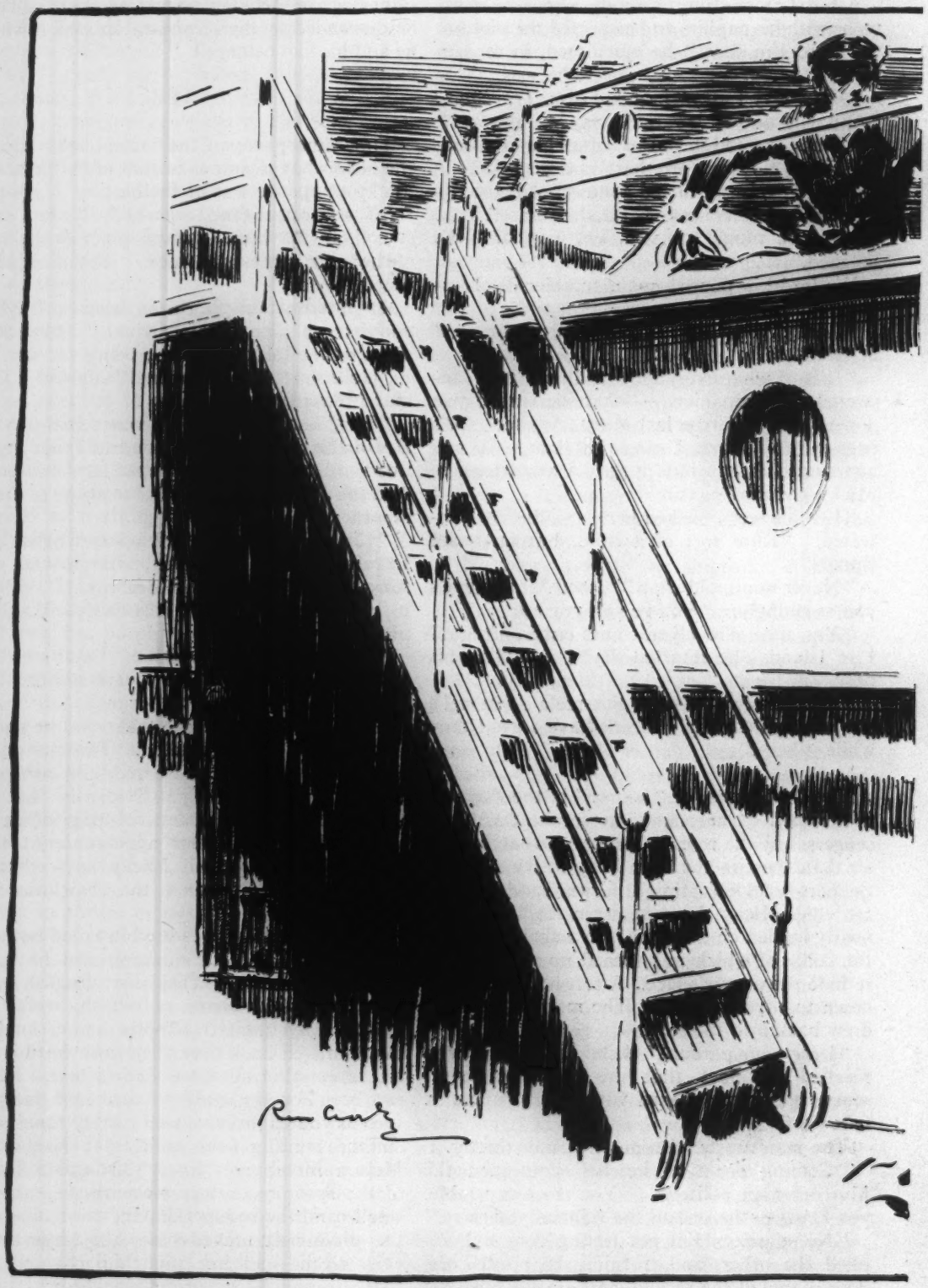
"Fine!" said Micky. "I was talking to the *Berlin* this morning, two hundred miles to the westward, and they said it was like a mill-pond. And the *Cedric* — same distance ahead of her — reports the same thing."

"I'm so glad!" answered a wan English girl, traveling with her brother, who looked consumptive, yet ate almost nothing. "I'd hate to be in a storm. Isn't it dreadful, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

"Sometimes," he admitted. "But we don't get 'em on this run — that is, *head*-storms. You don't mind the others."

A shadow fell across the table, and he paused as the empty chair was filled. The man in the ulster had entered unobserved, and now took his seat unobtrusively. Evidently he had changed his mind about coming down to lunch. It was his first appearance at table during the voyage, but Micky knew that his name was Cloud — since the chair was thus assigned.

The newcomer was dressed in faded but well-cut clothes of Scotch mixture, and he had a narrow, handsome, clean-cut English face, the high cheek-bones of which were surmounted by bronzed temples and a forehead that ran well back over the crown until it met the rather thin but curly brown hair. Had it not been for the stubby beard, the face was such as you might have seen twenty times a day on the hunting field at Market Harboro or Melton Mowbray. Every distinctive feature of the sporting aristocrat was there — the flat, small ears, the ruddy skin, the clear blue eyes, the prominent arched nose, the large, white, even teeth — all but the chin, covered with that incongruous, grotesque beard. Such heads you see the world over, from Manitoba to Mombasa,— sometimes even in the chorus of a comic opera,— wherever the "younger son"



"'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING, OLD SPORT? COSMO DEAR, OUT ENOUGH. JUST CUT ME OUT, WILL YOU? FORGET

WITH IT. YOU CAN TRUST ME.' 'NO—NO, LILY! DON'T ASK ME. YOU'LL KNOW SOON ME—JUST AS I'M TRYING TO FORGET ENGLAND'"

is carving out his fate. But this man was not altogether true to type, for the skin about his eyes was dark and sunken, and he had the gaunt look of one who has played and lost, the hopeless expression of the man who has nothing left.

"Decided to come down, after all?" remarked Micky, with good humor.

"Yes," returned the other in a slightly nervous manner.

When the stewards began clearing away, the second-cabin passengers gathered in groups or sauntered out on deck. The wan girl and her brother, however, seemed to have made no friends, and lingered on.

Micky's attention had been attracted to the pair early in the voyage for several reasons. In the first place, they, like Cloud, had come aboard at Gibraltar — a rather curious place to take a steamer for America in the month of September. Spain was pretty hot — infernally hot after the middle of June. Then, while the girl seemed like a chatty sort of person and was always ready to talk to her companions at the table, neither she nor her brother had by so much as a single word indicated whence they had come, what their purpose in life was, or where they were going. Lastly, with all the readiness of the two to make themselves agreeable in the saloon, they never talked to any one outside on deck, or joined in any of the games that were played. In fact, the brother had remained almost constantly in his state-room, while the girl sat by herself, reading or watching the gulls. He had a sensitive, rather cadaverous face, and, like the man Cloud, sported a half-grown, bristly beard. They were English, of course, but they piqued Micky's curiosity, and he determined to break down the barrier of reserve with which they had surrounded themselves.

On the second-cabin list they were put down as "Mr. William H. Bennett, Miss Bennett"; and as such he now addressed her.

"Find it rather dull on board, Miss Bennett"?

"Oh, no-o," she answered. "But we are not very quick at picking up acquaintances; and my brother has felt rather miserable until now."

"Like to take a look at the wireless house?" he asked, conscious, nevertheless, that the Captain might have meant what he said.

"Oh, *could* we? I thought it wasn't permitted."

"*I'll* permit you," he reassured her. "Come along up."

Mrs. Trevelyan and her companion had wearied of their rendezvous and were no longer to be seen. But the fumes of his lordship's cigarette still lingered in the air, and Micky threw open the window and motioned his guests to take seats on the bunk. The man was obviously exhausted by his climb up the ladder, but the girl was all interest. The windows looking in every direction showed not a single sail or streak of black smoke on all the limitless horizon.

"You'd think we were all alone, wouldn't you?" said Micky, filling his pipe.

"Yes — aren't we?" she replied innocently.

"Not one bit of it!" he answered. "We're in the middle of a regular *drove* of ships." He nodded westward. "Right over there are the *Berlin* and *Cedric*, and beyond them the *Fulda* and the *Frederick II*. Behind us are the *Oregon* and the *Hohenlohe*. About three hundred miles south of us is the *Argentina*, bound for Buenos Ayres, and the *Karib* for Colon. Just north is a big yacht, the *Nevada*, and the *Frankfort*, going eastward. I've been talking to all of them. I know most of the operators, too. The chap on the *Berlin* is named Morrissy. We had an evening together at Algiers about a week ago. He owes me a shilling sixpence."

The girl listened, wide-eyed.

"And you've been *talking* to all of them! It's too wonderful. How do you do it?"

Micky laughed lazily.

"It's no trick at all!" He threw over his rheostat and wound up his magnetic detector. The converter gave a great roaring whir, and he threw them off again; but he put the receivers to his ears and listened.

"All at lunch," he commented after a minute. "Anyhow, nobody's working. You see, there's very little doing except at night. The air's much more quiet then as a rule, and there's no one to bother you."

"But I don't understand." She hesitated. "What happened when the machine made that great noise?"

"It was generating the current for my aërials," he replied. "You've noticed those wires hanging down, something like a hammock, from the mast, of course? Well," — he threw on his converter, — "now she's generating a current that is thrown off in waves whenever I close the circuit."

The instrument was whirring like an aëroplane about to fly, and, when Micky pressed his key, crackled with a blue flame that made the girl jump.

"That's nothing," he grinned; "I'm just sending out a few CQ's — that's the call for 'all stations,' you know — to let the other fellows know I'm alive. Hello! There's Morrissy already. He wants some V's — letters, so he can tune in." *Bz-bz-bz*. "Now I'm giving him HS, — 'How are my signals?' 'Signals good and strong,' he says. You see, he's tuned

into my wave-length already by varying the capacity of condenser and inductance. You have to send out the V's anyhow to test your spark."

"How far off is he?" she asked wonderingly.

"Only about two hundred and fifty miles."

"Two hundred and fifty miles!"

"That's about all you can do commercially by day, and it varies, at that, with the atmosphere. Every thunder-storm kicks up a bloomin' row. The least thing makes a difference, you know — heat of the air, cool of the night, latitude, hills (if you're talking to a land station), any electrical disturbance. Three hundred miles by day is the very outside. But at night we get 'freak' working. I can send sometimes twelve hundred miles and receive two thousand miles."

"It's the most wonderful thing I've ever known!" she gasped.

"Yes — yes!" repeated the brother huskily, with an assumption of interest. "It is wonderful." He coughed painfully a couple of times.

"Do you get the news from land that way?" she continued.

"Every night — regular as the clock," answered Micky. "Why, I heard all about the *Olympic-Hawk* collision from The Ushant *right through the Pyrenees*, and I was lying in the bay of Algiers in a perfect nest of stations. There were fifty vessels all talking at once,— a terrible jam,— but I got every word. Now the regular press business comes every night through Poldhu — in Cornwall, you know. About a quarter past eleven you start your detector and begin listening. At eleven-thirty sharp (Greenwich time) Poldhu begins working 'CQ — CQ — CQ — ZZ — ZZ — ZZ.' That means, 'All stations — Poldhu talking.' Then he begins to send his commercial messages and signal for the ships he wants. Every ship has a letter. After he gets through his commercials he begins to distribute the news to our subscribers. 'SP — SP — SP' he says ('Press for transmission only'), and gives the number of words. It's usually about six hundred. Then he goes ahead and tells how the market is, and who's dead, and who won the prize fight. Why, I sit here every night and it's just as if I was on Piccadilly Circus except for the lights."

"So everything that goes on in the world is known on the sea!" said the girl lightly.

"Everything of importance," he answered.

"And you're always in touch; never any more terrible uncertainty" — she hesitated for the smallest fraction of a second — "about — anything!"

"None. Even if you aren't in touch with a land station, you're always in communication with a whole bevy of ships, and they give you all the dope — the news."

"But, of course, there are many things that happen which are not worth reporting, like that, every night at such great expense — little things — that affect only a few people?" she asked, almost anxiously.

"Of course. It's just like a newspaper of six hundred to a thousand words. They send out what is vital — and some of it *is* deuced urgent. You remember when Crippen was caught getting over to Canada? It was all wireless. Why, that murderer would have beaten it if it hadn't been for the Captain snooping around and playing Sherlock Holmes among the passengers until he found a fellow that matched up to the description that had jumped through the air and overtaken him. Oh, it's quite exciting up here sometimes. Imagine me getting a CQD! You're talking to some rosy ass on another liner about how their butter is holding out, or if they've seen an iceberg, and suddenly — *bing* — out of nowhere you'll catch a little CQD. You listen, and sure enough it is! You drop the ass and the iceberg, and tune in quick, and you find it's a yacht that's punctured herself on a reef, God knows how far off! And then the air gets full of ships simply yelling. You can hear 'em all, from the Bay of Biscay to the Azores, from Tangier to Madeira, and the ones that have the same wave-length fall all over each other. And then you find out where she is, and the nearest ship simply goes and looks after her, that's all. It's — hello! There's somebody working now. He's sending out a CQ."

Micky switched on his mains, and the blue flame leaped through the air as he answered.

"Signals are strong. I should say he must be close to us. Just look out the window and see if there's anybody in sight, Miss Bennett. . . . He says he's the *Donald Castle* from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres, and in plain view of us."

The girl looked all over the horizon.

"There's nothing except a sailing-vessel over there to the right," she said. "They don't carry wireless, do they?"

Micky craned his neck and glanced through the starboard window.

"That's just some old tub," he remarked. "It can't be *her*."

He pushed his key rapidly.

"Now I've just said, 'Keep your hair on and tell me what sort of a bloomin' vessel you are.' . . . Oh, my! He's like a hornet! Says I must be chaffing him! . . . Oh, I say! The beggar's too familiar! . . . He *is* that cruiser over there. Must have rigged a wireless for himself. Lot's of 'em do. I'll fix him!"

He pressed his key a few times, grinned delightedly, and threw down his receiver.

"What did you say?" asked Bennett.

"I just said, 'Oh, are you that old hay-wagon on our starboard quarter?'"

The girl laughed again.

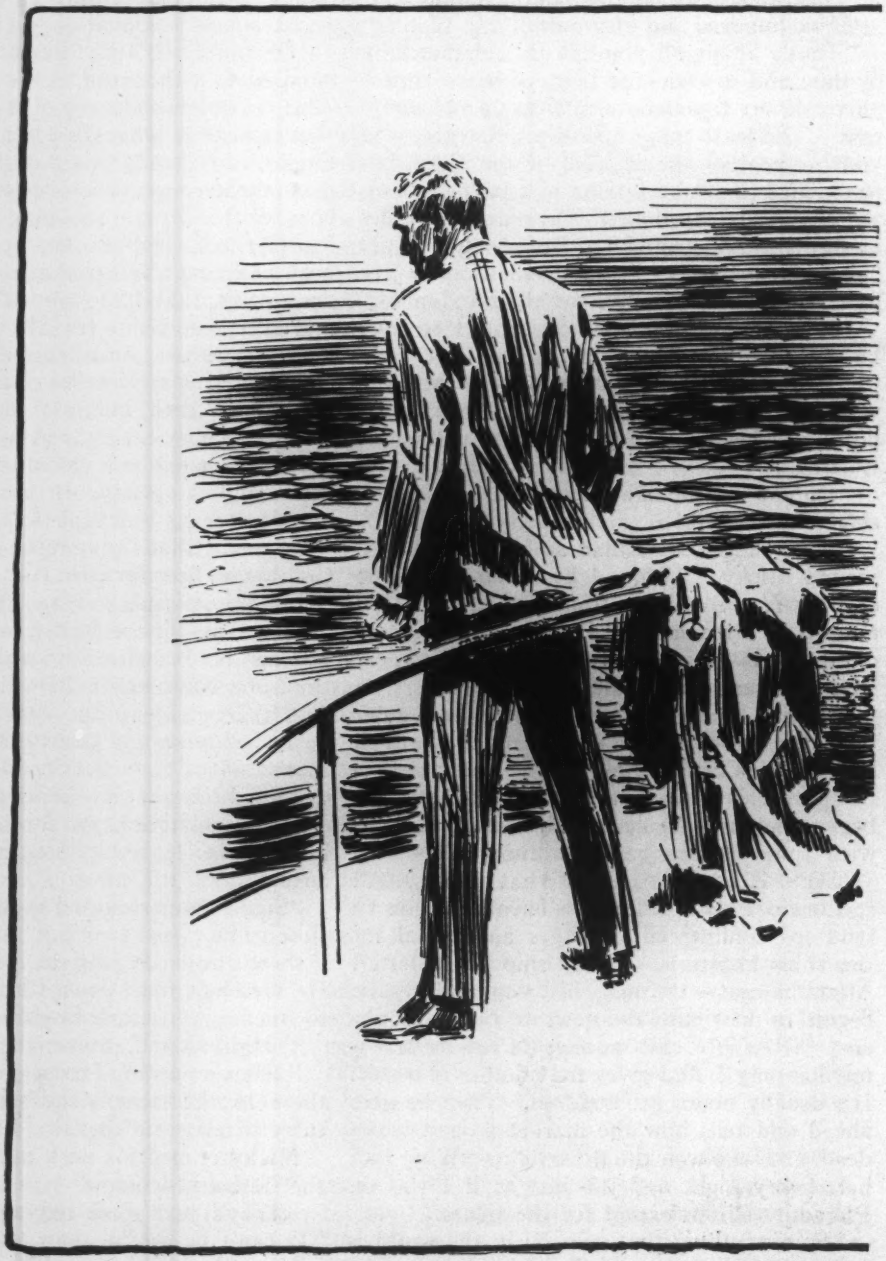
"It's really quite sociable!" said she, as they rose to go. "Will you let us come up again?"

"Come any time you want," answered Micky good-naturedly. "You'll always find me here, and you'll always be welcome."

III

WHATEVER may have been her faults, it is not to be denied that only Mrs. Trevelyan prevented another and more serious explosion of wrath on the part of the Captain against his ne'er-do-weel Marconi operator. As a peacemaker she was beyond criticism. The Captain, pretending to be quite impervious to feminine charms, nevertheless allowed himself to be cajoled and flattered until he not only revoked his orders so far as visitors to the wireless house was concerned, but offered to accompany the lady there himself and explain everything to her. For the Captain, in spite of his appearance, was human, and, as he himself said aloud to himself in front of the looking-glass in his cabin: "She's a damned handsome woman!"

No one could possibly dodge this obvious fact. Lily Trevelyan was one of those international beauties who, like the Countess of Warwick, appear on the front pages of the morning dailies whenever there is a dearth of legitimate news. Born in a manufacturing town in eastern Massachusetts, she had escaped



"THERE WAS NO DOUBT AS TO HIS PURPOSE. AS CLOUD STOOD THERE, DEED MUST REST ON THE STALWART ENGLISHMAN'S

from it at an early age, and, with another girl, had taken up the study of art in Paris. Then for about five years she utterly disappeared, only to blossom forth suddenly in London as a dashing society favorite, a bit flamboyant for some of the more conservative, but one who patently had attracted the discriminating eye of royalty. From that time on, Lily Leslie had been the rage. Dukes named horses after her and their jockeys wore her colors; her photographs appeared in the shop windows; cigars were branded and banded in her honor; and she was followed from one European watering-place to another by a kitchen cabinet of Austrian, French and English aristocrats and millionaires.

MICKY SAW IT ALL, AND HE TURNED FAINT WITH HORROR. WHAT A SOUL IF HE COULD SERIOUSLY COMTEMPLATE SUCH A THING!"

All this but six years after her departure from Nesmith Street, Lowell! And "lovely Lily Leslie from Lowell," having boxed the ears of a prince and rolled him down a grass terrace at Sandringham, accepted the hand of a complaisant commoner who was ready to sacrifice his domestic security to a vicarious social prominence. Now she was Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan—still of the inner circles, but without the flare that had made her the toast of English hunting-lodges. The white neck was still round, but almost imperceptibly it flowered at the top toward a chin once the ecstasy of sculptors, which now had lost by a dim shade its clearness of outline.

She was still spoken of as one of the most beautiful women in the world; but the exquisite hour of her perfection had passed. Then, perhaps feeling that her supremacy was no longer undisputed, a sense of pique at younger and fresher women had led her into certain too fla-

grant indiscretions that could not be overlooked. Lord Knollys had intimated that a knighthood might please her husband; and the directorate of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh, of which he was the London manager, by a coincidence no less extraordinary than it was timely, had proposed that he should open a similar branch in New York and temporarily become its resident agent. In other words, royalty had politely indicated that, although it was deeply pained to do so, it must, for policy's sake at least, withdraw that intimacy which it had previously been pleased to extend.

The slight did her moral character small good. However, Mrs. Trevelyan's dethronement in England was no obstacle to her social career in New York, and she cleverly made use of the notoriety surrounding her English life to give herself that last touch of smartness, that slight atmosphere of the *risque*, that *très chic* suggestion of impropriety, that made her the success of the season the winter of her arrival. Her house became the center of the smart Bohemian circle, the Newport and Westbury crowds, and the stragglers of London and Parisian society, of whom there are always a few in New York, eagerly gobbled up to lend a cosmopolitan touch to social gatherings otherwise banal by reason of the absence of aristocratic titles. Her husband passed unnoticed. "*Is* there a Mr. Trevelyan?" it was quite the thing to say, with a half-knowing, half-ingenuous expression.

But the lures of the scene of her earlier triumphs came ever upon her, and each summer saw her for a few weeks in London and a month or two at Carlsbad or Biarritz. Trevelyan no longer went with her. She came and went as she chose, and with whom she chose — a mocking, tragic figure of what might have been.

"Bah!" she cried that evening, throwing down her cards at the table in the men's smoking-room, where she had made it fashionable for the women to gather after dinner. "It's stuffy as a zoo in here. Can't you have some more port-holes opened, Ashurst?"

"They are all wide open now; so is the ventilator," he answered. "What do you say — shall we chuck it?"

Their two opponents, a young Boston bride and her husband who belonged to the "hunting set" at Myopia and were regarded at home as ultra-exclusive, hastened to signify their assent, and the table broke up.

"My maid tells me there is a vaudeville show in the second cabin. Shall we take it in?" inquired the bride. She spoke languidly, lighting a thin Russian cigarette which she took from a dainty dangling case of gold, while the eyes of forty male passengers watched her eagerly.

"Let's," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I think we ought to be able to bribe the second-cabin steward to pass us into the menagerie. Anyhow, we can stand at the door."

The quartette sauntered along the deck and descended cautiously into the region consecrated to the second cabin. Ashurst peeked through an open port, while Mrs. Trevelyan glanced into the saloon through another close by. From within came the strum of a banjo and the lilt of rag-time:

"Ah'l lend yo' ma hat!
Ah'l lend yo' ma flat!
Ah'l lend yo' ma lovely overcoat of fur!
Ah'l lend yo' eberyt'ing Ah've got — excep' ma wife!
An' Ah'l *mak' yo' a present of* HER!"

Mrs. Trevelyan's eye swept along the motley rows of maids, valets, and their second-class companions, all eagerly drinking in the piquant sentiment of the lyric, until, catching a profile at the end of one of them, an expression of hopeless bewilderment slowly gathered upon her face. Cloud was sitting a little apart, his chin on his hand, a forced smile about his lips.

"It *can't* be!" muttered Mrs. Trevelyan almost hysterically.

At the same instant the song ended, and a tumultuous round of hand-clapping and laughter showed that the audience was anything but unappreciative. Then the high-pitched masculine voice of the master of ceremonies — a cork merchant from Flatbush — began:

"Ladies and gentleman: It gives me great pleasure to announce that our friend, that distinguished American statesman Colonel W. C. Spothal, of Bloomington, Illinois, will give us a few personal reminiscences of him who cast the shackles from the slave and preserved the Union from dissolution amid the throes of internecine warfare — President Abraham Lincoln, or, as we of the States love to call him, 'Old Abe.'"

In the flurry caused by the rising and coming forward of the distinguished statesman, the party managed to force their way into the saloon almost unobserved.

"Aw — lots of atmosphere, you know," ventured Ashurst.

"Lots!" retorted Mrs. Trevelyan in a stage whisper. "More than I want!"

The statesman reached the platform amid mild applause, and, thrusting his onyx-buttoned cuff into his low-cut waistcoat, entered upon a detailed history of his intimacy with the martyred President. The anecdotes were chiefly about himself, with sporadic references to Lincoln. Still, the audience listened good-naturedly.

"And now I'll tell yer," he declared impressively, "'bout some Noo York fine-an-seers that

come down to Washin'ton ter ask Ole Abe to release the gold in the treasury durin' the gold panic. He listened patiently to 'em, and, then he says: 'Gents! You remind me o' the farmers out in Illinois when I wuz a young feller. There wuz a hog plague out thar, an' the hogs wuz a-dyin' like flies. Finally a man come along and claimed he had discovered a cure — an' he had. He said, "Cut off their tails and they'll get well." So the farmers cut off their hogs' tails and the hogs all got well. But the next year the plague come ag'in — *and thar weren't no more tails!*'"

There was a momentary silence, and then a roar of merriment, while the statesman bowed himself from the platform. Chauffeurs slapped fat thighs and the stewards crowded in the doorways stamped vigorously. Ashurst and the hunting gentleman from Boston stared vacantly before them. But Mrs. Trevelyan laughed heartily, and threw a nod to Micky, whose smiling face appeared for a moment at the doorway.

"Our fellow passenger, Mr. Walter Anderson Savage, has kindly consented to sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,'" next announced the cork merchant.

A sad-faced, black-bearded man in heavy boots and badly fitting clothes made his way forward. In a thin bass he began to sing, accompanied by a young lady in a vermilion demi-toilette:

> "Rocked in the *cray-dul* of ther *deep*,
> I lay me *down* in peace to *sleep!*
> And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
> Rocked in the *cray-dul* of ther deep."

A slight tittering made itself heard in the corners of the saloon; but the vocalist remained stolidly gazing at the ceiling during the interlude, rendered with many quavers by the vermilion pianist. Mrs. Trevelyan was neither listening to the song nor watching the singer. From where she had carefully selected her seat she commanded a full view of Cloud's face, and during the five verses rendered by the gloomy vocalist she continued to scrutinize it intensely.

"It *can't* be! And yet it *is!*" she repeated blankly. "What on earth can he be doing here?"

Suddenly Ashurst gave a muffled explosion and stumbled out of the door, followed by the bride and her husband, and presently, after another last look at the second-class passenger, by Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Rahly!" Ashurst was exclaiming, in a convulsion of mirth. "Did you *ever*, now! Rahly! A man like that!"

"It *was* funny, wasn't it, Mrs. Trevelyan!" laughed the bride apologetically, as the latter joined the others outside in the moonlight.

"*Rahly! Rahly! Rahly!* Ashurst! Why do you make such an idiot of yourself?" snapped Mrs. Trevelyan. "I'm going to bed. Good night, everybody!"

And she turned and moved quickly along the passageway leading to the main saloon. The rat-faced purser, a susceptible young Englishman, was just finishing up his accounts. Mrs. Trevelyan cast a dazzling smile upon him, and he, behind his grating, felt instantly like an eagle imprisoned in a cage with his mate soaring in the blue vault above.

"Let me see the second-cabin list, if you please," she said in her sweetest tones.

"Certainly," he smiled back at her; "the ship is yours if you want it, Mrs. Trevelyan."

IV

Micky, having attended several hundred ships' "entertainments" during his maritime career, had retired early to the wireless house. There were a score or so of messages to be relayed on to New York, and he had a letter to write besides; so by ten o'clock his pipe was alight and his mains had been switched on. Then his detector had got out of order, and it had taken him nearly an hour to fix it. When he at last got working, the German behind began signaling for the *Pavonia*.

"CQ de DSN — CQ de DSN," called the Norddeutscher Lloyd three hundred miles eastward.

"DSN de MPA — HS," replied Micky. ("To the *Hohenlohe* from the *Pavonia:* How are my signals?")

"MPA de DSN," answered the operator on the *Hohenlohe*. "Good evening, Mister." (The German boats always say "Mister.") "Your signals are strong. MSG (commercial message). Time now 11.55 Greenwich. Four messages."

"Time O. K. Thanks," returned Micky. "GA (go ahead)."

"MSG Number one," resumed the other operator. "Ten words. *Hohenlohe*. Radio. Via Casablanca. Trevelyan, *Pavonia*: Government inspectors here wise to your necklace. H."

Micky whistled under his breath, but he had no time for disconcerting speculations. The German kept right on sending:

"MSG Number two. *Hohenlohe*. Radio. Via Casablanca. Smith, *Pavonia:* Brother John died this morning. Return first boat. Alfred.

"MSG Number three. *Hohenlohe*. Radio. Via Casablanca. Tavish, *Pavonia*. Consols up three quarters shall I sell. Watts.

"MSG Number four. *Hohenlohe*. Radio. Relayed *Basaltic — Umberto Primo* — via Tan-

gier. Perier, *Pavonia*. La situation politique très grave. S."

"O. K. Thanks. GN (good night)," replied Micky.

"Thanks, Mister. Good night," answered the German.

And there was silence upon the face of the waters.

Micky lit his pipe and gazed out the window.

"So Mrs. Trevelyan was up to a little smuggling, in spite of her wealth and position!" He laughed softly to himself.

At quarter past eleven he stuck his head out of the door for a breath of fresh air. The "entertainment" and its aftermath were over. Only a sailor or two could be seen. He darted down the ladder and into the second-cabin scullery, snatched up a couple of beef sandwiches, and clambered up to his perch again. The *Pavonia* was surging along at twenty knots an hour, but in the soft night she seemed to be lying motionless in a hazy sea of gold.

He cast a look at the Hon. Evelyn's picture, tested his coherer, adjusted the receiver, and began munching his sandwiches and waiting for Poldhu, thinking every now and then of Mrs. Trevelyan and her necklace. He wondered if it was the one she had on. Hardly; she wouldn't be so foolish, with all those "detective-stewardesses" aboard. Still — Suddenly he stopped eating. Out of the utter silence of the aërial sea, a silence as dead as that around the frozen pole, a silence opaque in its density, across, as it seemed, millions of miles and eons of time, came to his waiting ear-drums the faintest *pk — pk — pk*, like — if it was like anything — the pluck of a kitten's claw in the nap of a carpet in a room across the hall — "the ghost of an inaudible" signal, like one from a spirit world.

"CQ — CQ — CQ — ZZ — ZZ — ZZ."

Poldhu was calling.

"All stations — all stations — all stations!"

Three thousand miles away, a man in his shirt-sleeves, in a shanty on a Cornwall cliff, a man in an eye-shade, smoking a pipe under a green electric bulb, with a pile of yellow sheets on the table in front of him, was pressing a rubber key with his forefinger and breaking a current of electricity that shot across the black waves through the night at 186,000 miles per second — seven and a half times around the world in a single tick of the five-shilling alarm-clock at his elbow; and Micky and Morrissy, and all the other operators off the Azores, were hearing him as distinctly as if they were on the other side of the room in that same shanty and listening to the ticking of the clock.

Micky drew a pad toward him and picked up a freshly sharpened pencil. The man in Cornwall threw a few commercial messages to boats here and there on the northern route, and then sent out his "SP — SP — SP" signal. "Press for transmission only. Time 1.45. Four hundred words."

At the end of every sentence he said "stop" instead of punctuating. Micky took it down mechanically.

"Germany - has - not - yet - replied - France's - ultimatum - regarding - Morocco - stop Considerable - uneasiness - in - financial - circles - Bank - of - England - raises - rate - one - half - per - centum - stop Great - fire - in - New - York - factory - scores - operators - suffocated - stop Cunard - steamship - *Carmania* - breaks - turbine - and - is - laid - up - for - repairs - passengers - transferred - to - other - ships - stop Prince - Rospetti - wins - three - hundred - thousand - francs - at - Monte - Carlo - stop." Then came the stock market.

Micky took it all down religiously. It bored him to death — most of it; there was something so impersonal about it all! He never seemed to pick anything out of the air that meant anything to *him*. Why couldn't the man in Cornwall give him a hint as to what the Hon. Evelyn was up to, for instance? Nothing ever made his heart beat the slightest bit faster. He yawned and glanced across at the photograph of the "leggy little girl with the big dog." In the haze of his pipe smoke, she seemed to be smiling at him. Then he stiffened in his chair and listened with all his ears, peering feverishly into his coherer as if to verify the faint message coming from so far away.

"Earl - of - Roakby - reported - dead - from - pistol - shot - wound - at - Parsley - Croft - seat - of - Marquis of Varricks - Tuesday - last - stop Fact - concealed - until - today - and - all - details - are - being - carefully - suppressed - Disappearance - of - youngest - son - of - Lord - Varricks - coincident - with - homicide - leads - to - suspicion - of - foul - play - stop Latter - believed - to - have - left - England - and - to - be - either - on - Continent - or - on - ship - bound - for - America - stop All - ports - of - arrival - being - closely - watched - stop Scotland - Yard - requests - all - transatlantic - liners - examine - passenger - list - for - man - about - thirty - years - of - age - weight - one - hundred - and - sixty - height - six - feet - slightly - bald - blue - eyes - curly - hair - clean - shaven - report - if - on - board."

Micky turned slightly pale as the man at Poldhu stopped short and began sending it all over again, and the right hand which held his stub of pencil trembled a little as he checked off the same old story about the French ultimatum and the price of consols and cotton. Earl of

Roakby murdered! There was news for you! And the murderer had escaped and was snug aboard an ocean liner. Tuesday last — and this was the following Monday. If the fellow had caught the *Mauretania* he would already have reached New York. But she was jammed with people from the *Olympic*. No, he would have had to take some other and slower boat. Micky stopped checking up. Something made him feel dizzy. The air in the wireless house seemed strangely stuffy. There it was again:

"Earl - of - Roakby - reported - dead - from - pistol - shot - wound - at - Parsley - Croft - seat - of - Marquis of Varricks——"

There was a queer roaring in his ears, and he could not hear the man at Poldhu, try as he would. There must be something doing atmospherically. Then a drop of sweat fell from his forehead upon the pad.

"What's the matter with me!" he wondered, as the cabin turned black for a moment. "There's nothing the matter with me!" he repeated, but his knees were shaking. With an effort he shut off his detector and fumbled for the door leading to the open air. For an instant he let the night breeze dry his forehead; then he seated himself crossed-legged on the deck outside and leaned his back against the side of the wireless house.

V

THE night was a glorious calm, so clear that it almost gave the illusion of day. A huge yellow moon rode full astern.

On such nights as this Micky rarely turned in at all, preferring to sit atop the deck-house, watching the great ship surge through the rollers. The gulls had vanished. Not a light showed on the gray expanse of the silvery, heaving sea.

Every window and port-hole was dark, except a yellow circle in the after deck-house, where some of the crew slept and whence came the mournful tinkle of a mandolin. Even the throb of the propeller seemed to be stilled, save when for a brief instant the stern rose to the apex of the angle which it described and the steamer trembled in her sleep.

He must have fallen asleep as he lay propped against the wireless house, for the moon was high overhead when the creak of shoes on the deck below and the soft closing of a door brought him tensely to himself. Two voices broke the silence in startling sibilants:

"What are you doing on this boat?" It was Mrs. Trevelyan speaking.

The man, her companion, gave a nervous laugh.

"Why not?" he answered, affecting a lightness that seemed strangely artificial at that place and hour.

"Don't fence, Cosmo!" she retorted almost sharply. "Why not, indeed? You — in a shabby suit in the second cabin — with a beard!" She laughed in that clinquant laugh of hers that rivaled in clearness the light on the edges of the distant waves.

There was silence for a moment before the man replied. He seemed to be waiting. Then:

"Have you heard nothing?" he asked in dull tones.

"Heard? I? What do you mean?"

Again the silence.

"I hardly thought it possible that you had not, but, since you don't know, there is nothing to tell." He spoke with infinite depression.

"How mysterious you are!" she cried, striving to throw a careless jocularity into her words. "You speak like the villain, or rather the misunderstood hero, in a melodrama. My dear fellow! What is it all about? Can't you see how I'm simply dying to share your secret with you, whatever it is? We're old friends. You've made hopeless love to me a hundred times. I leave you engaged to be married to Evelyn Farquhar, one of the loveliest girls in all England, tearing around from house-party to house-party — and now, right in the midst of the hunting season, when you ought to be full of brandy-and-soda and tucked up sound asleep in your little bed at Parsley Croft, you bob up, looking like a half-baked sociologist, in the second cabin of my steamer! I won't have it! What have you done? Have you done anything, old sport? Cosmo dear, out with it. You can trust me." Her voice was tenderly coaxing.

The man drew back from her. Micky had turned cold and his heart suddenly felt like lead. Oh, Evelyn Farquhar!

"No — no, Lily! Don't ask me. I know it looks like a rum go. It is a rum 'un. You'll know soon enough, doubtless. Just cut me out, will you? How's Trevelyan? I see that swine Ashurst is on board."

"You never liked him, *did* you?"

"*Like* him! It's beasts of his sort that make England a by-word. Why do you have him around?"

"If *you* were traveling first cabin I wouldn't. But I'm lonely, Cosmo. Don't you see I want to be friends with you? You used to like me a little bit. I'll meet you here every night after everybody else has gone to bed."

"Don't, Lily!" he groaned. "Can't you see I'm all cut up? Forget me — just as I'm trying to forget England! Suppose some officer saw you here with me now at three o'clock in

the morning! It would make nice ship gossip, wouldn't it? Hurry back to your state-room. It was crazy of you to come and knock at my door."

"Oh, very well," she answered abruptly. "I've tried my best to be nice to you. I don't suppose it would do even *my* reputation any good to be seen at night around with second-class passengers. You're too cold a proposition to bother with. You can paddle your own canoe, and I'll paddle mine, even if I have to carry Ashurst in it along with me!"

There was the sound of a door closing quickly. The man did not stir. Then he hurriedly opened it again and whispered hoarsely after her: "Lily! — Lily!"

During this surprising interview Micky had held himself quite motionless, undecided, after the first shock of hearing his lady's name, whether to make his presence known or not, and indeed he was still debating the matter in his mind when the conversation concluded as unexpectedly as it had begun. Then the man emerged from the shadow of the deck-house and began to pace nervously up and down the deck. His coat collar was still turned up and his felt hat pulled down over his eyes, but his hands writhed and twisted in the moonlight like frightened snakes. It was clear that he was under the severest tension, and now and again some word muttered under his collar reached Micky as he sat, the mute, involuntary witness of a soul's torture.

And then the man began to glance quickly around the deck, as if to make sure that nobody was there. He took off his hat and ran his hands through his curly hair, and the face Micky saw in the moonlight was the face of one in hell. He began to be worried, for he had seen them like that before — when the Lithuanian woman had jumped off the bow, and the crazy Pole had dived over the rail near the Azores the last time across. Cloud walked slowly aft, holding his hat in his hand. He trod as if in his sleep, with his eyes directly astern. Micky slid down the ladder and in his rubber-soled shoes followed on the other side of the after deck-house. If Cloud contemplated suicide, he knew where he meant to do it! He stole silently along, and reached the clear space at the end of the ship before Cloud had emerged on the other side.

There was an old wooden bench there, where people who did not mind the cinders and the motion could sit in the daytime and watch the gulls. Another instant, and the creak of Cloud's shoes could be heard; another, and the man himself appeared around the corner. He stood in the moonlight, not more than six feet from where Micky was flattened against the starboard side of the deck-house. Only a single twisted, weather-beaten iron rail separated him from the actual stern itself — the edge of the abyss, below which the white foam churned itself into fantastic shapes, now looking like a white patchwork quilt with green squares floating quietly for a moment upon the surface, then parting asunder with a roar, as some unseen force sucked it down below into a black hole amid a cataract of spouting waves. Should a man jump, there was no doubt as to what would occur when he entered that gyrating vortex. Down he would be drawn, down, down, in that transparent column of green and white, helpless and immovable in the mighty suction.

As Cloud stood there Micky saw it all, and he turned faint with horror. What a deed must rest on the stalwart Englishman's soul if he could seriously contemplate doing such a thing! Yet, whatever it was, Micky's inherited instincts — even the instincts of a younger branch — made his muscles stiffen in an automatic resolve that no living temple of God should cast itself thus down so long as he could save it. Murderer, betrayer, traitor — it mattered not; the man himself was no sane judge of his present relation to life.

Thus the two stood, Cloud unconscious of the other's presence, while a filament of mackerel cirrus drifted between the moon's path and the ship and made black the pit underneath their feet. Only the surging rush of the waters — through which the tinkling of the mandolin came faintly. Only the deserted, moon-swept deck. Only the vast, pale, star-specked sky. God and the man!

As if in his sleep, drawn by some hypnotic power, Cloud slowly removed his ulster and hung it mechanically on the iron rail. Then he laid his felt hat beneath it on the deck. A moment more, and he ducked under and stood upright on the slippery, heaving stern. There was no doubt as to his purpose. He looked down into the abyss, steadied himself, and took a step backward, preparatory to the plunge.

Micky saw the move, and rushed swiftly from his hiding-place. Another instant and he threw himself upon the man from behind, pinning his arms to his sides. On a wet convex surface ten feet square, that heaved and lifted, the two swayed and struggled, the one in his resolve to take life, the other in his determination to save it. And as they fought, panting in the moonlight, all that Micky, in his hysterical excitement, could muster intelligence to utter was a fatuous shriek of:

"Oh, you bally ass! Oh, you bally ass!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE FIRST MONTESSORI SCHOOL IN AMERICA

BY

ANNE E. GEORGE

TRANSLATOR OF DR. MONTESSORI'S BOOK, "SCIENTIFIC PEDAGOGY"

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ENTIRELY ABSORBED IN MAKING THE BUTTONS GO INTO THE BUTTONHOLES

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MASTERING ONE OF THE DELICATE TACTILE EXERCISES

Miss Anne E. George, the author of the following article, is Dr. Montessori's first American pupil, and the first teacher to apply the Montessori method in the United States. Before going to Italy to study with Dr. Montessori, Miss George had been for five years a primary teacher in the Chicago Latin School, and before that a teacher in the New York Military Academy at Cornwall and in the Roland Park School at Baltimore. Since the Montessori method began to attract the attention of American educators, the question most frequently asked has been whether the system can be applied to the education of American children. Miss George's experiment is of especial interest in its bearing on this question.

MY interest in the Montessori system was the natural outcome of my experience as a primary teacher. It had been my good fortune to work in schools where the fundamental Montessori idea, that of mental liberty, of development from within, was a ruling principle.

In the Chicago Latin School the little children have a separate building, which, strange as it may seem, has always been called by Miss Vickary the "Children's House." Years ago she substituted little tables and movable chairs for stationary desks and benches, furnished abundant and convenient blackboard space, and in every way endeavored to create an environment suited to the needs of little children. In such surroundings and under such guidance it is not surprising that my work tended more and more

toward individual freedom. With a class of six-year-old children such freedom must express itself in action more than through abstract lessons. This meant, of course, much "hand work," and for years I had realized that the manipulation of materials ordinarily at hand required a great deal of direction and interpretation by the teacher before they became of value to the child. This direction did not do much toward making the children independent, and I found myself constantly discarding material as too difficult for the first grade. We did achieve order and discipline with activity to a great extent, but I felt that this control came more or less as a response to my wishes, and was not an outgrowth of the actual work done by the children.

About this time a friend wrote to me from Italy of a wonderful woman, a physician, Maria Montessori, who had not only seen the real need in primary education — an opportunity for self-development and for self-mastery in the child, — but who had been able, through her peculiar genius, to evolve a practical system. Miss Risser's description of the schools where little children moved about happily, each absorbed in his own business in life, aroused in me a deep interest. The sense-training games of which she told seemed to represent the simple preparatory exercises for which I had been seeking in my effort to make hand work of real value to very little children.

This letter made such an impression upon me that I went to Italy to learn something of the method at first hand. Dr. Montessori took me to her schools, showing me in detail how she gave her lessons. The impression made by those mornings has stayed with me and has been my guide in all my work since. Dr. Montessori's simplicity was a revelation. Whenever we entered a class-room, I distinctly felt that a new and sweeter spirit pervaded the place, and that the children were, in an indescribable way, set free. Yet there was order in everything. With a straightforwardness often stripped entirely of words, Maria Montessori taught, or, to use her own word, "directed," her children. She treated the children, not as automatons, but as individual human beings. She never forced her personality or her will upon them, and made none of the efforts to attract and interest which I had often made use of.

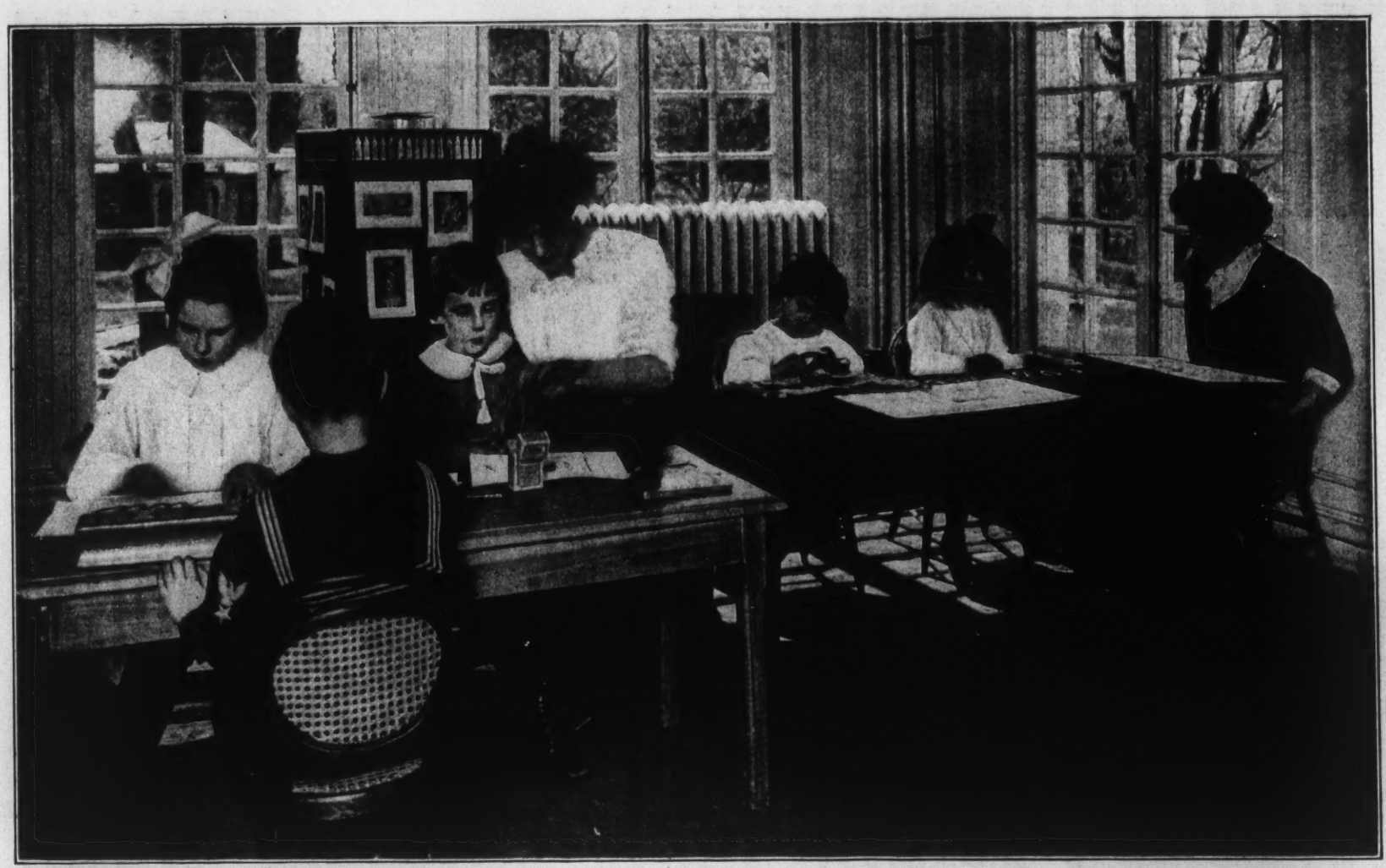
In an eight months' course which I took with Dr. Montessori the following year, I obtained the schooling in her method that prepared me for my work in this country. The first American Montessori school was established under the auspices of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip and several of his friends and neighbors at Tarrytown, New York.

The American Casa dei Bambini

Externally, Dr. Montessori's Casa dei Bambini bore little resemblance to this first American school. She made her first experiments in the model tenements of the San Lorenzo district in Rome — a section which has the same relation to the Eternal City that the East Side has to New York. She drew her children from the homes of poverty and squalor and too frequently of ignorance and vice. The American Montessori school, on the other hand, had its headquarters in a beautiful house overlooking the Hudson. My children all came from cultured families, whose greatest ambition it was to give their children everything possible in the way of education and rational enjoyment. We recognized, however, that these external differences had no especial bearing upon the Montessori idea. That, superficially, there are marked differences between two sets of children with such diverse environments, goes without saying. Naturally, children who have been conscientiously nurtured from their birth develop greater dependence upon those nearest them and upon each other than those who have had to shift for themselves from the time when they were babies.

But, after all, these differences are only on the surface. The fundamental impulses and aspirations of childhood are the same in the San Lorenzo quarter of Rome as on the Hudson. All children have essentially the same minds, the same hearts, the same natures. From the first, therefore, I had no idea of "adapting" an exotic product to American conditions. I had observed Montessori work from day to day in Rome, and my only ambition was to do for American children precisely what she had done for Italians.

The children had their school-room in a part of the piazza closed in with glass. They understood from the very beginning that this was their room. There was nothing in it that they did not own and could not use — the light rugs, the little movable tables at which they worked, the little wicker chairs, the blackboards adjusted to their height, and the Montessori materials placed in order upon low book-shelves. The odd dozen children who were suddenly given this inheritance were fairly representative of childhood at its best. Nearly all were under five — the youngest was hardly three; none, of course, had ever been to school before. They represented all varying grades of intelligence and character. There were those who were exceedingly high-strung and disorganized, others who were unresponsive and methodical, others who had so little muscular control that they could hardly



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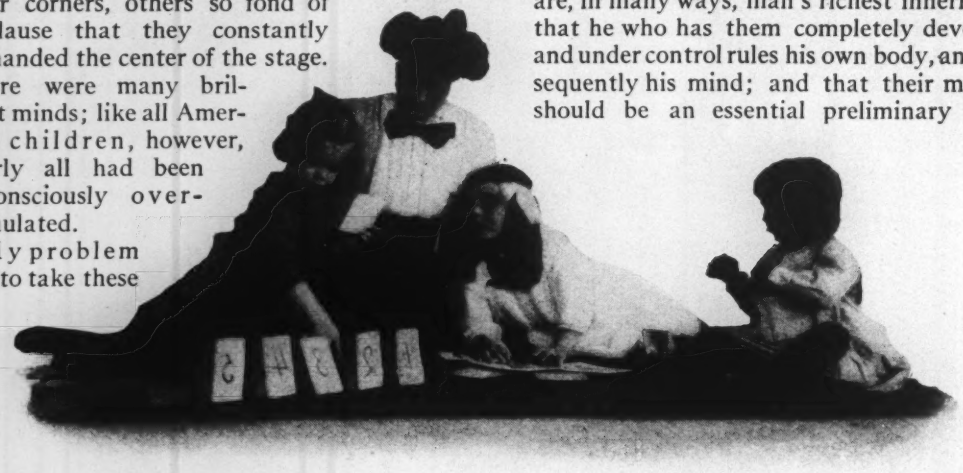
A TYPICAL MONTESSORI GROUP — EACH CHILD OCCUPIED IN A DIFFERENT WAY. THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHILD TO THE RIGHT IS SPELLING, TO MISS GEORGE'S DICTATION, FROM THE MOVABLE ALPHABET. CONSTANCE, THREE AND ONE HALF YEARS OLD, BESIDE HER, IS TYING THE BOWS OF BROWN AND ORANGE RIBBON. THE OLDER CHILDREN ARE WORKING WITH CRAYONS AND THE MOUNTED PHONOGRAMS

get out of a chair without knocking it over. There were some so quiet and unaggressive that they could hardly be forced to leave their corners, others so fond of applause that they constantly demanded the center of the stage. There were many brilliant minds; like all American children, however, nearly all had been unconsciously overstimulated.

My problem was to take these children, place them in this school-room with the Montessori materials, and, with as little positive direction as possible, lead them, largely through the development of the senses, into the knowledge and the use of their intellectual powers as well as to normal physical control. The average person does not comprehend the extent to which little children are enveloped in a mental fog. It is, after all, the senses that keep us in intelligent contact with our environment; but little children have these senses developed only in rudimentary fashion. Only by training does the human animal learn to use his sense of touch — the little child scarcely knows the difference between rough and smooth and cold and warmth. He does not see the external world in clear and definite outlines; to his blurred vision there is little difference between a square and a round object. My duty was to lift the children out of the confused mass of impressions in which they moved and make them see the world in its accurate proportions. According to the Montessori philosophy, self-control comes, not through any particular inward and spiritual grace, but through the control of the senses. Montessori recognizes that these senses are, in many ways, man's richest inheritance; that he who has them completely developed and under control rules his own body, and consequently his mind; and that their mastery should be an essential preliminary to all education. That the spiritual life is touched and awakened in a surprising and beautiful way has been to me the most evident, though the most mysterious, result of the method. And through this sense development I hoped to bring out each separate individuality, to create an independent and self-reliant human being. Children, just like adults, tend to lean upon one another; there is a natural gravitation from the younger to the older, from the weaker to the stronger. Human nature being what it is, this sense of dependence, to a certain extent, is inevitable, both in children and grown-ups; but



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THE CHILDREN IN THIS GROUP ARE FIVE, FOUR, AND THREE YEARS OLD. CECILY, AT THE LEFT, IS LEARNING THE FIGURES WITH THE HELP OF THE LONG STAIR. JANET AND DOROTHY, FOUR AND THREE YEARS OLD, ARE USING THE SANDPAPER LETTERS AND THE CYLINDERS

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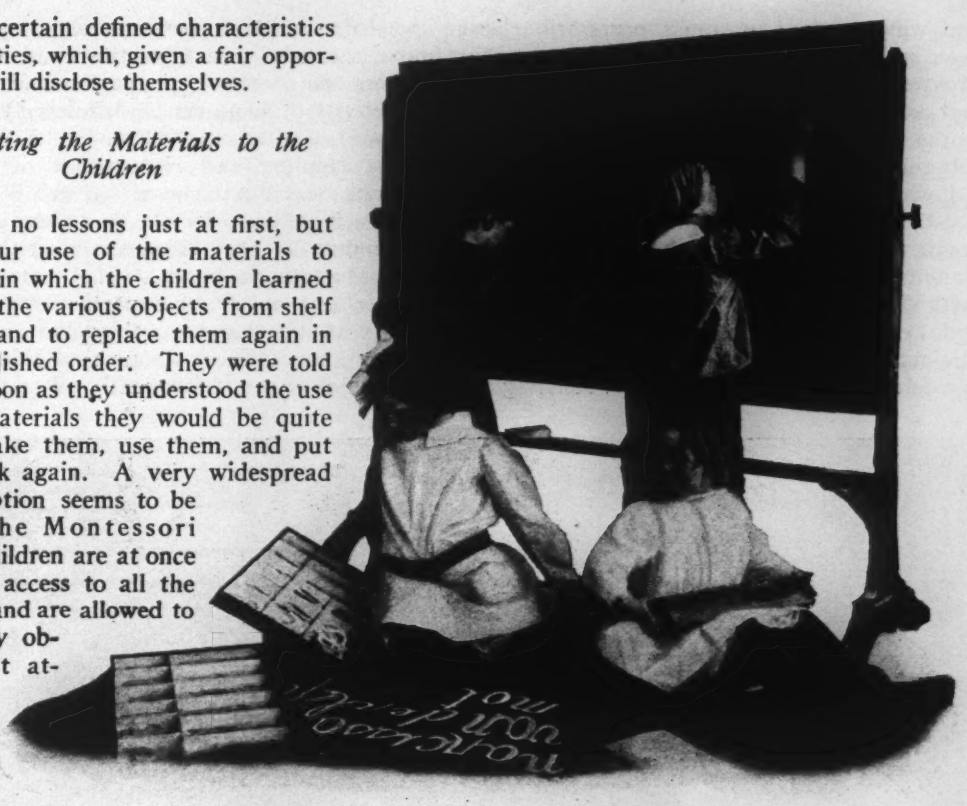
TWO GROUPS OF CHILDREN AT WORK WITH THE MONTESSORI MATERIALS.

all have certain defined characteristics and abilities, which, given a fair opportunity, will disclose themselves.

Presenting the Materials to the Children

I gave no lessons just at first, but limited our use of the materials to exercises in which the children learned to carry the various objects from shelf to table and to replace them again in the established order. They were told that as soon as they understood the use of the materials they would be quite free to take them, use them, and put them back again. A very widespread misconception seems to be that in the Montessori schools children are at once given full access to all the exercises and are allowed to select any object that attracts them. An instant's thought will show that such a course would lead to license, to anarchy, and never to liberty. The child is, indeed, allowed to make mistakes, and the teacher must for the most part withhold her hand and make no direct correction; but — and here lies the point which is often overlooked — *the child is not allowed to make mistakes that arise from immaturity or from a failure to understand what he is to do with the material.*



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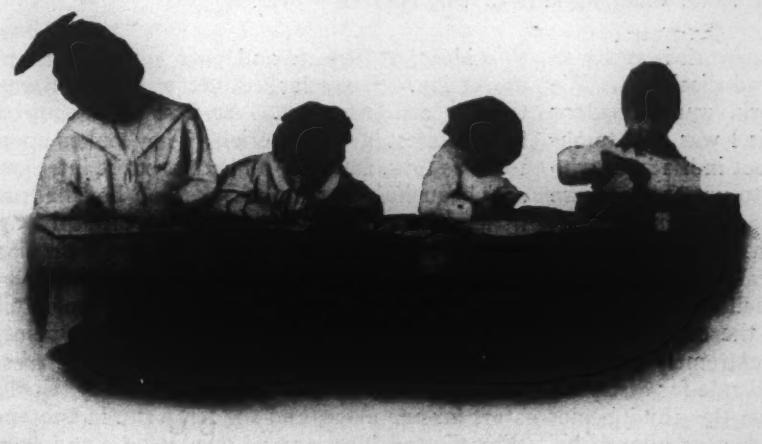
A SPONTANEOUS WRITING LESSON. THESE CHILDREN HAVE REACHED THE POINT WHERE, AS MONTESSORI SAYS, THEY "EXPLODE INTO WRITING"

This indicates the teacher's duty. First, she must from her observation be able at the beginning to present the materials to the child in a sequence which for him is a logical one. Once started upon the road to intellectual independence, he will indicate clearly what this sequence should be. And, second, she must be very sure, before leaving the child to use the material alone, that he has understood her lesson as an explanation of what he is to do with the objects. It was at first frequently necessary frankly to take from a child's hands a game of which he knew the use, but which was beyond his powers.



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THE ABSORPTION THAT THE CHILDREN SHOW IN THESE EXERCISES IS TYPICAL

Great Confusion and Disorder at First

The first weeks of the school were very discouraging, and any teacher who will pause and consider my prob-

lem will see that it must necessarily have been so. I felt with painful acuteness that Montessori spoke truly when she said: "These first days of disorder, though they reveal much to the teacher, are yet a most trying and difficult time!"

I was unusually fortunate in having as my assistant Miss Meda Bagnell, a broad-minded young teacher gifted with that love and understanding of children without which the best method is of little use. To her encouragement and help, given so freely those first days, is due much of the success of these later months. We felt our way almost blindly, resisting the temptation to resort to group work in order to establish temporary order and discipline. We had much free rhythm work, much outdoor play, and during such periods I was able to observe the children and to select individuals who seemed ready for work and to present to these such of the simpler exercises as I thought might awaken and set in motion that inner self-activity without which no real change can take place. When I had given such a lesson, I tried to lead the child to repeat the exercise of his own accord. We were kept extremely busy trying to follow that Montessori rule for discipline which reads: "Discipline for the child begins when he becomes able to judge for himself between good and evil. He can only come to such knowledge through personal experience. We must, therefore, check in the child whatever hinders the comfort or convenience of the collectivity or whatever tends toward the establishment of a coarse or ill-bred act."

The comfort and convenience of the collectivity was an unconsidered thing to these little beings living for the first time in such a community. They often snatched things out of one another's hands. If I attempted to explain one object to a particular pupil, the others would drop what they had and gather noisily and aimlessly about us. When I had finished they would frequently all pounce upon this identical object, and even quarrel for its possession. They lacked the power of attention or concentration. At first they showed little interest in the materials. They looked upon them as toys, and they all had far more intricate and beautiful toys at home. One boy had so little self-control that he could not sit still long enough to run his finger around a small circular object. In many cases the children's movements were entirely aimless. They would run around with no particular objective point, stumbling against tables and overturning chairs, and stepping on the materials. They would start for one place, and suddenly run in another direction, pick up several toys at once and then throw them all away.

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AMERICAN CHILDREN AT WORK WITH THE MONTESSORI MATERIALS. AMERICAN CHILDREN ARE LESS RESPONSIVE TO SENSE IMPRESSIONS THAN ITALIAN CHILDREN, BUT THEY DISPLAY MORE ORIGINALITY AND IMAGINATIVE POWER

Educating Children through Their Interests

Such behavior, however, was not abnormal, and not necessarily discouraging. One must keep in mind that the children were only from three to five years old, and that they were having their first real taste of liberty. In a few days this nebulous mass of whirling particles began to assume definite form. Slowly the children began to orient themselves. In the several articles which they had at first despised as rather stupid toys they began to discover a genuine interest; and, as a result of this new interest, they became strikingly individualized. centration found his outlet in one of the most intricate of the Montessori materials — the so-called "Long Stair." He played continuously with it for a week, learning to count and to do simple sums in addition and subtraction. Then he returned to the cylinders and several other more simple toys and readily learned their use.

Order Comes Out of Confusion

As soon as the children found their objects of interest, disorder disappeared. They found more entertainment in their blocks, their colors, and in their stairs than they did in mental

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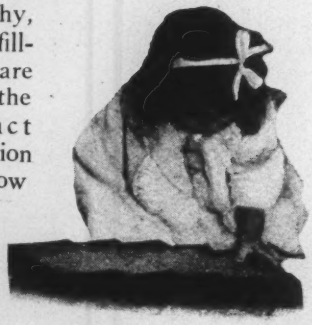
THESE CHILDREN HAVE FORMED A SPONTANEOUS GROUP LESSON WITH THE SANDPAPER LETTERS. THE CHILDREN OFTEN EXCHANGE LETTERS AND TEST ONE ANOTHER'S KNOWLEDGE

An article that would engage the absorbing attention of one child had not the slightest attraction for another. The battle is finally won when the child detects something in a particular object that spontaneously arouses this *interest.* Sometimes this enthusiasm arrives with a strange suddenness. I tried one little boy upon nearly every article without arousing a spark of attention. Then I casually showed him the red and blue spools and called his attention to the difference in color. He at once seized upon them with a kind of hunger. He learned five different colors in a single lesson; in the next few days he took up the articles he had previously scorned and mastered them all. One boy who at first had little power of con- vagabondage. They now had a new and serious purpose in life, and with this power of concentration came a real independence. Children who had previously hung upon each other, their nurses, or their parents now struck out for themselves. Of their own volition they found a practical application in the buttoning and tying games, and began to dress and undress themselves. Others who had not yet mastered the art of feeding themselves now began to resent the assistance of their nurses and to do it themselves. In the school-room they continually showed their growing independence by ceasing to imitate one another.

There was one little three-year-old girl, in particular, who had been dependent upon

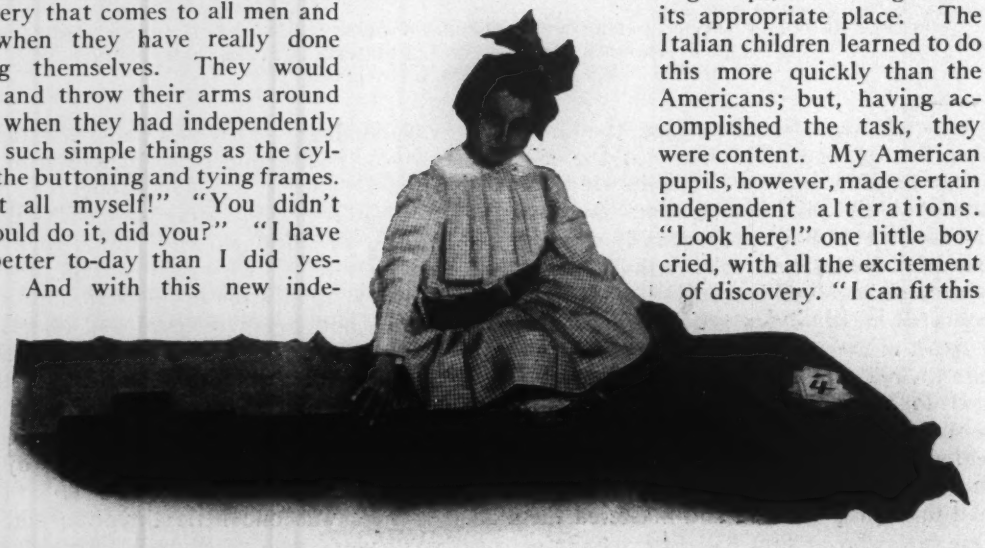
a precocious sister of five. Whatever the older sister did the younger implicitly imitated. If one had a blue crayon, the younger must have a blue crayon too. The younger could not even eat her toast unless her older sister ate hers at the same time. This went on for some time, when suddenly the little girl became interested in the "pink tower" and began to work independently at it. One day Jean, the older sister, saw with amazement that Dorothy was busily engaged with this new toy. "Why, sister," she said, "I am filling in a circle and you are making a tower!" For the younger child the act amounted to a declaration of independence; she now began her real life as an individual, and ceased to be merely the little sister of a very precocious child.



These children all showed that pride of discovery that comes to all men and women when they have really done something themselves. They would jump up and throw their arms around my neck when they had independently mastered such simple things as the cylinder, or the buttoning and tying frames. "I did it all myself!" "You didn't know I could do it, did you?" "I have done it better to-day than I did yesterday!" And with this new independence came real discipline, of which perhaps the finest evidences were the respect for work as work and a consideration for the rights of others. If a child wanted a particular object which one of his classmates was using, instead of snatching it from his hand, he would wait quietly by until the latter had finished with it.

Sharpening the Senses

This training also had the desired effect of sharpening the senses; and in the observation of distinctions these American children showed greater powers than the Italians with whom I had worked. The Italian children are more sensitive to form, and indeed to all sense impressions; they will recognize a circle, a square, an ellipse by the sense of touch more quickly than Americans. On the other hand, they do not have the ability to discriminate, to note differences and to make comparisons, that American children have. This is only another way of saying, of course, that American children have more initiative, greater reasoning power, or, in other words, more originality. The so-called geometrical insets served as a useful test. These are wooden pieces of different shapes — circles, squares, ovals, triangles — which are made so that they fit exactly into corresponding wooden frames. The game consists in taking up one of these insets by a small button, following its contour with the finger-tips, and fitting it into its appropriate place. The Italian children learned to do this more quickly than the Americans; but, having accomplished the task, they were content. My American pupils, however, made certain independent alterations. "Look here!" one little boy cried, with all the excitement of discovery. "I can fit this



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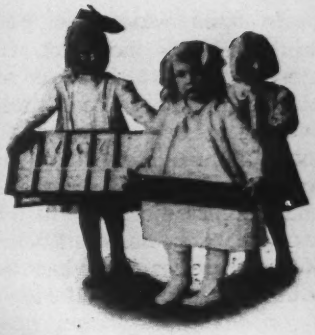
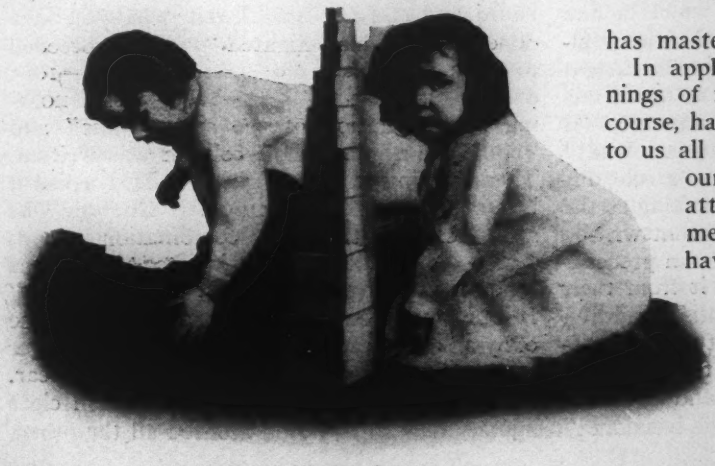
triangle in three different ways. The circle goes in any way you put it. The square goes in four ways. The ellipse fits in two ways. But there is only one way you can put the oval in!" Another called to me that she had made a star by placing the triangle crisscross against its appropriate opening, and that she had also produced new but symmetrical shapes with the other forms. I have never seen Italian children do anything like that. Simple as the operation seemed, it really indicated the budding of certain of the highest qualities of the human mind — inventiveness, originality, the logical faculty, the ability to deduce general conclusions from carefully observed facts.

Learning to Write with the Sandpaper Letters

And so, in the course of several months, these children, who began with the most rudimentary sense perceptions, acquired a reasonably complete control of their eyes, their hands, and their muscles. In other words, they were becoming intelligent and educated individuals. And now they began to manifest interest in those wonderful toys which have most impressed the popular imagination — the sandpaper alphabet. This has already been described in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Briefly, it consists of separate script letters, cut out of sandpaper and pasted on small individual cardboards. Its use at first is merely another lesson in the sense of touch. The children move the index-finger along the letter, just as they move the same finger along the sandpaper strips on the "smooth" and "rough" tablets. The teacher carefully teaches them to trace these letters



in the proper way, beginning and ending at the same points as one does in ordinary writing. In this way the child not only learns almost unconsciously the shape of the letters, but the muscles acquire the necessary exercise for the precise movements required. In the Montessori schools, the child acquires the physical skill demanded for the production of written words long before he makes any attempt at writing. We teach him the phonetic value of each letter as he traces it. As the index-finger moves along the *t*, we make the usual phonetic sound of this consonant and get him to repeat it. In a short time the average child has mastered the whole alphabet.



In applying this method to the beginnings of reading and writing, I have, of course, had to face the problem presented to us all by the unphonetic character of our English language. I make no attempt here to outline my experiments, for I do not feel that they have gone far enough to be of any great value. I will only say that, so far, I have followed with great success the ordinary phonetic methods, substituting for the blackboard drill on word-families a set of

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cards upon which the phonograms, cut in sandpaper, are mounted. The children learn these as they did the letter sounds, and eagerly make spontaneous use of them, tracing over and over again *-ing, -at, -ate,* and so on, giving the sound and readily forming words by placing the separate letters before these groups. The word and sentence method, which I have always used with great success, will, I believe, grow naturally out of these lessons when we begin our silent reading lessons and make use of the blackboard.

"Explosions into Writing"

I made no attempt to force this wonderful Montessori alphabet upon my Tarrytown children. Whenever I thought that a child was prepared for it, I would perhaps quietly call it to his attention. If he showed interest, then I let him have it; if not, he returned at once to the other materials. A boy who originally rebelled against entering the class at all was one of those who made the most rapid progress. At first he was exceedingly nervous and discouraged; but the work had not gone on many months before he had himself under fairly good control. Though at first he could scarcely use his fingers, in a couple of months he took up the sandpaper letters, and learned the alphabet in two days. Soon he could pick out the letters for practically every sound, and, under my direction, put them together so as to make almost any simple word. One day, when I used the word "plant," he looked up and said: "That word has a *p* and an *a* and an *n* and a *t* in it." Finally, after more exercise of this sort, he felt the "explosive impulse," went to the blackboard without any prompting from me, and wrote his name. He followed this up by writing other words that were associated with his every-day life — "gun," "daddy," "dog," "cat," "red," and so on. He accomplished these wonders about four months after his first day at school. It so happened that on this day he did something else which he had hitherto disdained — went with the other children into the rhythm exercise. In his delight with these accomplishments, he ran up to me, threw his arms around my neck, and cried: "I can skip and I can write, and I just love school!"

The American children do not, as a rule, display the same enthusiasm about writing as the Italians. Probably the reason is that writing strikes them as quite a normal human proceeding; they have seen people doing it from their earliest recollection, while the Italian children have not. One of my brightest little girls, suddenly feeling the impulse, went to the board one day and wrote several little words and a number of letters. "Oh, see what Caroline has done!" cried one of her schoolmates. "Oh, yes, I can write the letters," she replied in a casual fashion. The next day she went to the board of her own accord and wrote the word "silence." She turned quietly and said: "I can write 'silence.'" Another child jumped up and rushed to the blackboard to get a closer view, whereupon, to her consternation, Caroline rubbed it out. "Oh, it was just something I wrote," she said simply. "I can write it again." And she did so.

Several others have "exploded" in the same way. My children do not write with the same facility as Montessori's. However, I have had them only half a day, whereas the Case dei Bambini hold sessions all day long. Moreover, at the present writing the Tarrytown children have had only about five months' schooling. Before the term is out, and before most of them have reached their fifth year, I confidently expect that most of them will have reached the writing stage in their development.

An Explosion into Arithmetic

A spontaneous arithmetic lesson which occurred a few weeks ago affords a characteristic example of the delightful surprises that now occur almost daily in the school — since the children, having learned to be independent and happy, have arrived at the period so well described by Montessori. She says: "The children, having reached this point, *fairly run toward knowledge.*"

In this particular instance, a child of five, who had not played with the red and blue blocks of the Long Stair for some days, had suddenly announced his desire to play with them. He had arranged them properly, counted the alternate sections of red and blue, had traced with his finger each sandpaper figure and propped it against its corresponding rod. Suddenly he took up rod 1 and, placing it after rod 9, announced: "9 and 1 make 10; 8 and 2 make 10"; and so on. I happened to be standing near a blackboard, and asked: "Shall I write what you have done?" Upon his delighted "yes" I proceeded to write as he built, "9+1=10"; "8+2=10"; and so on down to "5+5=10." I said nothing in explanation of the signs "plus" and "equal" until the whole column was written. Then, turning to the delighted child, I asked if he understood their meaning. "Oh, yes," he said, reading the last combination aloud; "5+5=10. This" (pointing to +) "means 'and,' and this" (pointing to =), "means 'equal.'" It is only another example of the truth made use of by all good teachers, that, if the child is eager and interested, ordinary obstacles disappear. This child repeated the combinations in clear figures, and, as the lesson aroused all the others

who had mastered the figures, the board was soon filled with a variety of simple combinations.

The finest results of this first American experiment, however, are not necessarily these more showy accomplishments, but the development of individuality in the children — the mastery of self, the growth of independence, and the recognition and use of the senses. I have been able, likewise, to dispose of the criticism which is most frequently brought against the Montessori system. The Italian educator, it is said, makes the mistake of bringing the children too closely to the earth, as distinguished from other methods which encourage imagination and deal in fairies and knights and imaginative games. Dr. Montessori makes the children see the world as it really is. To her a block is a block, not a castle; the hands and fingers are anatomical structures, not pigeons; the children learn real geometrical forms by their right names — triangles, squares, circles, ovals — and not as symbolic abstractions. Does this not entirely crush the imaginative instinct, it is asked, and so destroy one of the qualities most essential to moral and intellectual growth? So far as I have observed, my Montessori children still have their imaginative faculties unimpaired. They are just as much interested in birds, trees, flowers, snow, and in people as the children of the kindergarten. The imagination plays little part in the Montessori schools in Italy, simply because imagination is not the predominant quality of the Italian mind, and never has been. The basic purpose of the Montessori method is to bring out whatever is in the child, and, since the Italian child is not naturally imaginative, that quality does not appear. On the other hand, the American child is highly imaginative, and, according to its very genius, the Montessori system does not destroy this quality, but causes it to flower. I have had plenty of story-telling in my school, but in this, as in everything, I have followed the Montessori idea. The children have not been compelled to form a circle and listen to the story, whether they wished to or not. I have said, "Now I am going to tell a story; any one who wishes may come over here and listen." Often all would come, and often three or four remained at work. Occasionally those who came would leave in the middle of the story and occupy themselves in other ways. I made no attempt to recall or hold them, because I wished to see what stories interested different children. The child reveals himself in this just as he does in everything.

THE SHOOTING AT RAEDER

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE shooting took place outside a Raeder saloon on the night preceding the assembling at Raeder of the Grass County Republican convention. Forbes, county attorney for Grass County and candidate for renomination, was sitting among a group of his adherents in an adjacent bar-room when the news of the tragedy reached him. All day long he had been busy at politics, buttonholing voters, seizing upon the incoming country delegates as they dismounted, ready for refreshment, along Raeder's single street. Now, as the announcer of the shooting burst into the room, he saw instantly in the announcement his political opportunity. He was the first man on his feet.

"My business!" he proclaimed above the babel of interrogation. "Come on, boys! See here, did they get the man who did it?"

"Got him in jail. Sheriff was right there when it happened," the messenger expounded. He was a very young messenger. Between excitement and pity his voice shook uncontrollably. "They carried Mike into the saloon. An' they sent a man for the doctor an' a man for Mike's wife. It was a dirty Swede done it," he ended.

"You go home, Jack," Forbes advised paternally. "This isn't any business for kids."

He headed the procession along the irregular board sidewalk to the scene of the shooting. The place was already thronged. In the back room the wounded man — he was the night barkeeper — was receiving first aid before removal to his home. The sound of his groaning came out muffled through the closed door, and along with it another sound which stiffened the muscles in the throats of those that heard it — a woman's breathless wailing. A very clamor of it filled the outer room when the doctor thrust open the door between. He pushed his way to the bar and refreshed himself with brandy — perturbed, but non-committal. The man was badly hurt; he might live — might die.

"There ought to be a law against letting those crazy Swede sheep-herders into a saloon," he exploded, and shook off questioners to return to his patient.

A rumble of assent followed his outburst — an ominous rumble, to the county attorney's ears. The Scandinavian influx into Grass County was not yet five years old, and the edges of contact between old settlers and new were raw and smarting still. To Forbes' imagination, the threatening rumble renewed itself as he went through his showy examination of the premises. It remained with him, augmented by chance scraps of conversation, when, his early breakfast finished, he made his way next morning toward the jail in the rear of the court-house.

Early though it was, the street was already packed — men standing elbow to elbow in conference, men strolling by twos and threes along the narrow sidewalk.

"Funny, what a difference it makes having a Swede mixed up in it," Forbes speculated. "You'd think Raeder wasn't brought up on shooting scrapes. I wonder what Nourse'd do if they did try to start something."

Nourse was the sheriff, and, like the county attorney, a candidate for renomination. In any conflict between responsibility and popularity, Forbes had not much doubt as to his colleague's stand. He had even less doubt when, opening the door leading into the sheriff's office, he saw its occupant lying asleep on a sofa in a corner of the room.

"Glad I'm not his deputy," the newcomer congratulated himself.

He tiptoed across the office, opened with his own keys the door giving on the jail corridor, and let himself into the jail. The figure on the sofa did not stir as he passed it. It was still lying inert and heavily breathing when he returned a quarter of an hour later. He crossed the room and seated himself on a neighboring chair-arm.

"Say, Nourse," he demanded.

The sheriff sat up abruptly, rubbing his eyes. "That you, Brick? Was I asleep? I just laid down for a minute after I got that hobo in jail. Say, how's everything? From the way the boys talked last night ——"

"They're talking still," Forbes said. "That's what I wanted to see you about. If you could catch that seven-forty train and take your man over into Marcus County ——"

"We got a good jail here — as good as they got over there," the sheriff objected. His eyes were miserably restless. "Serve him right if he does get scared. If a man wants to go and commit murder — Besides, how'd it look — smuggling him off like that, like I couldn't trust the men that elected me?"

"Well, can you?" Forbes questioned. "And another thing! When you talk about murder you're talking through your hat. It was Mike's own gun shot him. The Swede called for a glass of beer and paid a bill for it, and when he asked for his change, Mike hustled him, and the gun went off in the mix-up. That's the story he tells, anyhow, and everything backs him up. Why, you know that 'no-change' trick. They work it fifty times a year when they think they've got a sucker."

"You got the right to turn him loose, then," the sheriff suggested. He made the suggestion with such a labored simulation of good faith that Forbes could have struck him for it. His hand itched to do it as it hung at his side.

"He'd be a lot safer! You don't intend to take any steps? You mean to let him take his chance?" He was moving toward the hallway as he spoke. "Well, thank the Lord, it's no business of mine!" he ended savagely, and swung shut the door behind him.

On the street, he tried to take up the work of campaigning, but with small success. At every turn he was appealed to for confirmation of threats, for prophecy of future punishment. Miller, the county clerk, laboring valiantly in the interests of peace, hailed him in the hearing of a dozen:

"Here, Brick, come tell these fellows you'll hang that Swede by law. No chance of your slipping up on it?"

"Hang a dozen of 'em and maybe they'll stay where they belong," amended one of the group.

It astonished Forbes that not a voice was raised in the prisoner's defense — until he remembered the day and that his own voice was silenced.

"The ranchers hate 'em because they take up the range," he summarized the situation. "And the men in town daren't say anything; every one that isn't running for office himself has got a partner that is. It looks pretty cloudy for Ole."

It was partly to escape questions, partly to give an appearance of activity, that he turned back to the court-house. The sheriff was still in his office. He was lacing on riding-boots as Forbes entered; his belt and holsters lay on the table.

"Hard luck!" he began hastily. "I got a call'll take me out of town. I can't afford to be away to-day, either. Convention meets at two ——"

"You're going to *leave?*" Forbes asked unbelievingly. Then suddenly he spat out a laugh of bitter comprehension. "Of course you are!

And by the time you do get back — Why, man, you can't leave — not with Martin away." Martin was the deputy sheriff — blood and bones and sinew of the office.

"Martin ought to be here," his chief announced solemnly. "I got to go, I tell you. It won't wait. I tell you: I'll swear you in as a deputy. If you think there's danger, I'll swear in a lot, and you can take charge ——"

"Oh, I'm to take charge, am I?" Forbes questioned. A rage of scorn — against the man before him, against his own paltering assents and silences and self-concern — turned him hot from head to heel. He picked up the sheriff's holsters from the table and stepped back toward the jail entrance. When he returned, his face was white.

"I gave Olsen your pistols and told him to hold up anybody that came near him. You can just scatter that bit of news along with the news that you're leaving. Well, if you don't like it, go take them away from him. And I'll tell you another thing. You'll catch the nomination this way; you're bound to. But, as sure as anything happens, I'll have you up for malfeasance in office. I tell you, I'll do it!"

If by the challenge he had hoped to strike out a spark for the warming of his own courage, he was disappointed. The sheriff's answer was a conciliatory mumble. His departure was made in a series of apologetic side-steps toward the door. Forbes could hear his footsteps, deprecating still, retreating down the board sidewalk outside the court-house. He stood listening to the progress, his anger transformed into an active self-disgust.

"When all you needed was to keep out of it!" he objured himself. "It's none of your business. You've knocked your nomination, all right."

None the less, he made no move to follow his colleague. Whose ever business the protection of the accused man might be, he was quite aware that now he meant to have a hand in it.

He opened the jail door presently, and stood leaning against it, surveying the space within with an eye to its strategic advantages. The advantages were not many. In common with other new-made and impoverished counties, Grass County had purchased its jail complete — a bird-cage contrivance of fitted steel rods, set up, two cells and a corridor, inside a clapboard covering. Within such a shelter, even his arming of the prisoner was scarcely more than a pretext at defending him.

The man to be defended was seated on a stool in the farthest corner of the farthest cell, the pistols on his knees. He sat rigidly still, not even his fingers stirring as they lay across the weapons; only his eyes, as they turned from side to side, were as watchful as the eyes of a trapped mouse. Forbes went over to the bars beside him.

"What you told me seems to be right, Olsen," he said. "It was Mike's own gun. There probably won't be any charge against you."

"Iss he to gedt well?" the prisoner questioned.

Forbes shrugged. "Don't know. Whether he does or not, I'd take a chance and turn you loose, only ——"

He had no need to complete the sentence. In the prisoner's face showed entire comprehension — showed, too, a fear so soul-deep and so controlled that involuntarily the witness of it thrust a hand through the bars and laid it hearteningly upon the other's shoulder.

"Don't you worry, Ole," he commanded. "We're going to get you out all right."

He was astonished at the effect of his heartening. The Swede's lean body straightened like a flame.

"He gifs me — no change. He sayss — I am a Swede. I am a Swede, but he sayss 'Swede' like you say 'damn you.' Iss a man to stan' — *everyt'ing?*"

"You bet he's not!" said the county attorney, with fervor.

Inside the sheriff's office, the door closed behind him; he stood still, tingling.

"Now what am I going to do?" he asked aloud. "I can't go back on him — not when he's as much of a man as that."

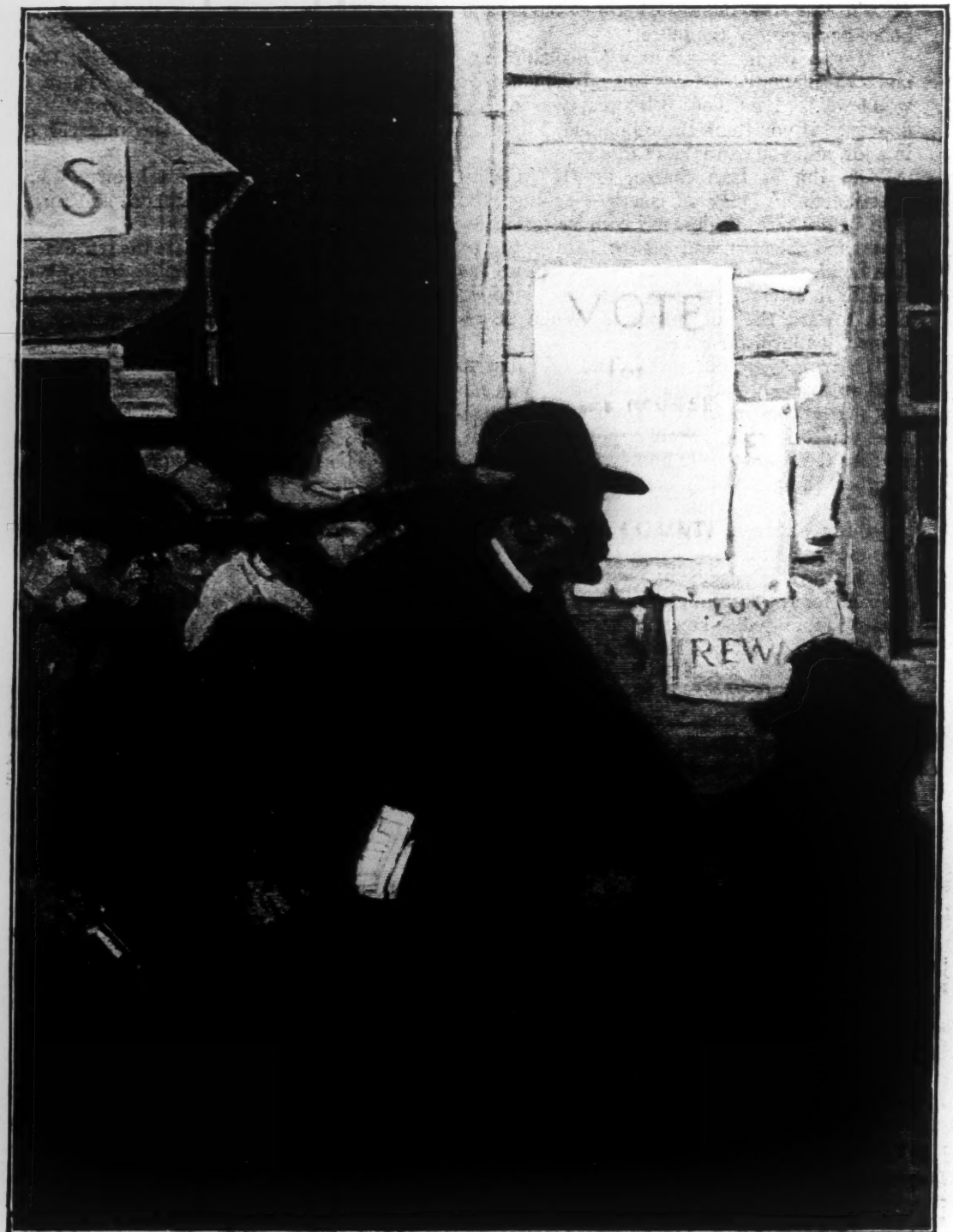
He began to pace the empty room, a fresh expedient for every turn and every one abandoned. Usually, on a convention day, the court-house hummed with life — voices and heavy footsteps. To-day it was so still that the stillness was a conscious oppression.

"The only fool in Raeder — that's what I am," Forbes interpreted the silence. "All the rest that aren't talking up a lynching are keeping out of sight. I can count on Miller, though, if it comes to a show-down. And on the station agent, I guess."

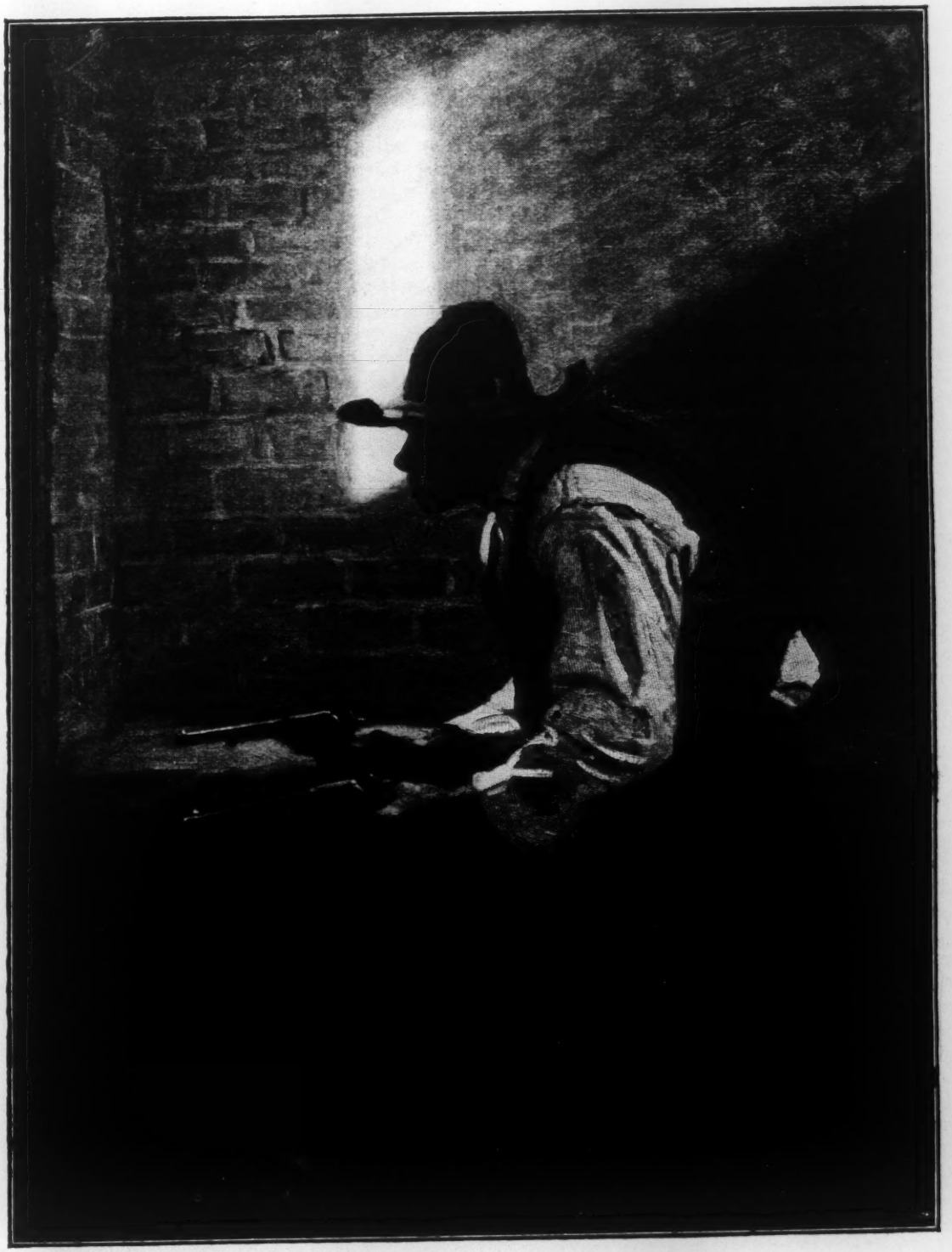
It was not an imposing band of assistants. He shook his head over it and looked about the office for fresh inspiration. There was a bookcase against the outer wall, and on one of its untidy shelves a Bible, the fruit of some forespent missionary impulse. Somewhat shamefacedly, the county attorney picked it up, clapped it shut, clapped it open, and set down his finger at random among the lines.

"Except ye become as little children—" stared up at him from the text.

He tried the experiment again. The book (having a broken back) opened at the same



"'THE SWEDE'S INNOCENT ALL RIGHT, AND HE'S GOT TWO GUNS.' 'WHO'S AFRAID



OF HIS GUNS?' SHOUTED McFARLANE. 'HE DAREN'T SHOOT IN A SQUARE FIGHT!'".

place. The same words greeted him as his eyes wandered down the page.

"That's it all right," he acknowledged. "That's all it's got to say."

He returned the volume to its place, and, his elbows on the sill, stood gazing out across the sordid stretch of the town. The side street on which the court-house stood was empty except for a lounger or two obviously posted as watchers. At the corner of the main street a little knot of men shifted and changed, and beyond them, on the farthest edge of the town, the bell-tower of the Raeder school-house showed black against the sky. Looking at it, the watcher's eyes narrowed suddenly and his lips parted. He reached a fumbling hand for his watch. Nourse had been gone twenty minutes.

"They'll give him an hour," he speculated. "I've got time."

Again he took a nervous turn across the room. Then he went back into the jail. "I'm going out a while, Olsen," he explained. "If you hear anything out here, go on into the office. And don't you shoot me by mistake when I try to come back in."

Outside, the main street was more crowded than before, but this time the crowd did not delay him. He bored his way through it, and across the rocky table-land beyond, almost at a run. He was not doing politics now; he was bound for an interview with the Raeder school-teacher.

The teacher was dressing when he reached her boarding-place, but she came out at once in answer to his summons, tie in hand, her scant, serviceable crash skirt flapping in the wind — a tall, big-boned woman, dependable in every rugged line of her.

"Say, this is dreadful, Mr. Forbes," she began instantly. "This is a great town to teach children in, anyhow. And now they say they're going to lynch the Swede that did it. Oh, I wish I were a man!"

"I don't!" said Forbes, with an emphasis not due to gallantry. "You can help more as it is, Miss Swett; that is, if you will help. I'll tell you frankly, I'm on the unpopular side. It might lose you the school."

He looked up at her — and looked away ashamed. In Miss Swett's face was none of his own emotionalism, but neither was there an element of calculation. Her nod was convincing.

"I guess the time between nine and four's all they pay me for. Outside of that— Say, is it true Mr. Nourse left town to be gone if anything happened?"

"Oh, Nourse is gone," Forbes agreed. "Nourse is no fool. See here; it's a genuine favor I'm going to ask. Can you take me somewhere where all Raeder can't watch us talk?"

"If you don't make me late for school with your favor," Miss Swett conceded. She led the way into the house.

When she led the way out of it again, she was tense with an excitement that had nothing to do with impending tardiness. At the gate, where their ways parted, she held out her hand to her co-conspirator with a gesture more masculine than his own.

"You're all right, Mr. Forbes; you're great! I'll see about the station agent and the rest, and everything'll go off just like you say. But I wish I were a man, all the same; I'd be right there."

"I'd sell you my place pretty cheap," her guest jested.

He was astonishingly heartened by his interview — balanced by it. Between the warm sense of Miss Swett's approval and the relief of a formed plan, his bearing was fairly jaunty as he made his way up the main street.

Evidently the sheriff had been before him with the incident of the pistols. Already he was conscious of averted heads, of greetings semi-hostile. In the saloon where the shooting had taken place the answer to his inquiries was barely across the line from insult.

"No better? Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that," Forbes regretted. "I'd hoped to have a talk with him before Nourse sent Olsen out of town. He's wired for a deputy to come up on the noon train and take him on. Oh, sure! I saw the answer to his wire. Looks to me like an unnecessary precaution."

If he had ever doubted that Nourse knew of coming trouble, the face of the substitute barkeeper would have removed his doubt. Deep down within him he was chuckling over it when he regained the street.

"There's a little package for Mr. Sheriff to handle," he congratulated himself. "And there's another thing — if they're going to make a showing they've got to make it now before noon. They can't hang around till dark."

For the moment he had completely forgotten politics; it did not occur to him that his own most unpopular showing must also be made before noon. When, looking back, he saw the barkeeper run across the street to intercept a country delegate, he only quickened his pace a little and set his teeth hard beneath lips that tried to smile.

He had not been apprehensive during his absence, but no sooner was his face turned toward the jail than a dozen apprehensions laid hold upon him. He was panting before he reached the building, and beginning to perspire.

Waves of physical discomfort, recurrent like nausea, set him shivering as he walked.

"Guess I'm commencing to know how Ole feels about it," he reminded himself. "Lord! I'm glad there's only three hours till noon."

The prisoner he found as he had left him — cowed, watchful, his weapons ready on his knees. Together the two men locked the jail entrances, piled furniture against the single high window, and in the dusky interior began their preparations for defense.

"For we're going to get you out all right, Olsen," the defender assured his charge. "I've got an idea that can't help but work — if only it hasn't got a boomerang attachment."

They labored for an hour in the darkened space, hindered now and then by trivial interruptions from without — once the station agent, slinking up to the building and away from it again with the manner of an arch-conspirator; once a pair of half-grown school-boys, their arms sagging under bulky packages, who, having gained an audience at the outer door, were scarcely to be again excluded.

"Miss Swett she says to ask if there's anything we can do," the elder urged, while Forbes, the door barely ajar, received their burdens through the crack. "Miss Swett she says is there anything you want us to tell her?"

"Nothing but that she's a jim-dandy! You can tell her that," Forbes answered recklessly. "Now you get along back till she shows you what to do next. Go on! Don't you hang around here." He did not withdraw from his post of observation until they were safely out of sight.

When the work within was finally completed, it lacked a few minutes of half past nine. The county attorney unlocked the jail entrance and sat down on the stoop outside it to wait. Seated there, he waited for an hour, for two hours, in tense drawn solitude. Once he leaned back and spoke into the corridor behind:

"It'll be one on us if they don't start anything."

And from the interior gloom he heard the unsteady syllable of the Swede's response.

"He's scared, but he keeps still about it," he noted.

Exactly what he was waiting for he would have found it hard to explain. A vague stage memory of baying bloodhounds, of the clatter of many voices, made him look for tumult; but the onset, when it came, was as non-spectacular as the assembling of coyotes in hope of carrion. First, two up-country delegates strayed into the yard around the court-house and stood talking by the fence; then three shabby unknowns strolled up from behind the jail to join them; then the brother of the wounded man came hurrying along the sidewalk and turned in at the gate. The watcher got up and moved his chair inside the passage.

Through the partly opened door he could see more and more men drift into the yard, coming in twos and threes, as though they heartened one another to the adventure. They stood far from the jail, talking in low voices. Still moving in pairs, they patrolled the length of the fence, turning out carefully to avoid the county clerk's cherished sweet-pea vines. For decent quiet they might have been a local grange not yet called to order. The idea of violence from them seemed ludicrous.

Presently, however, a rumor struck the knot of men farthest from the jail, leaped from them to the next knot and to the next. Forbes could watch the agitating passage of it almost as if it had been a visible thing. When it had swept the length of the yard, McFarlane, owner of the saloon in which the shooting had taken place, came forward and spoke from the foot of the steps — ingratiatingly:

"Brick, they're saying the Swede ain't inside there — that he's been smuggled off. We want to see him."

"Go ask the sheriff about it," the self-appointed keeper suggested.

"We don't want anybody's say-so. We want to see the man. Or I'll go inside ——"

He mounted the lowest step. Instantly Forbes sprang up and thrust him back — thrust him fairly into the arms of his followers. The movement had brought them forward like a wave. The defender, facing them, flung up his arm above his head and shouted at them:

"Hold on! Wait a minute! I know I can't keep you out if you mean to get in ——"

"Good boy, Brick!" applauded a voice from the background.

"But do you mean it? Have you got the facts? The Swede's innocent all right. Mike'll tell you so himself. And he's got two guns ——"

"Who give 'em to him?" McFarlane broke in. Half way up the steps, he turned a livid face upon his followers. "Who's afraid of his guns? He daren't shoot in a square fight. Remember how he done Mike! We'll set the place on fire an' draw him! We'll ——"

"Wait!" said Forbes tensely. "He's got guns, but he's got something else. He's got every school kid in Raeder in the cell with him. It's them will suffer, not you." He drew back a step into the passage. "Start shooting when you hear anybody cross the porch, Ole!" he called clearly.

The words dropped into a silence like the silence preceding thunder. Then, with an inde-

scribable sound of rage and horror, McFarlane sprang to the top step.

"It's a lie! No man'd do a thing like that! You coward ——"

The man within swung the jail door half open. At the end of the darkened passage showed a glint of color — the blues and pinks of summer ginghams. "If it's a lie, fire a volley through the door and prove it. You'd get me that way. Send somebody over to the schoolhouse to find out."

His second suggestion had been anticipated. From the outskirts of the crowd a man was already scudding toward the bell-tower on the other edge of the town.

"He'll be back in a minute and tell you they're not there. And then in a few minutes there'll be a train along and stop right back of the jail. Olsen'll come out and get aboard, and nobody else'll get aboard. When he's got him out of town the engineer'll give me a signal. It's no good trying to fix the engineer; there's a deputy watching him. And if anything goes wrong, just remember I've dropped about every chance I've got to get him off safe. There's not much I'd stick at. Now, then!"

The messenger was returning. Even at a distance they could see him shaking his head.

"Not there!" he panted. "Not home, either. I stopped at two houses."

McFarlane, in the front line, let fall his arms at his sides. He looked up into his opponent's face.

"I don't care about the Swede; but if you've made my girl take a chance like that, I'll kill you."

"I expect you will, Mac," Forbes said.

He had not been afraid since McFarlane's first movement, but suddenly he was deadly tired. It occurred to him that the train might be late, that he might stand through half an eternity facing the accusing eyes of his neighbors. He leaned back against the jail wall and began to count the heads of the crowd to keep his mind from consequences. He had reached eighteen, counting painstakingly, when the train whistled.

"Ready, Olsen?" he questioned. His voice rose commandingly. "I'm coming in. Let me have the guns as I go past you. If anybody tries to touch you outside, yell, and I'll start shooting in here. Now, then!"

He stepped backward, his face to the crowd, till he was opposite the cell door. The prisoner passed him and went out. He heard his unsteady steps on the loose boards of the porch. He heard the train draw near, stop at the station, start, stop again at the siding, start from it. Then from far off came the wailing shriek of the whistle. He leaned forward at the sound and plucked open the door of the cell.

"Watch out! Here comes your kid, Mac. And the rest of you ——"

A glint of pink shot forward in the darkness of the corridor, hurtled out into the sunshine — a bulk of board and enwrapping calico, with not the semblance of child shape. A second followed. The county attorney, stumbling out to the porch, dragged with him an armful of the dummies.

"Here's some more of 'em! Here's kids for everybody! If you want real ones, Miss Swett's got every last one out on a picnic. The only man in Raeder, she is! The only one that wasn't afraid —" His voice cracked hysterically.

For a breath the crowd hung quiet, balanced between comedy and killing. Then, on its outskirts, a man laughed. Instantly a wave of laughter engulfed them. The air shook with it. Somebody seized one of the shrouded boards and thrust it above his head.

"One of Brick's delegates," he named it.

As fast as hands could reach them, other boards shot up to join the first.

"More votes! Whole family's voting for you, Brick! Make a speech for 'em!"

"Speech, speech!" the crowd took up the demand.

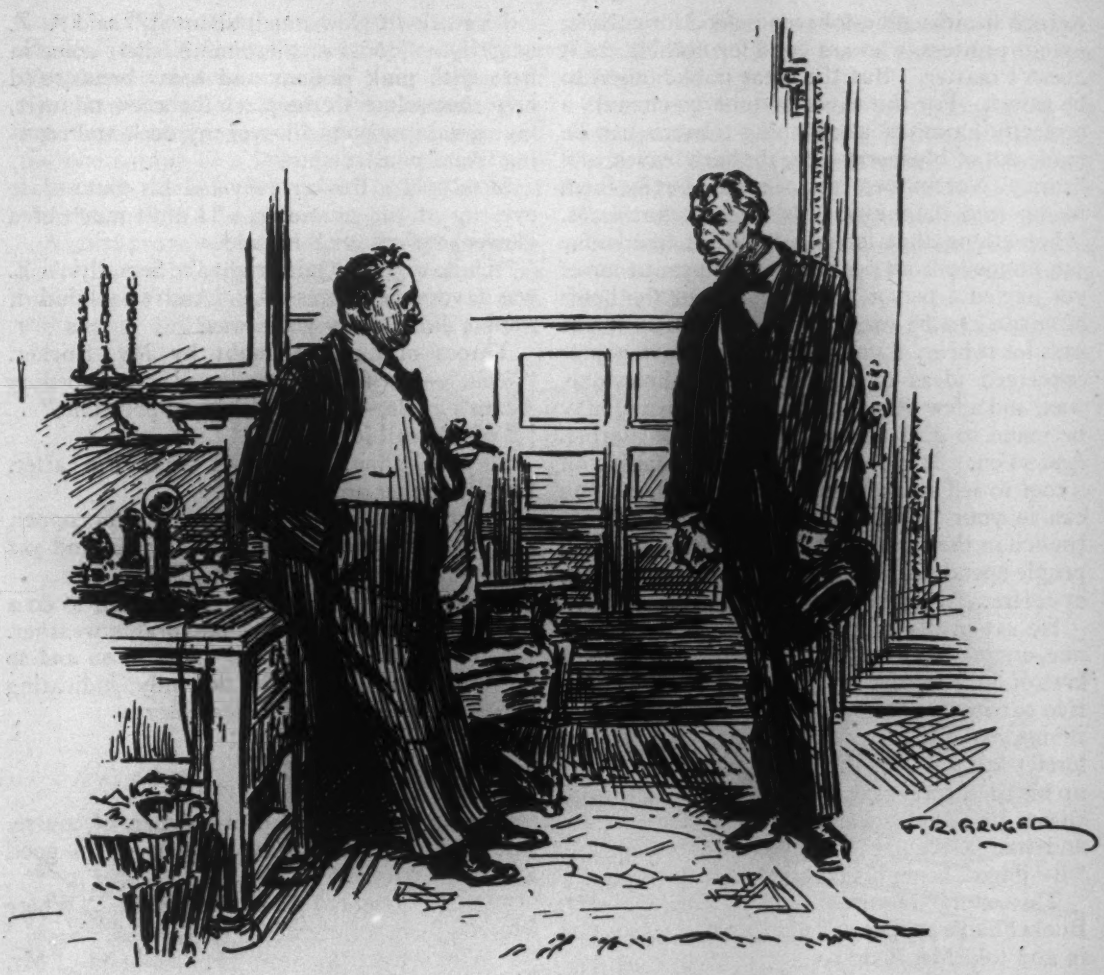
Forbes, from his post at the jail threshold, looked down upon the ranks of laughing faces. His own twisted suddenly. He thrust out a shaking, denunciatory arm above the heads of the crowd.

"Oh, you'd vote for me? Do you think I'd take your votes? Do you think I'd take anything from a town where they'd believe I'd do a trick like that? If I'd take that chance with kids ——"

McFarlane had pressed his way to the top step. He had not laughed with the rest. His face was drawn still from its minutes of fierce anxiety, but his competent, muscular arm closed kindly around his opponent's unsteady one and drew it down.

"It's no good, Brick. They'd elect you now, no matter what you said. And they'd ought to! Talk about Miss Swett's having nerve! There's another one ——"

"Me?" questioned the county attorney blankly. "Me? Why, I was scared stiff — worse scared than Ole!"



A POUSSE CAFÉ PROMOTION

BY

HARRIS MERTON LYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

ANTONIUS ZACHARIAH PODD was a happy, good-natured, honest promoter. An honest promoter is something like an honest gambler: he will not steal your money unless he absolutely has to have it himself. By those who do not care to work hard over their descriptions A. Z. had been called a steam-engine in pants. He was a bright, bulging little personality with a profuse mustache of so false an appearance that you looked for it to drop off his face any minute while that face was contorting itself in the throes of eloquence over his newest pet promotion. He had a dancing blue eye, a strut, and a habit of punching you in the chest every time he used the word "million." Which was a million times a day.

At the moment when our story opens A. Z. was hypnotizing himself into the belief that there were millions and millions of dollars in what I may call near-things. Thus, people chew too much plug-tobacco, and it is injurious

to their health; plug-tobacco is good for nothing except printers, who are good for nothing, so it doesn't matter. But the great public ought to be saved. For the wives of tobacco-chewers a perfectly harmless almost-plug-tobacco can be made out of blueberry-jam, rhubarb leaves, and licorice. Not for the wives, of course, but for them to slip into their husbands' pockets unawares.

Something that looks a little bit like coffee can be made from peanuts, and a peanut never yet jiggled a person's nerves. From the hoofs of cattle can be made a substance that might pass for rubber, if you possessed no narrow preconceived ideas of rubber. Shale, limestone, wax, and a few other things properly mixed may be made to give an optical illusion of marble. And so on. It is obviously as easy as falling off a roof to sell stock in such things; because you can in your "literature" point to the millions (punch in the chest) and millions (punch) which people spend yearly for tobacco, coffee, rubber, et cetera. Do you "get" A. Z.?

He sat in his imposing offices on Fifth Avenue, organized all sorts of corporations under the laws of New Jersey, Arizona,—wherever legislative patriots, stuffed with State pride and other things, make the laws nice and easy so as to lure foreign capital into their commonwealth,— got up his literature, sent it out to all the ambitious clients on his "sucker lists," sold them stock, and had a regular by-jingo time out of life. "By jingo" being his favorite ecstatic phrase.

This story requires Ezekiel Bucker. Mr. Bucker had a copper mine in Canada. He sidled in and told Mr. Podd so.

"No mines for me, Mr. Bucker," snapped the promoter, jumping to his feet and strutting as he talked. "I run an honest business. No mines. By jingo, I could have been a million"(punch) "aire to-day if I had wanted to soil my hand, name, conscience, and so forth with mines. But no. No mines."

Mr. Bucker was a long, slow piece of machinery. He was tall, but he slanted forward at a bewildering and unnatural angle, like a pole sticking out of a pond. His dangling hands reminded you of feed-sacks, and altogether there was a horse-like aspect about him. He was horse-headed, slate-eyed, and when in locomotion moved with a gait rather than a walk. An idea was a rarity in Mr. Bucker's skull.

"I can't get the notion you won't take up my mine," he said heavily, rubbing his big calloused hands together. "I'm honest too, as far as that goes." A long silence, while Mr. Bucker's wits composed themselves. "My mine's honest." Pause. "I've helped work it myself three years." Blank, dismal, and profound pause. "Good mine," concluded Mr. Bucker.

"You don't glow much about it," said A. Z. brightly. "Most of these mine fellers come in here with pink ribbons and brass bands, and help themselves to the place for a few minutes, laying gold nuggets all over my desk and crowing like a poultry show."

Slowly Mr. Bucker swiveled his great slate eyes up at the promoter. "I ain't much of a glower or a crower," he said.

"Quite right. Quite right." Secretly A. Z. was favorably impressed. "And what kind of a mine did you say yours was?"

Throes of dumb thought by Mr. Bucker. "Well,"—he finally swallowed an impeding Adam's apple,—"I'd call it a copper mine."

"You'd call it that?"

Silence; then, "Copper's what I'm after. Lots of copper around me."

"H'm. You've been three years after copper, and there's lots of copper around you, and yet you haven't got it."

"Yep. No money to develop. Had to do a lot of the work myself. Unfavorable weather. No machinery wuth a cuss. *And* so on *and* so on," Mr. Bucker chanted dolefully, indicating long days of Canadian miner misery.

"Where is your mine?"

"Ultramarine district."

"What's the name of it?"

"Well, I ain't much of a thinker, of course, but I thought Kick Kaw Copper was a good thing to name it."

"O. K." assented A. Z. cheerfully. "Where are you incorporated?"

"Winnebario Province. For a million." Mr. Bucker departed for a period into the deep abyss of his intellect, finally to emerge with: "I'd like to show you the property, if you'd guarantee to take hold of it and get me some money."

Why do people do things? Ask a philosopher; don't ask me. All I know is, they do. It is a fact that Mr. A. Z. Podd became enamoured of the idea of selling stock in the Kick Kaw Copper Mine, came back to New York, and called into his private office a blithe, plump slave named Pud Pabst. Pabst wrote his "literature."

Inside of two weeks those who threw their money at the guiding star of Podd were receiving handsome booklets entitled "Copper, the Key to Billions," the first sentence whereof read in Ollendorfian simplicity: "To look at an insignificant little red cent, you would not think it much. Yet that cent is made of copper! And ordinary copper is the rarest, most precious metal in the world to-day!" and so forth. The first illustration in this booklet was a concatenation of whiskers done up into the shape of a more or less human face and labeled: "Senator A. M.

Snark — Began Life as a Plumber's Helper; Made Forty Millions Out of Copper." Other illustrations showed a map of "our property," the horse-headed Mr. Bucker (as president) gazing inarticulately over a high linen collar, and the photograph of a lone man in a desert with a carefully etched pick raised in the air over what seemed to be a grave.

A good promoter knows to a T what percentage of replies to expect after he has sent out his booklets. There will be a certain per cent who will answer any sort of circular; these rapidly

"'WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS HERE COPPER, SIR. WE FEEL AS IF WE BEEN BUNCOED, AND BUNCOED WE WILL NOT BE'"

weed down, under the cold-blooded hammering of the "follow-up" system, to a smaller per cent. This smaller per cent will hang on doggedly, and eventually will begin to buy stock. If a promoter sends out a hundred thousand appeals, gets back ten thousand answers, and sells to five thousand people whatever it is he has to sell, he is doing pretty well. In certain quarters a sale of such stock amounting to five per cent is looked upon as a visit from Santa Claus; in other quarters it barely pays expenses.

"How's that Kick Kaw Copper going, Pabst?" said A. Z., at the end of a week.

"Five thousand dollars so far."

"We're charging him twenty per cent only, y'know. I like that old bonehead Bucker. He's all right. Send him a check for his four thousand to-day."

Bonehead Bucker went on digging with his four thousand. At the end of three weeks A. Z. Podd, the "steam-engine in pants," had to admit he could not sell another dollar's worth of Kick Kaw. Altogether some eight thousand dollars' worth of nice green paper, embellished with a lone miner, a lone pick-ax, and a friendly rising sun, had been disposed of.

Then ensued a silence as long and as depressing as any gap in Mr. Bucker's conversation. Absolutely not another share of Kick Kaw could be sold. The great little promoter strutted up and down his palatial offices dictating "last calls," livid, bold-face-type appeals to all good investors not to forsake this chance to take the key, Copper, and unlock earth's safe-deposit vaults where lay the uncounted billions. The great vast sea of humanity stood mute and motionless.

About a month later our hero read the following:

Mr. A. Z. Podd.

Sir:

To get the best results from the two-headed dime, you should always say rapidly to your opponent, "I

take heads; what do you take?" at the same time flipping the coin in the air and emitting a loud, hearty laugh. When the coin has stopped spinning, let him only near enough to see that heads has won. Then promptly pocket the dime, to avoid a post-mortem.

ONE OF YOUR KICK KAW SUCKERS.

P. S. Post-mortem on the dime and on you, too.

"And the worst of it is, he sent it on a postal card, where everybody could see it," lamented A. Z. "Me — an honest promoter. Pabst, who've we sold Kick Kaw to in" — he examined the postmark — "Red Bank, New Jersey?"

The suave Pabst, blithely whistling "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own," disappeared to consult the sucker list. He returned. "August Toopey, butcher."

"Miss Jenks!" shouted the irate little promoter. "Dictation. August Toopey, Esq., Red Bank, New Jersey. Dear Sir: I am an honest man, and will not allow you or any one else to address me in the insinuating fashion of your postal card. If you have any complaint to make, my office is open to receive it, and if you care to come in person I will be glad to attend to your complaint in person." He turned to look triumphantly at the diligent Pabst, who was typing a query on a fresh sheet of paper: *"Who would ever think that coffee could be made from peanuts? Yet it can!"* The great little promoter twisted his mustache passionately for a few moments, in deep thought. "I'll get that feller Toopey."

He did. Not long afterward.

There came a stamping and shuffling of feet in the corridor, and some dozen or so of American citizens herded into the Podd ante-room. At their head was Mr. Toopey. You have heard of a prognathous jaw. Mr. Toopey transcended in that his entire face was prognathous. He was built upon much the same lines that your butcher is, only not so fat. Doubtless from frequent weighing in of his fist on his scales, it had come to resemble, in fact, a heavy and ominous piece of beef. All the lines of his countenance and of his body seemed to point to the suggestion that Mr. Toopey was not a butcher, but a prize-fighter out of a job and hunting one. The assemblage that festooned itself around him and adorned his entry was motley, to say the least. It was composed, for the most part, of those whom the poet has called graybeard loons. There was a callow youth (all youths in stories are callow; the word "callow" occurs nowhere else). He represented his widowed mother, and tightly clutched his proxy in his right hand.

"A delegation of Kick Kaw stockholders from New Jersey wants to see Mr. Podd personally," Mr. Toopey informed the office-boy.

"Show 'em into my private office," answered Mr. Podd. "Walk in, gentlemen," he bellowed. "Always glad to see some of our stockholders. That's right; have chairs. Mr. Toopey, I suppose? How do you do, Mr. Toopey? Now, gentlemen, get yourselves all comfortable and ——"

Here an excited Pabst was seen making gestures from the doorway, gestures of mystery. A. Z. excused himself and went out.

"What is it?"

"Telegram from Bucker. Good Lord!"

A. Z. adjusted his glasses and read:

Copper pinched out now looks like silver all our money gone what shall I do BUCKER

"By jingo!" remarked A. Z. He returned to the delegation.

Mr. Toopey arose from his chair slowly and looked around at his cohort. Immediately there was a nodding of heads among them, and long gray beards like Spanish moss agitated the air. The callow youth stood as if in a cataleptic state.

"We want to know about this here copper, sir," said Mr. Toopey. "We feel as if we been buncoed, and buncoed we will not be. We don't believe you've got any copper mine at all. If you ain't, you've promised to make us billions of dollars on nothin' at all, and we can get you for it. We can have the postal authorities after you. That's what we can do and will do. Hear that? We don't believe you've got any copper mine at all. Hear that? And we want our money back. Hear that?"

It must be admitted that Mr. A. Z. Podd was rather more or less accustomed to such scenes. No tremors agitated his backbone. If Toopey had tried to hit him, he would have caught Toopey under the ear with the paper-weight. It was all in the day's work with A Z. But——

"I didn't promise to make you billions, Mr. Toopey. Hear that? I *will* try my best to make you and your friends some money,— heaps of money,— but I do not *promise* to, and I have never promised to. Not only in your case, but in no other case. I don't do business that way. You had better go back home and read over the literature I have been sending you before you hoodwink a lot of my honest old friends and investors into coming up here to prefer false charges against me. In not one single line of all my reading matter will you find a word saying I promise anything. I said you *might* make millions. Well, you might, and you may yet."

At this a loon piped up with a quavering cry: "Have you got any copper mine at all, Mister?"

Absent-mindedly folding the telegram, A. Z. replied: "We have a *mine*."

"Yah," said Mr. Toopey. "You ain't got a copper mine, though?"

"No." He paused. He hardly knew what to say. He did not want to antagonize these men. Such things get around and cause the timorous to whimper when they see a bad promoter's name. Besides, these good people still had some money which they had never given him. "No-o-o." He pursed up his lips, the pseudo-false mustache arising and covering his nostrils by the act. "No-o-o. *Not* a *copper* mine." He strutted up and down behind his desk. He felt rather than saw the consternation that spread from face to face. What in Sam Heck, by jingo, should he do?

At certain times, thank heaven, the human mind comes into its own. All who are about down to the last notch through yearning for a thought or an idea should remember this. Just at the time when you can distinctly hear the moaning at the bar, your precise portion of the grand old human intellect arouses itself and begins, in the vulgar phrase, to saw wood. Out of a troubled and tenebrous sky of desperate cogitation some lone flash of clear light is bound to leap and save you.

"We've got a *silver* mine," announced A. Z. emphatically, "and, gentlemen, it belongs to you."

Ecstatic silence from the American citizens.

"Yours! All yours!" The glad light of a promoter's enthusiasm leaped from A. Z.'s blue eyes. "All yours — so far as you have subscribed."

"Silver!" said a voice hoarsely. It proceeded from the cataleptic and callow. The effect was amazing. He had voiced exactly the emotions of the graybeards. A tumult and a pow-wow began among them which ignored both Toopey's remarks and the further remarks of A. Z.

During this the promoter excused himself a moment and sent a telegram to Bucker:

Dig into that silver and keep on money and letter coming PODD

When he had returned, quiet had been restored and the delegation was in a mood for particulars. A. Z. was good at this sort of thing. He expanded, promenaded, brushed his mustache up, banged the table, punched Toopey in the vest, shook his finger under several beards, patted the youth on the back.

"Gentlemen, I am extremely glad to announce to you that this property has suddenly turned out to show more possibilities than we here in the office ever thought it possessed. The first layer seemed to indicate copper. However, on clearing this out of the way — and I am *very* glad it is out of the way — we find underneath a second layer which promises to be rich in silver. We shall proceed at once to organize the Singletree Silver Company, and you gentlemen and all my other friends who were so fortunate as to invest in the copper proposition will be allowed to take the first stock in Singletree Silver, by turning in your old shares of copper plus one dollar and a half per share. The silver is bound to be a richer proposition than the copper——"

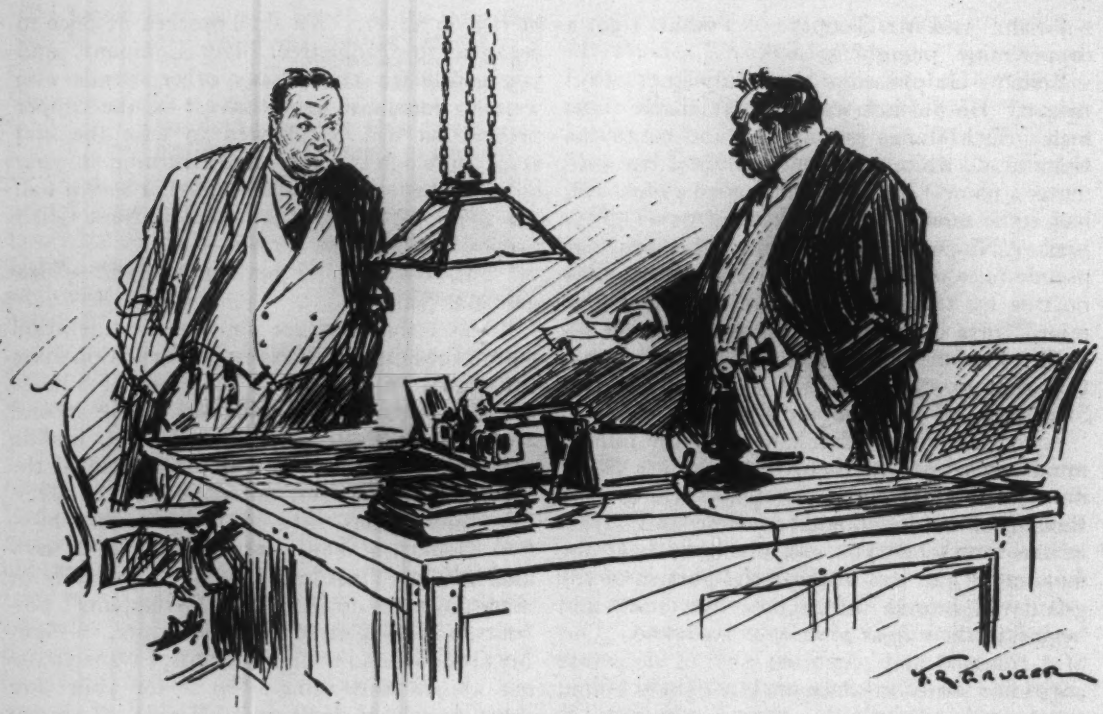
"But, look here. I don't understand—" began Mr. Toopey.

"And I shall prepare for your consideration within the next few days some information upon the status of the silver business. Think of the Silversteins! Millionaires!" He looked around for some chest to punch, but, finding none, punched one hand vigorously against the other. "Millionaires, and made it out of silver. Five Silversteins fifty years ago didn't have five dollars. Went into silver, and now look at 'em — just look at 'em!" Mentally he made a note to run the Silversteins' portraits in his Singletree Silver literature. "Now, Mr. Toopey, and you, my friends, I want you to get aboard this thing. Do it for your own sakes, however; don't do it for mine. I am not going to argue with you or try to persuade you. You are all grown men and free to do as you like. If you don't want it, don't take it. Refuse to have anything to do with this chance to make your fortune if you want to. Go on out that door and leave this opportunity; then sit around in your homes or in your shops and wonder why you aren't wealthy. I admit that Kick Kaw Copper pinched out, but we must all take risks. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, all took risks. And here we are with a blessing in disguise — a *blessing* in *disguise!* If the copper hadn't played out, how, I ask you, *how* would we ever have known about Singletree Silver? Answer me that."

"But—" began Mr. Toopey.

"No use talking, gentlemen. I am not running a kindergarten here. I don't mean to be abrupt with you, and if any one of you cares to come to me personally at any time, I will be glad to do all I can for him. That is my policy, both as a good business man and as an honest man personally. Here is an opportunity, practically given to you by a miracle, gentlemen,—a miracle! — to get into the millionaire-making business of mining silver. Look at the future — look at it." He gestured with all five fingers of his right hand in the vague direction of the future. "What will you do? Will you take this chance or won't you?"

The way to get people to do what you want them to do, says the copy-book, is to be oily but firm. Right after that it says: "There is one



"'RATS! YOU DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY BACK. WHAT YOU WANT IS TO MAKE MONEY. SEE?'"

born every minute." Do not ask me why people do things; but — the Jersey delegation, including Mr. Toopey, pledged itself to Singletree Silver before it left the mahogany web of A. Z. Podd. The graybeards went away nodding at one another and conversing in the low voices of men about to snatch Dame Fortune's pocket-book and fade up the nearest alley.

They were talking about silver. Some of them had the history of Colorado as firmly embedded in their minds as was the multiplication table and the art of addition. Some of them even had bunches of nice green-and-gold paper which they had acquired in the process of acquiring their information about Colorado silver.

"Now that we've got our money in this hole in the ground," reasoned Mr. Toopey, "we might as well put a little more in and strike it rich in silver."

Said A. Z. Podd to the facile Pabst: "You get busy on a pros on silver. Lead, I believe, is a by-product. Anyway, look into Leadville. Get all of old Jim Hicks' booklets when he was boosting those Utah properties. Play up the history of the Silversteins. Get a photograph of Ikey Silverstein's Fifth Avenue palace; also one of a steerage passenger just landing at Ellis Island, and label 'em: 'From This to This. You Can Do the Same by Buying Singletree' — or something like that. Lots of human interest in them old silver kings out West. Get all the dope you can about them fellers. One of 'em sold a solid silver mine for a bottle of whisky, I heard a guy say the other day. Work that in. In your letter to holders of Kick Kaw, tell 'em we'll take 'em in on Singletree for an additional dollar and a half per share. Now, try to get a little bit feverish about this and put in some good old blasting sockdologer bushwah that'd make a sick man jump out of bed to send me his check. I believe, by jingo, there might be something *to* this silver mine."

"Tee-hee!" said Pabst, through a cigarette.

A. Z. became excited. "Well, by jingo, I do. I went up there and looked at that property myself. Of course, I don't know anything about mines; they all just look to me like holes in the ground that are gifted with an imagination. But I *do* know *men*, and this old truck-horse of a Bucker is the real thing. When it comes to intellect, I admit, he's the inventor of the marble-topped table; but that's just the kind you want around a mine. You don't want any Shakespeare up there with a pick and shovel. This feller is as honest as the day is long." He strutted up and down, blowing his mustache upward as he let off steam. "By jingo, I firmly believe we've got a silver mine."

This is what is known as self-hypnotism. It was an absolutely necessary process with A. Z. He had to fill himself full of it in order to believe

all the glowing things he wrote and said, and in order to withstand the rebuffs of a cold and sneering world.

He sent Bucker his personal check for a thousand dollars and told him to get to work in earnest.

Singletree Silver sold pretty well. Almost all the old Kick Kaw Copper buyers accepted his proposition; and many others, who could not be lured into copper but who succumbed at the magic word silver, swelled his month's sales to forty thousand dollars. Very promptly then A. Z. paid himself back his own thousand-dollar advance.

Also he decided to charge Bucker forty per cent commission. Bucker, delighted, dug like a fiend.

Pabst worked up semi-weekly bulletins which informed all, sundry, and the rest that "*Singletree is showing richer the deeper we go!* It is the wonder of the locality. Old mining men never saw anything like it before, and never will. Make your reservation of Singletree to-day."

But when they had sold eighty thousand dollars' worth of the stock, it circled carefully around in its tracks, chose a good soft spot, lay down and gently expired.

So far as the sale was concerned.

A. Z., however, was not worrying. Bucker had enough money to go on with his mining. Every week he received a letter from Bucker, intagliated into a sheet of foolscap paper with an indelible pencil, reporting what Bucker was pleased to call "progress."

But before long Mr. August Toopey, who seemed to be of an inquiring mind, was again forcing himself upon A. Z.'s morning mail. Mr. Toopey was one of those investors to whom riches can not come any too soon. He had an idea that a silver mine ought to pay him about ten per cent a month, and every time he opened a bulletin from A. Z. Podd and Company and didn't find a check for his month's dividends in it, he got peevish.

Sir:

You are slick, but you can't slide. Don't send me any more fish stories about the Silversteins. By the way, has Silverstein bought any Singletree stock? I guess not, since you say he made all his money out of silver. Yrs,

AUG. TOOPEY.

P. S. Did you see where the U. S. Govt. raided Bust Bros. yesterday?

And at last, all out of patience, Mr. Toopey wrote:

Next Monday my friends and I are coming over to see you again. You got our money and nothing doing. We are in favor of turning you over to the postal authorities.

"Doggone that chump!" complained A. Z. to Pabst. "Don't he know the post-office can't get me? I got a real mine with real ore in it. He just gads around over there in Jersey, gassing with that bunch of moss-covered mausoleums, and gets 'em all worked up and worried. They don't know anything, and he don't know anything; and between the lot they know it all. Doggone useless disturbing element!"

"Why don't you buy 'em out and get rid of 'em?" asked Pud.

"By jingo, I've a notion to!"

Just then a messenger-boy entered with a telegram, which A. Z. tore open and read.

"Hum! No, I won't," he concluded, and showed it to Pabst.

"Well, by hokey, I never heard of such a thing before!" exclaimed Pabst. "Silver pinched out, too."

"And them fellers coming over here on Monday."

They stared at each other. Finally A. Z., with a weary sigh, remarked: "Well, a layer of copper and a layer of silver. This thing's not a mine. It's a pousse café."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing to do except keep on digging, is there?" He reached for a blank and sent Bucker a wire:

What's underneath the silver PODD

Saturday passed, and Sunday. Early Monday morning he got Bucker's answer:

Looks like gold but indications uncertain BUCKER

"Gold! By jingo, ain't that great, huh?" yelled A. Z., waving the paper in the air. "Ain't that the cute little mine, though? I guess that little mine is a slouch. Gold!"

"Indications uncertain, though," interposed Pabst. He was far too fat and comfortable to get excited.

"Rats! So's your breath. Gold! I got something that'll kick the slats out of that Toopey bunch now. Watch 'em come across. Get that lawyer of mine on the 'phone. I want to incorporate — say — lemme see — Gulliver Gold Mining Company. Gulliver Gold — that's a good easy one to say, ain't it?"

The business of "tolling them along" from one investment into another is almost as old as the original idea of "selling certificates." The practice is not restricted to the land of the free. The staunch and superbly skulled Briton has for generations thrown his shilling after his pound and his sixpence after his shilling into "reorganized" mining ventures. For some subtle reason, not alien to the psychology of gambling, the scheme works, even while the investor knows he

is placing his new money into the same old property that ate up his previous investments.

Gulliver Gold was boomed among the Singletree and Kick Kaw "suckers." Toopey and his friends, disgruntled but greedy, turned in their old shares plus two dollars each in exchange for Gulliver. Then they sat back to gloat over more Pabst literature.

Pud began with Aladdin, made a cross-cut to Croesus, and panted paragraphically before the glittering grandeur of Golconda. He sacked Peru of golden metaphor, quoted poetry about the wealth of Ind (thereby puzzling Mr. Toopey, who construed it as Indiana), and pirouetted with Captain Kidd, Spanish galleons, pieces of eight, lure and lust of gold. Coming on down the page, waving the Stars and Stripes, he hit California in '49 and burst into a shower of statistics as to how many billions in gold the United States had produced since then; painted an aurora borealis of adjectives about the Klondike; and finally in bold-face type announced that "Gulliver was the golden glorious opportunity for YOU to become as rich as the richest nabob in the Arabian Nights."

Bucker kept on digging and sending unnecessary telegrams.

"Never again any mines for me," said A. Z. "From now on I stick to bananas, rubber, Sea Island cotton — anything but mines. Nothing to it. Here I've got a mine that's the nicest, kindest mine I ever heard of. Hardly runs out of one thing before it up and offers you some alternative, where any other mine would just lay down and take the count. And what's the answer?"

"The answer is," said Pabst, "that it has sold something like $125,000 worth of certificates for you."

"The answer is that I get a black eye by monkeying with mines. If I was a crook I'd stick this here coin in my sock and give 'em a nice cooing rivulet of laughter. Also? I'd lose their business, and they'd knock me."

"One born every minute," remarked Orth.

"But it takes time and money to locate him."

About six weeks later Bucker himself loped dismally into Podd's office. He fixed A. Z. with a watery eye and maintained a disconsolate, goat-like silence.

"Well, little sunshine, what you struck now? Run out o' gold and hit di'monds?" asked the promoter.

Bucker swallowed a few times, rubbed his thick hands together, and spat dismally on the radiator.

"Got any idear of pluggin' on through to Chinar?" pursued A. Z. "Comin' out into an opium field or a silk grove?"

Bucker shook his head.

A. Z. became serious; also a bit desperate and a bit nasty. He strode over and punched his finger at a large pearl button on Bucker's blue flannel shirt. "Mean to tell me the gold's pinched out, too?"

Mr. Bucker did not like the tone. "You told me to go ahead and dig. You sold the stock. You organized the company," he protested sullenly. "I wired you indications of gold uncertain, didn't I? Well, we never even struck pay dirt. And now — and now —" He stopped and seemed to wrestle with a stubborn fact.

"Now what?"

"We've struck water, o' course."

"Water?"

"Water."

"What's underneath the water?"

"Aw, it ain't no use," was Mr. Bucker's despairing comment.

"What's underneath the water?" persisted A. Z.

"It'd take a lot o' new machinery to tell. Nacheral spring. Reg'lar gusher. I don't want to handle it. I'm sick and tired."

"What kind of water is it?"

"Why, just water water." Mr. Bucker indulged in sarcasm for the first time in his life: "Wet, you know."

"But what *kind* is it?"

Mr. Bucker struggled valiantly with the descriptive apparatus of the English language, and finally unburdened himself: "Well, it's fizzy-like."

Just then Pabst stuck his head in the door and grimaced: "Toopey's here."

"Alone?"

"Yep."

"Send him in."

"Toopey," barked A. Z., when that gentleman had seated himself with much butcher-like profundity, "get that gang o' yours together soon as you can, and I'll take 'em up to the mine at my expense. Junket, *verstehe?* Good grub, fried chicken, lots of beer, et cetera, all at my expense. We'll all go up there and see what this dent in our pocket-book looks like."

The words disarmed Toopey. He began slowly: "I want to get my money back. I——"

"Rats! You don't want your money back. What you want is to make money. See? Two thousand per cent or so on your investment. That's what you want. See? Well, how you going to do it unless you know what you got up there? Get your gang together for next Friday. We can leave at four o'clock and be there by noon Saturday."

"But — what're you going to do?"

"How do I know? I'm a promoter; I ain't

a palmist. I can't look into a bowl o' goldfish and read the answer in the stars."

At the mine, graybeard after graybeard, Bucker, Toopey, and Pabst leaned timidly over the edge of the shaft. Below they could spy a bit of blue mirror — the water. It was rising in the mine.

"Water, aw right," remarked one of the graybeards authoritatively, as one who spoke from an intimate knowledge.

"Yep; water," announced another.

"Reg'lar gusher. Nacheral spring," communicated Bucker.

"There's water and water," remarked A. Z. cryptically. "And then, again, there's water. Got any of this water around handy?"

Bucker waved heavily at a bucket equipped with a tin cup. "The men been a-drinkin' it. They like it."

"Ah-h-h!" A. Z. rushed for the cup. He scooped it full; he tasted it. A look of delight spread over his features. "Ah-h-h!" He sighed and drank some more. Then he put down the cup and struck an attitude.

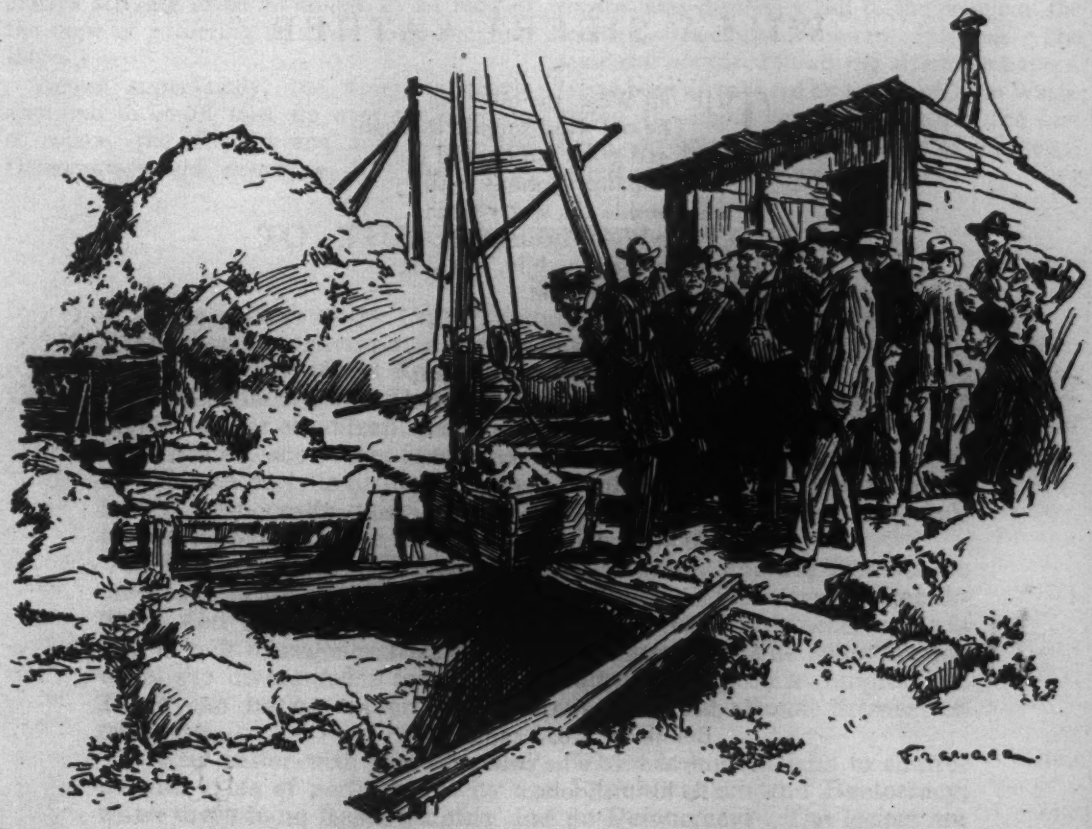
"Gentlemen," he began, "step up. Step up and smack your lips over the very best water you ever drank in your life." One by one, they did so. "A pure, natural, refreshing mineral water, full of life-giving qualities — an excellent table water. Pabst, get a sample of it for chemical analysis. All we've got to do is barrel it, gentlemen! Do you realize, gentlemen, the millions" (punching Toopey) "and millions" (punching graybeard) "that have been made by the vendors of Polyglottis and Plymouth Rock? Two properties worth a thousand gold mines? Sold for twenty-five cents a bottle at all clubs and cafés? All we've got to do is bottle this excellent vivifying fluid just as it springs from nature's own ——"

You doubtless remember the tremendous advertising furore which accompanied the appearance of that famous water Vi-joy on the market. You read full-page magazine announcements, quarter pages in the newspapers, cards in the street-cars about

VI-JOY—NATURE'S OWN HIGHBALL
INVIGORATES—ACCELERATES—AMELIORATES

and

BEYOND ANY QUESTION
IT AIDS YOUR INDIGESTION—
VI-JOY



"'ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TO BARREL IT, GENTLEMEN!'"

and

WHEN IT COMES TO SLAUGHTER
YOU DOES YER WORK ON WATER;
LIFE IS A SLAUGHTER—DRINK VI-JOY ALL
THE TIME

and

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON SAID: DRINK
WATER AND LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED.
WE SAY: DRINK VI-JOY AND NEVER SAY DIE

There were some four hundred separate pieces of this cheering copy. Besides which, bartenders proclaimed everywhere the superlative merits of Vi-joy. Soda fountains, provisioners, butlers, comedians, artists — there immediately leaped into fame a ravishingly beautiful "Vi-joy Girl." All insisted that to be happy you must take internal baths of Vi-joy. Electric sky-signs showed Vi-joy's famous "bubbles of life" leaping into the midnight air.

Noted chemists analyzed it and announced that Vi-joy contained all sorts of beautiful and wonderful ingredients, naming them at length in docked Latin. Physicians recommended it: it was good for the stomach, the liver, the blood, the brain. Vi-joy could do everything except prevent an operation for appendicitis. And so on.

Vi-joy became a world-wide success. In fact, it was so successful that A. Z. Podd refused to sell any more stock in it!

"What do you think of it, Pabst?" said he, rubbing his hands.

"Tee-hee! It must be good stuff, for as soon as the mine got full of it she got busy making money."

"Well, I always knew there was money in watered stock, but this is the first time I knew there was money in stock in water."

And the great little promoter went out whistling, "Give us a drink, bartender."

SPANISH JOHNNY

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

THE old West, the old time,
The old wind singing through
The red, red grass a thousand miles,
And, Spanish Johnny, you!
He'd sit beside the water ditch
When all his herd was in,
And never mind a child, but sing
To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night,
The moon-enchanted plain;
The olive man who never spoke,
But sang the songs of Spain.
His speech with men was wicked talk —
To hear it was a sin;
But those were golden things he said
To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars,
The world so golden then;
And the hand so tender to a child
Had killed so many men.
He died a hard death long ago
Before the Road came in;
The night before he swung, he sang
To his mandolin.

HOW THE BIG SPLIT CAME

THE STORY OF THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

BY

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE ballyhoo was deafening. Staffs of trained press-agents did prodigies of typewriting for the various candidates. Presidential booms inflated and deflated with interesting and spectacular rapidity. There had never been anything like that campaign of 1912. Campaign managers comprised about ten per cent of the total population. They clamored, computed, claimed, contradicted, and conferred. Candidates scooted across the country and back again, invading hitherto peaceful States as the country of the enemy and developing hostility or hospitality as it happened, but always striving to be all things to all men in the hope of gathering in a few votes here and there.

Viewed superficially, the American people appeared to be all torn up over the question of whom the Republicans and whom the Democrats would nominate for the Presidency. In reality, the noise was the noise of a claque.

Political observers, as a matter of fact, understood that a revolution in American politics was under way; it had only begun, perhaps, but it was gathering strength daily. The people, always better judges of men than of measures, had listened to speakers and writers who had urged them to cut themselves loose from the old parties and take the politics of the country into their own hands.

On the Monday four weeks before the national conventions the atmosphere suddenly cleared. The morning papers of that day carried, with conspicuous display, a call to the people of the country, signed by a committee of citizens. The same call appeared in all the afternoon papers. It had been distributed by telegraph from Washington the night before, and it was the first thing the breakfast-table readers of the newspapers saw. This is what they read:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Washington, D. C., May 20, 1912.

The politics of the United States is in a chaotic condition. Ours is necessarily a government by parties, but our parties have lost their functions. The terms Republican and Democrat no longer have any political significance. They are merely names clung to by professional politicians for organization and machine purposes.

In the place of two strong parties we have four weak ones. The Republican party is divided into radical and conservative wings, and so is the Democratic party. When two parties are divided into four parties no party can be in the ascendancy.

Fundamentally, the Republican progressives and the Democratic progressives are close together in political belief. Conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats are in even firmer accord. It is idle to talk of regeneration within the old parties. The splits are too wide, the divergencies too great, to allow a fusing on a compromise. There can be no compromise. Houses divided against themselves must fall.

Why palter with the situation? Why allow politicians to control us with cries of party regularity and Republicanism and Democracy, when there is no Republicanism and no Democracy? The issues are radicalism and conservatism. Inevitably, the politics of this country

must divide on these lines. We must cease voting for legends and begin to vote for facts.

The condition is here. The time is here. The men are here. This is the hour. We have seen conservatives and radicals in the Republican party and conservatives and radicals in the Democratic party striving to secure a nomination, in the fatuous belief that, whichever is successful, the conservatives of their party will support the radical or the radicals support the conservative merely because of party allegiance. The situation is impossible. What the people of this country want is an opportunity to vote as they think, not a command to vote as self-constituted party leaders think.

To this end we call for the nomination, by the people, of two men for President and Vice-President who shall represent the radical sentiment of the people of the United States, and two men who shall represent the conservative sentiment.

Throw off the obsolete party ties! Bring the question to a solution! Help us to get a determination! Let all conservative Democrats and all conservative Republicans get together and name candidates. Let radical Republicans and radical Democrats accept the issue. To this end, the citizens undersigned have established headquarters in Washington and invite an expression of sentiment.

Progressive Republicans

William E. Borah
(*Senator from Idaho*)
Albert B. Cummins
(*Senator from Iowa*)
Hiram W. Johnson
(*Governor of California*)

Conservative Republicans

Elihu Root
(*Senator from New York*)
Joseph H. Choate
Henry Cabot Lodge
(*Senator from Massachusetts*)

Progressive Democrats

William J. Bryan
Thomas P. Gore
(*Senator from Oklahoma*)
Eugene N. Foss
(*Governor of Massachusetts*)

Conservative Democrats

Simeon E. Baldwin
(*Governor of Connecticut*)
Joseph W. Bailey
(*Senator from Texas*)
John A. Dix
(*Governor of New York*)

The response was overwhelming—astounding. The newspapers in all sections of the country took up the matter editorially and secured local interviews on it. Telegrams and letters supporting the idea or condemning it came in by thousands. It was noted, when the replies were briefed at the end of the first week, that the professional politicians protested violently against this departure from tradition, and that many of the older men were against it. The younger men in both parties were enthusiastically for it.

Organization was taken up. The radicals and the conservatives were equally eager for the test, and worked harmoniously. States were canvassed, and temporary national and State committees selected. The members of the Republican and the Democratic national committees protested violently; but no heed was paid to them. The movement grew in strength, and it was very soon apparent that the American people welcomed the idea, that two new parties were to be born and two old ones killed, and that a new era in American politics was impending.

The proportion of approval to disapproval, so far as expression went, and based on the voting population, was about as six to one. This proportion increased steadily until it reached twenty to one. The opposition was mostly confined to the old-time politicians, and their arguments always began with the statement that this plan to name radical and conservative candidates was "anarchistic and opposed to our principles of government." This plaint was not taken seriously by the people, who seemed to be of the mind that, instead of being anarchistic, it was eminently American and in line with the best American traditions.

After fourteen days of propaganda it became certain that the plan would succeed. The opposition was futile; the support was tremendous. Thus it became necessary to devise ways and means for carrying the idea into practical execution. A conference of men from all parts of the country was called to meet in Chicago. This conference was composed of an equal number of radicals and conservatives, men who

advocated the underlying principles of the best in the so-called progressive movement in both of the old parties, and men who stood firmly for the old order, but who recognized the need for division and declaration and were not wedded to the party system then in political use.

In the meantime, the old-line bosses in both parties, and the candidates for the presidential nominations, had become frightened at the growth of the movement and were anxious to join in, if they could do so and obtain anything for themselves. Many of the old-line leaders from both sides attended the conference and asked for seats. They were told that they would be heard, and were invited to join in the revolution. Some of them refused to recognize the inevitable, and held out; but many, and especially the younger men, took seats and became a part of the conference.

There was much enthusiasm at the conference. Many were of the opinion that new conventions, to be held later in the summer, should be called, and the old, or Republican and Democratic, conventions abandoned. This was thought unnecessary. It was pointed out that the Democratic party and the Republican party, under old party designations, had provided for the election of practically the same number of delegates to both their national conventions. These delegates, while nominally Republicans and Democrats, were really radicals and conservatives in their beliefs. Hence it was decided that the simplest and most effectual method would be to ask the Democratic delegates, who had been called to meet in national convention at Baltimore, to come to Chicago at the time set for the Republican national convention, when they could separate into their two logical divisions of radicals and conservatives — the radical Republicans and Democrats and the conservative Republicans and Democrats going into convention at the same time.

The Republican and Democratic national committees, seeing from actual evidence that the movement was bound to succeed, agreed to this, and canceled their convention calls. Then the new permanent national committees, which were chosen at the conference in Chicago, issued calls inviting all the delegates who had been elected to attend the previously proposed Republican and Democratic conventions to come to Chicago and act as delegates to the radical and conservative conventions, which would be held there on the date formerly selected for the Republican national convention.

As soon as these details were arranged and the new calls issued, the men who had been candidates for the nominations under the old political alignments of the Republican party against the Democratic party were forced to declare themselves. They could not continue as Republican and Democratic candidates, for the Republican and Democratic parties had been eliminated.

There were, at the time, three principal candidates for the Republican nomination: William H. Taft, who was President and was seeking a renomination; Theodore Roosevelt, who had been President and wanted another term; and Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin. Others had been mentioned, but these were the leaders. Of these, Mr. Taft was held to be the conservative, and Colonel Roosevelt and Senator La Follette the radicals. The Democrats had several candidates. Those who were avowedly conservatives were Judson Harmon, Governor of Ohio, and Oscar W. Underwood, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives and leader of the majority. The radicals were Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was more of a-middle-of-the-roader, and Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey.

These men were invited by the new committees to state their position. They were told that the issue was to be clear-cut between the radical element of the people of the United States and the conservative element — between the men who believe in the advanced theories and principles of popular government and the men who hold to the present system as the one best fitted for the needs of the people. The proposition was plainly set forth.

The radical platform embraced down-tariff revision, income tax, direct primaries in all the States, preferential presidential primaries in all the States, election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and recall extending to judges, corporation restrictions, all leading to an ultimate control by the government of all natural monopolies and public utilities, together with various other minor, but advanced, principles.

The conservative platform declared for the ideas of the Fathers, upheld the protective principle, demanded corporation restrictions, but pointed out the fact that there are good corporations and bad corporations, favored the retention of the convention system in naming candidates for office, was against the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people and stood by the Constitutional method, and bitterly opposed what it termed the "popular vagaries" of direct primaries, presidential preferential primaries, and the initiative, referendum, and recall. It laid great stress on the opposition of the conservatives to the recall of judges.

Time was short, and it was impressed on the various candidates, and on others who might be candidates, that an expression on these platforms that would align them with one side or the other was essential. Otherwise they would not be considered by the conventions. The national committees were firm. The country was almost solidly behind them. The new order had been welcomed. Political divisions that had endured for half a century had been destroyed in a month.

The preparations for the Republican convention were so complete, and all the preliminaries had been so well arranged, that there was nothing to do but see after putting the regular Democratic delegates in the space allotted for the Republican alternates. This would make an original gathering of about twenty-one hundred delegates. The plan was to hold the opening session with both radicals and conservatives in the hall, and then to call the roll, each man announcing himself as radical or conservative as his name was spoken. Thus, in the space of a roll-call the division could be made. A toss of a coin would decide which party should hold its convention first, and the side that lost the toss would be requested to retire until the other side had made its nominations and adopted its platform.

A date had been set for answers from the candidates. They were told that they must state their positions and announce their affiliations by the Tuesday before the convention met. One or two of them hesitated, but the demand was made imperative.

Mr. Taft was the first candidate to respond. After consultation with his friends and supporters, he issued a statement from the White House in which he said that he stood unfalteringly for the old order. He said he desired to be considered as a conservative candidate, indorsing the conservative announcement of principles, and that he was particularly opposed to the recall of judges and to the extension of the primary, or direct election system, to United States senators. He placed himself on the Constitution, which he said had been good enough for the Fathers and was good enough for him, announced himself in favor of an adequate revision of the tariff and for corporation regulation, and commended himself to all those who desired to uphold the stability of American institutions.

Woodrow Wilson followed. He took a radical stand. He said that he believed in the extension of popular government to its fullest representative limit, was for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, denounced the protective system, recognized the trend of the times, and held that real government must be democratic government, government of the people, whom he was willing to serve as executive head and aid in extending the theories enunciated by the radical committee.

Then came Theodore Roosevelt. "Bully!" he said. "I accept! Down with the bosses! I believe the people should rule, and with the people ruling and myself ruling the people, the combination will be irresistible and the cause of popular government far advanced. I favor all the pronouncements of the radical declaration of principles, and shall add several of my own as the campaign proceeds. I am for the people. All I ask in return is that the people shall be for me."

Judson Harmon followed conservatively in the wake of President Taft. It was Mr. Harmon's idea that the institutions of this country can better be preserved in their integrity by the judicious selection by judicious men of officials to govern them, than by allowing the people, who have an ill-considered idea of what they want and are likely to be led astray by specious theories, to do the selecting. He was for popular government, of course, but with reasonable limitations based on an adequate conception of what the people should have, rather than a hurried acquiescence in what they want; and he failed to see merit in many of the contentions of the radicals, while, at the same time, he was unable to indorse, *in toto*, the conservative platform. On the whole, though, he was content to ally himself with the conservatives and await the verdict of the convention with equanimity.

Champ Clark picked out several propositions from each platform and welded them into a composite acceptance of the plan for himself, and Oscar Underwood largely favored the conservative side and so declared himself. The others presented various views, most of them wabbling considerably, and the issue was declared to be joined. Senator La Follette was definitely radical.

The radical and conservative national committees met in Chicago during the week before the conventions, and made final arrangements. All contests that had been filed were abandoned, and it was decided to allow the contesting delegations to take seats with those who had credentials, and divide on radical and conservative lines on the first roll-call. This would increase the size of the conventions considerably, for, in the case of the Republican contestants, most of those contesting were Roosevelt delegates who were expected to join, largely, with the radicals. Still, it was argued that, as these conventions were to be popular conventions in

"MAYOR GAYNOR AND A LEADING OIL MERCHANT PERSONALLY MET THE PRESIDENT AT THE TRAIN AND CONDUCTED HIM TO WALL STREET, WHERE MR. TAFT WITH MUCH SPIRIT ADDRESSED A LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC THRONG OF BROKERS"

the strictest sense of the term, it would make no difference how large the conventions were — the larger the better.

This last week was one of tremendous excitement in the United States. The political revolution so long predicted was at hand. The people divided into radical and conservative groups almost automatically, and the entire country was given over to political discussion. Here and there men wailed about the decadence of the Republic and issued warnings to their fellow citizens; but the majority of their fellow citizens paid no attention to them, and on the Thursday before the conventions the crowds began coming to Chicago.

Oddly enough, there was no bitterness or political enmity between the radical and the conservative leaders. They worked in harmony and held frequent consultations. All proceeded on the theory that there need be no fighting before the nominations, for one side was as anxious as the other to get the new movement under way. It was decided that, as this was a departure in politics, the men who had accepted the provisions of the two platforms and had announced themselves as candidates should be invited to come to Chicago and appear before the delegates. This was another innovation, for under the old régime avowed candidates usually remained away from the convention city.

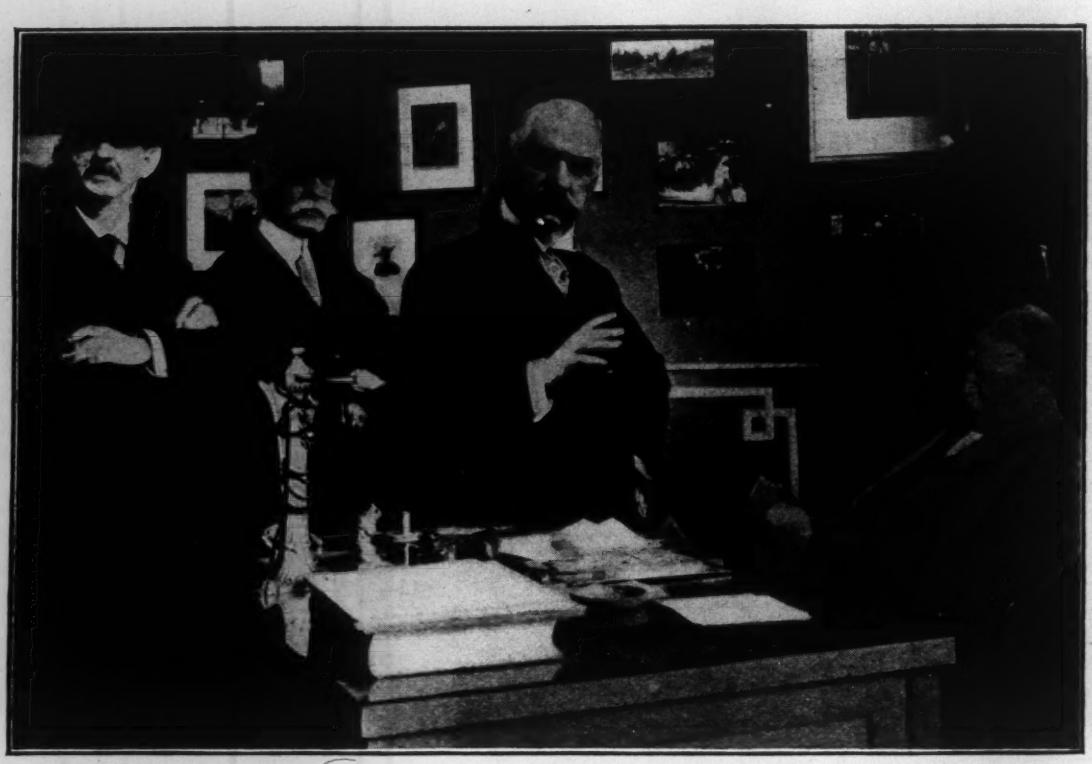
Letters of invitation were sent to all candidates. The necessity of their appearance was impressed on them. All accepted the invitations and promised to be there. The crowds grew greater in Chicago. By Monday the city was jammed. All preparations had been made. The big Coliseum was decorated and the seats were in order. The demand for tickets was unprecedented. The hotel lobbies were congested with men from all parts of the country eagerly discussing the revolution, and in most cases indorsing it as the only way the politics of the country could be brought to a rational, logical basis.

The candidates were all in Chicago by Monday night. The friends of one or two of them started to open headquarters, but were told by the committees that headquarters were unnecessary. The candidates were visited by many people, and spent their time mostly in shaking hands. They had little to say, because, really, there was nothing they could say. They had no idea what the outcome would be, nor had many of the delegates; for no slates were made, and the discussion of the available leaders was entirely tentative.

The convention was to open at noon on Tuesday. Early that morning the crowds began to go to the hall. By ten o'clock all the galleries and the space not actually reserved for dele-

"THE COLONEL JUMPED TO HIS FEET. SPEAKING DIRECTLY AT WILSON, HE SHOUTED: RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT, YOU CAN BE

'DELIGHTED! ABSOLUTELY BULLY! MY DEAR WOODROW, WHILE I AM IN WASHINGTON RUNNING AROUND THE COUNTRY RAISING CAIN!'"



"AFTER CONSULTATION WITH HIS FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS, PRESIDENT TAFT ISSUED A STATEMENT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE IN WHICH HE SAID THAT HE STOOD UNFALTERINGLY FOR THE OLD ORDER"

gates was packed with spectators. During the morning some friends of Mr. Taft had put out buttons which read: "For President, William H. Taft. He stands for the Constitution." These were quite numerous among the delegates. A band played quicksteps in the gallery, but there was little noise among the crowds. They were quiet, as if impressed with the great significance of the event.

The press stand filled rapidly. Presently the delegates began to come in and seek their places. The seats for delegates had been arranged in two divisions. Two sets of State and Territory standards had been prepared, one for the seats on the right-hand side of the center aisle and the other for the seats on the left-hand side. This allowed the delegates originally selected as Democrats and Republicans to sit in compact bodies until the grand division should come.

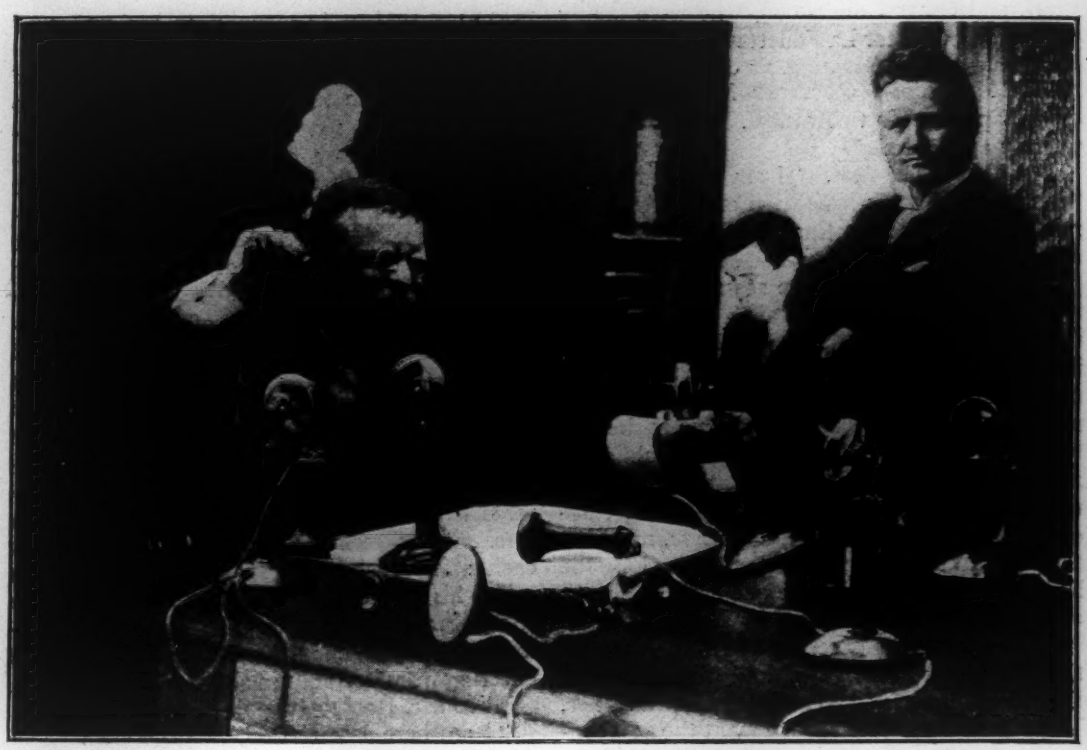
Counting contestants, there were seats for approximately three thousand delegates. The number on the Republican side was far greater than that on the Democratic side, inasmuch as there had been many Roosevelt contestants.

Old-time political leaders appeared. They walked to their seats without the usual accompaniment of cheers. The band played vigorously, but the spectators were quiet. It was the strangest, the most earnest convention gathering this country had ever seen. There were twenty thousand people in the hall, but the usual clatter and clash of convention preliminaries were absent.

Just at noon the chairman of the radical committee, who had been selected at a joint meeting of both committees for temporary chairman of the preliminary combined convention, rapped for order. A minister prayed that the delegates might be guided wisely in their deliberations, and the temporary chairman briefly explained the meaning of the gathering.

"In order," he said, "that the delegates may have the fullest opportunity for deciding on the claims of the various candidates, it has been arranged to present them to the joint convention, and to allow each one ten minutes to announce his acceptance of the new order."

An aisle had been left clear to the back of the stage on which the committeemen sat. After the lists of temporary officials, clerks, secretaries, and what not, had been read and adopted, the temporary chairman waved a handkerchief. Every delegate and every spectator rose. Two men could be seen coming down the aisle from the rear of the stage. The big hall was quiet.



"DURING THE CAMPAIGN THE COLONEL WAS, AS USUAL, ACTIVE, AND AT TIMES EVEN HELD CONFERENCES WITH SENATOR LA FOLLETTE"

Every eye was turned to the clear space on the stage. The two men advanced. They were arm in arm.

After half a minute of this stillness, a woman in the gallery shrieked:

"It's Teddy!"

"And Taft!" roared a husky delegate who sat near the front on the Republican side.

Instantly the band began to play "Hail to the Chief"; but the music was drowned in the sudden crash of cheers. Men waved handkerchiefs and women waved parasols. The delegates jumped up on their chairs. The cheering was a tremendous bellow of indeterminate sound that rolled and rocked through the hall and broke against the walls.

At the end of a minute or two the cheering had clarified itself. The Roosevelt partizans roared for "Teddy!" for a moment, and then the Taft supporters chimed in. It was not long before the cheers came at regular intervals, the shrill cries for Roosevelt alternating with the rolling approval of Taft. The delegates who had been elected as Democrats were as clamorous for their favorite of the two as the former Republicans. The cheers rose and fell, died away, and began again. In the semi-quiet intervals the band could be heard playing frantically at national airs.

Taft and Roosevelt, still arm in arm,— Taft looking intensely serious and Roosevelt with a broad smile,— walked to the front of the platform. They bowed to each other, and then to the convention. The cheers rose in volume. They stood side by side for a few minutes, and then both raised quieting hands. Presently the delegates began to get down from their chairs and the spectators stopped cheering.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said the temporary chairman, "I have the honor to present to you Mr. William H. Taft, President of the United States, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, former President of this country."

There was more cheering, but it lasted only a minute or two. Then Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt sat down in the front row, and two other men were seen coming down the rear of the stage. These came arm in arm also, but advanced more rapidly. One was a gray-mustached, broad-shouldered, burly man, and the other a slim, spectacled, wiry person.

"Harmon and Wilson!" shouted a deep-voiced man.

The delegates rose and cheered, and so did the spectators, but the noise was in no such volume as that for Taft and Roosevelt. Harmon and Wilson were introduced, and then came Champ

Clark and Oscar Underwood, who were loudly acclaimed. Senator La Follette came alone, and had a tumultuous greeting, as did Mayor Gaynor of New York, Governor Marshall of Indiana, and one or two others. They were all warmly applauded.

Mr. Taft spoke first. "I am here," he said, "in response to the invitation of the two committees who are directing this convention. I appear before you as a candidate for the nomination for President from the so-called conservative delegates. While I retain a deep affection for the Republican party and have great pride in the glorious achievements of that party, I recognize the trend of the times and consider it my duty to uphold what seem to me to be the fundamental principles of this Republic by allying myself with the conservative forces. I realize that both the Republican and Democratic parties stand for nothing *per se*, and that the political division of this country is along the lines of conservatism on the one hand and radicalism on the other. I am a conservative."

There was great cheering at this. Many of the Republican delegates and many of the Democrats rose and shouted approval. Mr. Taft then sketched his idea of what the new conservative party stood for, indicated his willingness to be that party's candidate, and gave way to Colonel Roosevelt.

The Colonel stepped forward on the platform. Instantly all the Republican contestants who had been seated, many of the Republican regular delegates, and a good share of the Democrats, especially from the far West and the South, rose and began to shout. It was noticeable that the New York delegates on both sides remained seated, and most of the delegates from New England.

After two or three minutes of cheering, a delegate from Illinois tore up his State standard and waved it over his head. "Come on, boys!" he screamed. "Come on and show 'em!" Other delegates on both sides grabbed their State standards, and Roosevelt partizans followed behind these leaders. They jammed into the center aisle, and wound down and around the hall, a screaming, cheering, unformed parade; and as each standard-bearer passed the platform he raised his standard to Mr. Roosevelt, while the cheers broke out afresh. Mr. Taft sat uncomfortably and watched the demonstration. The cheering wore itself out in about fifteen minutes.

Then Mr. Roosevelt spoke.

"I am here as a radical," he snapped. The radicals greeted this statement with another

"DURING HIS WESTERN CAMPAIGNING HE WAS ACCOMPANIED MUCH OF THE TIME BY HIS FRIEND MR. BRYAN, WHO HAD TURNED THE WHOLE ARTILLERY OF THE 'COMMONER' LOOSE IN THE COLONEL'S SUPPORT"

Continued on page 68 of the advertising section

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

What happened in preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, a country-bred youth, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, is left a fortune of £700,000. He makes up his mind to go to London and become a gentleman, and sets forth on his journey; but before he has gone far he comes to a wood where he finds lying unconscious a young girl who had been thrown from her horse. A court gallant, Sir Mortimer Carnaby, who arrives on the scene at about the same time, disputes with Barnaby about the lady, and Barnaby knocks Sir Mortimer down. Then, lifting the girl in his arms, Barnaby carries her to a near-by brook, where he revives her and escorts her to the gates of her home, Annesley House. He leaves her without remembering to ask her name. While he is regretting this omission, it occurs to him that his own name, Barty, lacks distinction, and he decides to take his mother's name, Beverley. Proceeding on his way, he meets a former Captain of Lord Nelson and his Bo'sun, and accompanies the latter on an errand to the Captain's nephew, a young lord whose father has put him in the stocks because he refuses to give up horse-racing. The two youths immediately become friends, and as soon as the Captain's nephew is released, they start for London together.

Of a Peripatetic Conversation

"SIR," said his lordship, after they had gone some way in silence, "you are thoughtful — not to say devilish grave!"

"And you," retorted Barnabas, "have sighed — three times."

"No, did I, though? Why, then, to be candid, I detest saying 'Good-bye'! And I have been devoutly wishing for two pair of muffles; for, sir, I have taken a prodigious liking to you, but ——"

"But?" enquired Barnabas.

"Some time since you mentioned the names of two men, champions both — ornaments of the fancy — great fighters of unblemished reputation."

"You mean my — er — that is, Natty Bell and John Barty."

"Precisely! You claim to have — boxed with them, sir?"

"Every day!" nodded Barnabas.

"With both of them — I understand?"

"With both of them."

"Hum!"

"Sir," said Barnabas, growing suddenly polite, "do you doubt my word?"

"Well," answered his lordship, with his whimsical look, "I'll admit I could have taken it easier had you named only one; for surely, sir, you must be aware that these were masters of the fist — the greatest since the days of Jack Broughton and Mendoza."

"I knew each had been champion,— but it would almost seem that I have entertained angels unawares! — and I boxed with both because they happened to live together."

"Then, sir," said the Viscount, extending his hand in his frank, impetuous manner, "you are blest of the gods. I congratulate you; and, incidentally, my desire for muffles grows apace — you must positively put 'em on with me at the first opportunity."

"Right willingly, sir," said Barnabas.

"But, deuce take me!" exclaimed the Viscount, "if we are to become friends,— which I sincerely hope,— we ought at least to know each other's names. Mine, sir, is Bellasis — Horatio Bellasis. I was named Horatio after Lord Nelson; consequently my friends generally call me Tom, Dick, or Harry; for, with all due respect to his lordship, Horatio is a very devil of a name, now isn't it? Pray what's yours?"

"Barnabas — Beverley — at your service."

"Barnabas. Hum! Yours isn't much better. Egad! I think 'tis about as bad. Barnabas! No, I'll call you Bev, on condition that you make mine Dick. What d'ye say, my dear Bev?"

"Agreed, Dick," answered Barnabas, smiling; whereupon they stopped, and, having very solemnly shaken hands, went on again, merrier than ever.

"Now, what," enquired the Viscount suddenly — "what do you think of marriage, my dear Bev?"

"Marriage!" repeated Barnabas, staring.

"Marriage!" nodded his lordship airily. "Matrimony, Bev — wedlock, my dear fellow?"

"Indeed, I have never had occasion to think of it."

"Fortunate fellow!" sighed his companion.

"Until — this morning!" added Barnabas, as his fingers encountered a small, soft, lacey bundle in his pocket.

"Un — fortunate fellow!" sighed the Viscount, shaking his head. "So you, too, are haunted by the grim spectre, are you? Ah, my dear fellow! many a bright and promising career has been blighted, sapped, snapped off, and — er — ruthlessly devoured by the ravenous maw of marriage. And yet," — here the Viscount sighed again,— "I do not quarrel with the state — for marriage has often proved a — er — 'very present help in time of trouble,' Bev."

"Trouble?" repeated Barnabas.

"Money troubles, my dear Bev — pecuniary unpleasantnesses — debts, and duns, and devilish things of that kind."

"But surely," said Barnabas, "no man — no honourable man — would marry and burden a woman with debts of his own contracting?"

At this the Viscount looked at Barnabas somewhat askance, and fell to scratching his chin.

"Of course," said he, somewhat hurriedly, "I shall have all the money I need — more than I shall need — some day."

"You mean," enquired Barnabas, "when your father dies?"

Here the Viscount's smooth brow clouded suddenly.

"Sir," said he, "we will not mention — that contingency. My father is a great Roman, I'll admit, but, 'twixt you and me, I — well, I'm devilish fond of him, and, strangely enough, I prefer to have him Romanly alive, and my purse empty, than to possess his money, and have him dea— Oh, let's talk of something else — Carnaby, for instance."

"Yes," nodded Barnabas; "your friend Carnaby."

"Well, then, in the first place, I think I hinted to you that I owe him twelve thousand pounds?"

"Twelve thousand! Indeed, no; it was only one when you mentioned it to me last."

"Was it so? But then, d'ye see, Bev, we were a good two miles nearer my honored Roman when I mentioned the matter before, and trees sometimes have ears; consequently I — er — kept it down a bit, my dear fellow — I kept it down a bit."

"You led your father to believe it was only one thousand, then?"

"I did, Bev. You see, money seems to make him so *infernally* Roman; and I've been going the pace a bit these last six months. There's another thousand to Jerningham — but he can wait. Then there's six hundred to my tailor — deuce take him!"

"Six hundred!" exclaimed Barnabas, aghast.

"Though I won't swear it isn't seven. Then, let's see; there's another three hundred and fifty to my coach-builders — how much does that make, Bev?"

"Thirteen thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds!"

"'I SAW HIM STRUGGLING AND TRYING TO KISS HER, AND HEARD HER CRY OUT'"

"So much — deuce take it! And that's not all, you know."

"Not?"

"No, Bev; I dare say I could make you up another three or four hundred or so if I were to rake about a bit — but thirteen thousand is enough to go on with, thank you!"

"Thirteen thousand pounds is a lot of money — to owe!" said Barnabas.

"Yes," answered the Viscount, scratching his chin again; "though, mark me, Bev, it might be worse. As it is, Bev, the case lies thus: unless I win the race on the tenth,— I've backed myself heavily, you'll understand,— unless I win, I am between the deep sea of Matrimony and the devil of old Jasper Gaunt."

"And who is Jasper Gaunt?"

"Oh, delicious innocence! Who is Jasper Gaunt? you ask. Ask it but in a whisper at Almack's, or White's, or Brooke's; and my lord this, that, or t'other shall tell you pat and to the point in no measured terms. Ask it of gaunt debtors in the prisons, of haggard toilers in the streets, of pale-faced women and lonely widows; and they'll tell you, one and all, that Jasper Gaunt is the harshest, most merciless blood-sucker that ever battened and grew rich on the poverty and suffering of his fellow men — and — oh, here we are!"

Saying which, his lordship abruptly turned aside down an unexpected and very narrow side lane, where, screened behind three great trees, was a small inn or hedge tavern with a horse-trough before the door, and a sign whereon was the legend, "The Spotted Cow," with a representation of that quadruped below — surely the very spottiest of spotted cows that ever adorned an inn sign!

"Not much to look at, my dear Bev," said the Viscount, with a wave of his hand towards the inn, "but it's kept by an old sailor, a shipmate of the Bo'sun's, and I can at least promise you a good breakfast, and the ale you will find excellent. But first I want to show you a very small demon of mine — a particularly diminutive fiend. This way, my dear fellow."

So, by devious ways, the Viscount led Barnabas round to the back of the inn, and across a yard to where, beyond a gate, was a rickyard, and beyond that again a small field or paddock. Now, within this paddock, the admired of a group of gaping rustics, was the very smallest groom Barnabas had ever beheld; for, from the top of his leather postillion's hat to the soles of his small top-boots, he could not have measured more than four feet at the very most.

"There he is, Bev — behold him!" said the Viscount, with his whimsical smile — "the very smallest fiend — the most diminutive demon — that ever wore top-boots!"

The small groom was engaged in walking a fine blood-horse up and down the paddock — or, rather, the horse was walking the groom: for, the animal being very tall and powerful, and much given to divers startings, snortings, and tossings of the head, it thus befell that, to every step the diminutive groom marched on terra firma, he took one in mid-air; at which times, swinging pendulum-like, he poured forth a stream of invective that the most experienced hostler, guard, or coachman might well have envied — and all in a voice so gruff, so hoarse and guttural, despite his tender years, as filled the listening rustics with much apparent awe and wonder.

"And he can't be a day older than fourteen, my dear Bev," said the Viscount, with a complacent nod, as they halted in the perfumed shade of an adjacent rick. "Egad! he's the most remarkable boy that ever wore livery — the sharpest, the gamest. I picked him up in London — a ragged urchin. Caught him picking my pocket. Been with me ever since — and I wouldn't part with him for his weight in gold."

"Picking your pocket!" said Barnabas. "Hum!"

The Viscount looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"Why, you see, my dear fellow," he explained, "he was so — so deuced — small, Bev, — a wretched little pale-faced, shivering atom peeping up at me over a ragged elbow, waiting to be thrashed; and I liked him because he didn't snivel, and he was too insignificant for prison — so, when he told me how hungry he was, I forgot to cuff his shrinking, dirty little head, and suggested a plate of beef at one of the *à la mode* shops.

"'Beef?' says he.

"'Yes, beef,' says I. 'Could you eat any?'

"'Beef!' says he again. 'Couldn't I! Why, I could eat a ox whole, I could!'

"So I naturally dubbed him Milo of Crotona on the spot."

"And has he ever tried to pick your pocket since?"

"No, Bev. You see, he's never hungry nowadays. Gad!" said the Viscount, taking Barnabas by the arm, "that postillion's livery was a stroke of genius. I've set the fashion in grooms, Bev. Half the fellows at White's and Almack's are wild to get that very small demon of mine. But he isn't to be bought or bribed or stolen; for what there is of him is faithful, Bev. And now, come in to breakfast."

So saying, the Viscount led Barnabas across the yard to a certain wing or offshoot of the inn, where, beneath a deep, shadowy gable, was a

door. Yet here he must needs pause a moment to glance down at himself, to settle a ruffle and adjust his hat, ere, lifting the latch, he ushered Barnabas into a kitchen. A kitchen, indeed? Aye, but such a kitchen! Surely wood was never whiter, nor pewter more gleaming, than in this kitchen; surely no flagstones ever glowed a warmer red; surely oak panelling never shone with a mellower lustre; surely no viands could look more delicious than the great joint upon the polished sideboard, flanked by the crisp loaf and the yellow cheese; surely no flowers could ever bloom fairer or smell sweeter than those that overflowed the huge punch-bowl at the window and filled the Uncle Toby jugs upon the mantel; surely nowhere could there be, at one and the same time, such dainty orderliness and comfortable comfort as in this kitchen! Indeed, the historian is bold to say that within no kitchen in this world were all things in such a constant state of winking, twinkling, gleaming, and glowing purity, from the very legs of the oaken table and chairs to the hacked and battered old cutlass above the chimney, as in this selfsame kitchen of the Spotted Cow.

And yet — and yet! Sweeter, whiter, warmer, purer, and far more delicious than anything in this kitchen (or out of it) was she who had started to her feet so suddenly, and now stood with blushing cheeks and hurried bosom, gazing, shy-eyed, upon the young Viscount, all dainty grace from the ribbons in her mob-cap to the slender buckled shoe peeping out beneath her print gown; and Barnabas, standing between them, saw her flush reflected, as it were, for a moment in the Viscount's usually pale cheek.

"Oh, my lord!" she exclaimed, and stopped.

"Did we startle you, Clemency?" said the Viscount. "Forgive me, but I — that is, we — are hungry, ravenous — er — this is a friend of mine, Mr. Beverley — Mistress Clemency Dawe. And oh, Clemency, I've had no breakfast!"

But, seeing she yet stood with head averted, the Viscount, with a freedom born of long acquaintance, yet with a courtly deference also, took the hand that hung so listless, and looked down into the flushed beauty of her face, and, as he looked, beheld a great tear that crept upon her cheek.

"Why, Clemency!" he exclaimed, his raillery gone, his voice suddenly tender. "Clemency, you're crying! My dear girl, what is it?"

Now, beholding her confusion, and because of it, Barnabas turned away and walked to the other end of the kitchen; and there it chanced that he spied two objects that lay beneath the table, and stooping forthwith he picked them up. They were small and insignificant enough in themselves, yet he frowned darkly none the less as he slipped them into his pocket.

"Come now, Clemency," persisted the Viscount gently, "what is wrong?"

"Nothing — indeed, nothing, my lord."

"Aye, but there is! See how red your eyes are; they quite spoil your beauty ——"

"Beauty!" she cried. "Oh, my lord, even you!"

"Why — what have I said? You are beautiful, you know, Clem, and ——"

"Beauty!" she cried again, and turned upon him with clenched hands and dark eyes aflame. "I hate it — oh, I hate it!" And with the words she stamped her foot passionately, and, turning, sped away, banging the door behind her.

"Now, upon my soul!" said the Viscount, taking off his hat and ruffling up his auburn locks. "Of all the amazing, contradictory creatures in the world, Bev! I never knew her like this before. I wonder what the deuce ——"

But, at this juncture, a door at the farther end of the kitchen opened, and a man entered. He, like the Bo'sun, was merry of eye, breezy of manner, and hairy of visage; but there all similarity ended, for whereas the Bo'sun was a square man, this man was round — round of head, round of face, and round of eye. At the sight of the Viscount, his round face expanded in a genial smile that widened until it was lost in whisker.

"Lord love me, my lord, and is it you?" he exclaimed, clasping the hand the Viscount had extended. "Now, from what that imp of a b'y, — axing his parding,— your groom, Mr. Milo, told me, I were to expect you at nine sharp — and here it be nigh on to ——"

"True, Jack; but then, both he and I reckoned without my father. My father had the bad taste to — er — disagree with me; hence I am late, Jack; and breakfastless, and my friend, Mr. Beverley, is as hungry as I. Bev, my dear fellow, this is a very old friend of mine — Jack Truslove, who fought under my uncle at Trafalgar."

"Servant, sir!" says Jack, saluting Barnabas.

"The *Belisarius*, Seventy-four!" smiled Barnabas.

"Aye, aye," says Jack, with a shake of his round head — "the poor old *Bully Sawyer*. But, Lord love me! if you be hungry ——"

"Devilish!" said the Viscount. "But first, Jack, what's amiss with Clemency?"

"Clemency! Why, where be that niece o' mine?"

"She's run away, Jack. I found her in tears, and I had scarce said a dozen words to her when — hey, presto! She's off and away."

"There," says Jack, rolling his round head

"THE SMALL GROOM WAS ENGAGED IN WALKING A FINE BLOOD-HORSE UP AND DOWN THE PADDOCK—OR, RATHER, THE HORSE WAS WALKING THE GROOM"

knowingly, "it be naught but a touch o' love, my lord."

"Love!" exclaimed the Viscount sharply.

"Ah, love. Nieces is difficult craft, and very apt to be took all aback by the wind o' love, as you might say. I aren't observed this here niece, this Clem o' mine, fair weather and foul, wi'out l'arning the kind o' craft nieces be. Consequent, when you tell me she weeps and likewise sighs, then I make bold to tell you she's got a touch o' love—and you can lay to that, my lord."

"Love!" exclaimed the Viscount again, and frowning this time. "Now, who the devil should she be in love with?"

"That, my lord, I can't say, not having yet observed. But now, by your leave, I'll pass the word for breakfast."

Hereupon the landlord of the Spotted Cow opened the lattice and sent a deep-lunged hail across the yard.

"Ahoy!" he roared. "Oliver, Penelope, Bess, breakfast ho!—breakfast for the Vis-

count — and friend. . . . They be all watching of that theer imp — axing his pardon — that theer groom o' yourn, my lord — what theer be of him, which, though small, ain't by no means to be despised, him being equally ready wi' his tongue as his fist."

Here entered two maids, both somewhat flushed with haste, but both equally bright of eye, neat of person, and light of foot, who very soon had laid a snowy cloth and duly set out thereon the beef, the bread and cheese, and a mighty ham, before which the Viscount seated himself forthwith, while their sailor host, more jovial than ever, pointed out its many beauties with an eloquent thumb; and so, having seen his guests seated opposite each other, he pulled his forelock at them, made a leg to them, and left them to their breakfast.

CHAPTER XI

In Which Fists are Clenched; and of a Selfish Man Who Was an Apostle of Peace

Our two young travellers, with a very proper respect for the noble fare before them, paid their homage to it in silence — but a silence that was eloquent none the less. At length, however, each spoke, and each with a sigh:

The Viscount. "The ham, my dear fellow!"

Barnabas. "The beef, my dear Dick!"

Having said which, they relapsed again into a silence, broken only by the occasional rattle of knife and fork.

The Viscount (hacking at the loaf). "It's a grand thing to be hungry, my dear fellow."

Barnabas (glancing over the rim of his tankard). "When you have the means of satisfying it — yes."

The Viscount (becoming suddenly abstracted and turning his piece of bread over and over in his fingers). "Now, regarding — Mistress Clemency, my dear Bev — what do you think of her?"

Barnabas (helping himself to more beef). "That she is a remarkably handsome girl!"

The Viscount (frowning at his piece of bread). "Hum! d'you think so?"

Barnabas. "Any man would — I'll trouble you for the mustard, Dick."

The Viscount. "Yes, I suppose they would."

Barnabas. "Some probably do — especially men with an eye for fine women."

The Viscount (frowning blacker thán ever). "Pray what might you mean by that?"

Barnabas. "Your friend Carnaby undoubtedly does."

The Viscount (starting). "Carnaby! Why, what the devil put him into your head? Carnaby's never seen her."

Barnabas. "Indeed, I think it rather more than likely."

The Viscount (crushing the piece of bread suddenly in his fist). "Carnaby! But, I tell you, he hasn't — he's never been near this place."

Barnabas. "There you are quite wrong."

The Viscount (flinging himself back in his chair). "Beverley, what the devil are you driving at?"

Barnabas. "I mean that he was here this morning."

The Viscount. "Carnaby! Here? Impossible! What under heaven should make you think so?"

"This!" said Barnabas, and held out a small crumpled piece of paper. The Viscount took it, glanced at it, and his knife clattered to the floor.

"Sixty thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, and sat staring down at the crumpled paper, wide-eyed. "Sixty thousand!" he repeated. "Is it sixty or six, Bev? Read it out." And he thrust the torn paper across to Barnabas, who, taking it up, read as follows:

"felicitate you upon your marriage with the lovely heiress Lady M., failing which I beg most humbly to remind you, my dear Sir Mortimer Carnaby, that the sixty thousand pounds must be paid back on the day agreed upon, namely, June 10.

"Your humble, obedient Servant,

"Jasper Gaunt."

"Jasper Gaunt!" exclaimed the Viscount. "Sixty thousand pounds! Poor Carnaby! Sixty thousand pounds payable on the tenth. Why, the tenth is the day of the race."

"And to-day is the first," mused Barnabas.

"If I should happen to win, it looks very much as though Carnaby would be ruined, Bev," said the Viscount.

"Unless he marries the lovely heiress!" added Barnabas.

"Hum!" said the Viscount, frowning. "I wish I'd never seen this cursed paper, Bev!" And as he spoke he crumpled it up and threw it into the great fireplace. "Where in the name of mischief did you get it?"

"It was in the corner yonder, under the table," answered Barnabas. "I also found this." And he laid a handsomely embossed coat-button on the table. "It has been wrenched off, you will notice."

"Yes," nodded the Viscount. "Torn off — do you think ——"

"I think," said Barnabas, putting the button back into his pocket, "that Mistress Clemency's tears are accounted for."

"By heaven, Beverley," said the Viscount, an ugly light in his eyes, "if I thought that ——!" And the hand upon the table became a fist.

"I think that Mistress Clemency is a match

for any man — or brute," said Barnabas, and drew his hand from his pocket. Now, the Viscount's fist was opening and shutting convulsively; the breath whistled between his teeth; he glanced towards the door, and made as though he would spring to his feet. But in that moment came a diversion; for — Barnabas drew his hand from his pocket, and, as he did so, something white fluttered to the floor close beside the Viscount's chair. Both men saw it, and both stooped to pick it up; but the Viscount, being nearer, reached it first — glanced at it — looked at Barnabas with a knowing smile — glanced at it again, was arrested by certain initials embroidered in one corner, stooped his head suddenly, inhaling its subtle perfume — and so handed it back to Barnabas, who took it with a word of thanks and thrust it into an inner pocket, while the Viscount stared at him under his drawn brows.

But Barnabas, all unconscious, proceeded to cut himself another slice of beef, proffering to do the same for the Viscount.

"Thank you — no," said he.

"What — have you done so soon?"

"Yes," said he, and thereafter sat watching Barnabas ply knife and fork — who presently, catching his eye, smiled.

"Pray," said the Viscount, after a smile — "pray are you acquainted with the Lady Cleone Meredith?"

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Have you ever met — the Lady — Cleone Meredith?"

"Never," answered Barnabas, innocent of eye.

Then, very quietly, the Viscount rose up out of the chair and leaned across the table.

"Sir," said he, "you are a most consummate liar!"

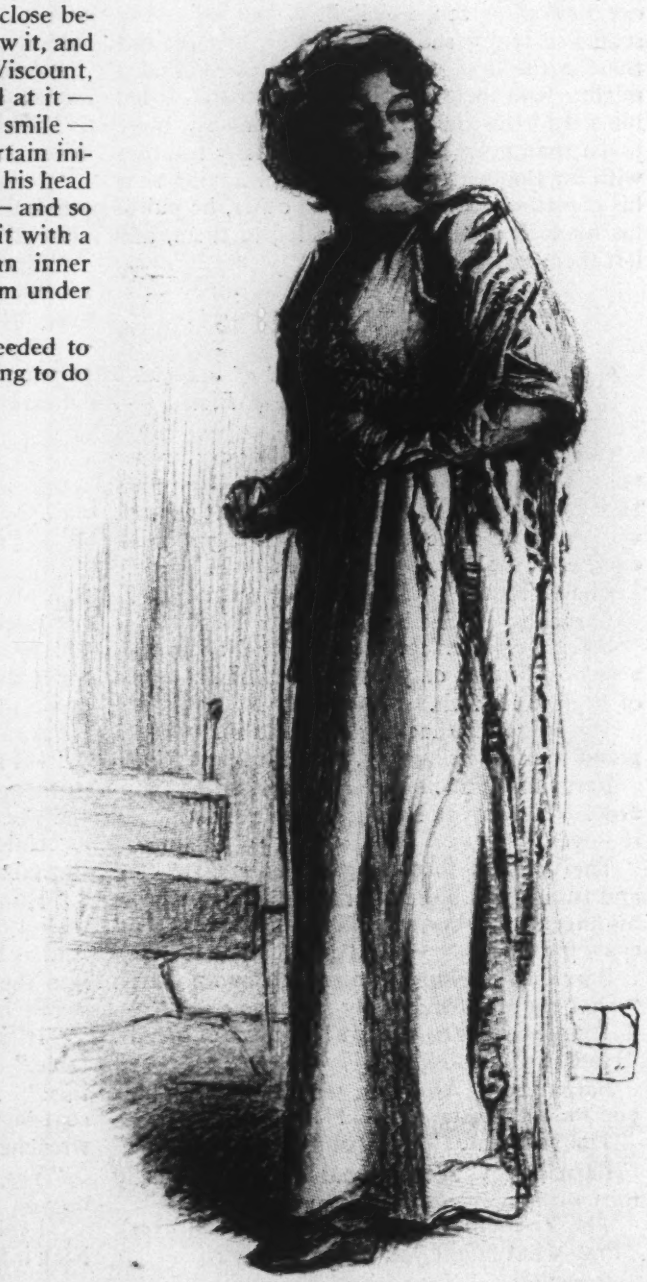
Hereupon Barnabas helped himself to the mustard with grave deliberation; then, leaning back in his chair, he smiled up into the Viscount's glowing eyes as politely, and with as engaging an air, as might be.

"My lord," said he gently, "give me leave to remark that he who says so — lies most foully." Having said which, Barnabas set down the mustard and bowed.

"Mr. Beverley," said the Viscount, regarding him calm-eyed across the table, "there is a place I know of near by — a very excellent place, being hidden by trees, a smooth, grassy place. Shall we go?"

"Whenever you will, my lord," said Barnabas, rising.

Forthwith, having bowed to each other and put on their hats, they stepped out into the yard, and so walked on side by side — a trifle



"'BEAUTY!' SHE CRIED. 'I HATE IT — OH, I HATE IT!' AND SHE STAMPED HER FOOT PASSIONATELY"

stiffer and more upright than usual, maybe — until they came to a stile. Here they must needs pause to bow once more, each wishful to give way to the other; and, having duly crossed the stile, they presently came to a place even as the Viscount had said, being shady with trees, and where a brook ran between steep banks. Here, having rolled up their shirt-sleeves, they bowed once more, and, coming to where the grass was very smooth and level, they faced each other with clenched fists.

"Mr. Beverley," said the Viscount, "you will remember I sighed for muffles; but, sir, I count this more fortunate, for to my mind there is nothing like bare fists, after all, to try a man's capabilities."

"My lord," said Barnabas, "you will also remember that when I told you I had boxed daily both with 'Glorious John' and Nathaniel Bell, you doubted my word; I therefore intend to try and convince you as speedily as may be."

"Egad!" exclaimed the Viscount, his blue eyes adance. "This is positively more than I had ventured to hope, my dear fel — Ah! Mr. Beverley — at your service, sir!"

And, after a season, Barnabas spoke, albeit pantingly, and dabbing at his bloody mouth the while.

"Sir," said he, "I trust — you are not — incommoded at all?"

Whereupon the Viscount, coming slowly to his elbow, and gazing round about him with an expression of some wonder, made answer, albeit also pantingly and short of breath:

"On the contrary, sir, am vastly — enjoying myself — shall give myself the pleasure — of continuing — just so soon as — the ground subsides a little."

Therefore Barnabas, still dabbing at his mouth, stepped forward, being minded to aid him to his feet; but, ere he could do so, a voice arrested him.

"Stop!" said the voice.

Now, glancing round, Barnabas beheld a man, a small man and slender, whose clothes, old and worn, seemed only to accentuate the dignity and high nobility of the face of the man. Bareheaded, he advanced towards them, and his hair glistened silver white in the sunshine, though his brows

were dark, like the glowing eyes below. Upon his cheek was the dark stain of blood, and on his lips was a smile ineffably sweet and gentle, as he came forward, looking from one to the other.

"And pray, sir," enquired the Viscount, sitting cross-legged upon the green, "pray who might you be?"

"I am an Apostle of Peace, young sir," answered the Stranger — "a teacher of forgiveness — though, doubtless, an unworthy one."

"Peace, sir!" cried the Viscount. "Deuce take me! — but you are the most warlike Apostle of Peace that eyes ever beheld. By your looks, you might have been fighting the Seven Champions of Christendom."

"Last night," pursued the Stranger, in his gentle voice, "I sought to teach the gospel of mercy and universal forgiveness at a country fair not so very far from here, and they drove me away with sticks and stones; indeed, I fear our rustics are sometimes woefully ignorant, and ignorance is always cruel. So to-day — as soon as the stiffness is gone from me — I shall go back to them, sirs — for even ignorance has ears."

Now, thereupon, the Viscount got upon his legs rather unsteadily, and bowed.

"Sir," said he, "I humbly ask your pardon; surely so brave an Apostle should do great works."

"Then," said the Stranger, drawing nearer, "if such is your thought, let me see you two clasp hands."

"But, sir, I went so far as to give this gentleman the lie!" demurred the Viscount.

"Which I went so far as to — return," said Barnabas.

"But surely the matter can be explained?" enquired the Stranger.

"Possibly!" nodded the Viscount — "though I generally leave explanations until — afterwards."

"Then," said the Stranger, glancing from one proud young face to the other, "in this instance — shake hands first. Hate and anger are human attributes, but to forgive is godlike. Therefore, now, forget yourselves, and in this thing be gods."

Now, as they looked upon each other, of a sudden, despite his split lip, Barnabas smiled, and in that same moment the Viscount held out his hand.

"Beverley," said he, as their fingers gripped, "after your most convincing — shall we say argument? — if you tell me you have boxed with all and every champion back to Mendoza, Jack Slack, and Broughton — egad! I'll believe you; for you have a devilish striking and forcible way with you at times, and I'm free to confess I like you better and better; but ——!"

"But?" enquired Barnabas.

"As regards the — handkerchief, now ——?"

"I found it — on a bramble-bush — in a wood," said Barnabas.

"In a wood!"

"In Annesley Wood. I found a lady there also — a very beautiful woman with wonderful yellow hair!"

"The Lady Cleone Meredith!" exclaimed the Viscount. "But in a — wood!"

"She had fallen from her horse."

"How? — when? Was she hurt?"

"How I can not tell you; but it happened about two hours ago, and her hurt was trifling."

"SETTLING HIS FEET MORE FIRMLY, HE TOOK A FRESH GRIP ON THE REINS; MILO OF CROTONA SAT IN THE RUMBLE".

"And you — found her?"

"I also saw her safely — out of the wood."

"And you did not know her name?"

"I quite — forgot to ask it," Barnabas admitted, "and I never saw her until this morning."

"Why, then, my dear Bev," said the Viscount, his brow clearing, "let us go back to breakfast — all three of us."

But now, turning about, they perceived that the Stranger was gone; yet, coming to the stream, they presently espied him, laving his hurts in the cool water.

"Sir," said Barnabas, "our thanks are due to you ——"

"And you must come back to the inn with us," added the Viscount; "the ham surpasses description."

"And I would know how you came to be an Apostle of Peace," said Barnabas.

"As to breakfast, young sirs," said the Stranger, shaking his head, "I thank you, but I have already assuaged my hunger; as to my story — well, 'tis not over-long, and indeed it is a story to think upon — a warning to heed. So, if you would listen to the tale of a selfish man, sit down here beside me and I'll tell you."

CHAPTER XII

Of the Stranger's Tale, Which, Being Short, the Historian Hopes May Perhaps Meet with the Reader's Kind Approbation

"SIRS," began the Stranger, speaking with bent head, "I once had — a daughter, and I loved her dearly; but my name was dearer yet. I was proud of her beauty, but prouder of my ancient name, for I was a selfish man.

"We lived in the country — a place remote and quiet, and consequently led a very solitary, humdrum life — because I was ever fond of books, and flowers, and the solitude of trees — a selfish man always. And so, at last, because she was young and high-spirited, she ran away from my lonely cottage with one who was a villain. And I grieved for her, young sirs, I grieved much and long — because I was lonely; but I grieved more for my name,— my honourable name that she had besmirched,— because, as I told you, I was a selfish man."

Again the Stranger was silent, sitting ever with bent head, staring down at the crystal waters of the brook; only he clasped his thin hands and wrung them as he continued:

"One evening, as I sat among my roses with a book in my hand, she came back to me through the twilight, and flung herself upon her knees before me, and besought my forgiveness with sobs and bitter, bitter tears. Ah, young sirs! I can hear her weeping yet — the sound of it is always in my ears. So she knelt to me in her abasement, with imploring hands stretched out to me — But I, sirs, being, as I say, a selfish man, and remembering only my proud and honourable name — I, her father, spurned her from me with reproaches and vile words — such burning, searing words as no daughter should hear or father utter.

"And so, weeping still, she turned away wearily, hopelessly, and I stood to watch her bowed figure till she had crept away into the evening and was gone.

"Thus, sirs, I drove her from me, this wounded lamb. I drove her from me — I who should have comforted and cherished her — I drove her out into the night with hateful words and bitter curses.

"Oh, was there ever sin like mine? Oh, self, self!

"In ancient times, sirs, when a man had committed some great sin, he lashed himself with cruel stripes. But, I tell you, no rod, no whip of many thongs, ever stung or bit so sharp and deep as remorse; it is an abiding pain. Therefore I walk these highways, preaching always forgiveness and forgetfulness of self, and so needs must I walk until my days be done or until — I find her again."

The Stranger rose suddenly, and so stood with bent head and very still; only his hands gripped and wrung each other. Yet, when he looked up, his brow was serene and a smile was on his lips.

"But you, sirs — you are friends again, and that is good, for friendship is a blessed thing; and you have youth and strength, and all things are possible to you, therefore. But oh! beware of self — take warning of a selfish man. Forget self; so may you each achieve great things.

"But, as for me, I never stand upon a country road when evening falls but I see her — a broken, desolate figure, creeping away from me — always away from me — into the shadows; and the sound of her weeping comes to me in the night silences."

So saying, the Stranger turned from them and went upon his way, limping a little because of his hurts, and his hair gleamed silver in the sunshine as he went.

CHAPTER XIII

In Which Barnabas Makes a Confession

"A VERY remarkable man!" said the Viscount, taking up his hat.

"And a very pitiful story!" said Barnabas thoughtfully.

"Though I could wish," pursued the Vis-

count, dreamy of eye, and setting his hat with a light tap on the crown — "yes, I do certainly wish that he hadn't interfered quite so soon; I was just beginning to — ah — enjoy myself."

"It must be a terrible thing to be haunted by remorse as bitter as his — to fancy her voice weeping in the night, and to see her creeping on into the shadows, always — away from him."

But now, having helped each other into their coats, they set off back to the inn.

"My ribs," said the Viscount, feeling that region of his person with tender solicitude as he spoke — "my ribs are infernally sore, Bev — though it was kind of you not to mark my face. I'm sorry for your lip, my dear fellow, but, really, it was the only opening you gave me. I hope it isn't painful?"

"Indeed, I had forgotten it," returned Barnabas.

"Then needs must I try to forget my bruised ribs," said the Viscount, making a wry face as he clambered over the stile. But here Barnabas paused to turn and look back at the scene of their encounter — quite deserted now, for the Stranger had long since disappeared in the green.

"Yes, a very remarkable man!" sighed Barnabas thoughtfully.

"And I beg you to remember," added the Viscount, "he said that you and I were ordained to be friends — and, by gad, I think he spoke truth, Bev."

"I feel sure of it, Viscount," Barnabas nodded.

"Furthermore, Bev, if you are Bev to me I must be Dick to you henceforth, amen, and so forth!"

"Agreed, Dick!"

"Then, my dear Bev?" said the Viscount impulsively.

"Yes, my dear Dick?"

"Suppose we shake hands on it?"

"Willingly, Dick; yet, first, I think it but honourable to tell you that I — love the Lady Cleone Meredith."

"Eh — what?" exclaimed the Viscount, falling back a step. "You love her? The devil you do! Since when?"

"Since this morning."

"Love her!" repeated the Viscount. "But you've seen her but once in your life."

"True," said Barnabas; "but then, I mean to see her many times henceforth."

"Ah, the deuce you do!"

"Yes," answered Barnabas. "I shall possibly marry her — some day."

The Viscount laughed, and frowned, and laughed again; then, noting the set of mouth and chin, grew thoughtful, and thereafter stood looking at Barnabas with a new and suddenly awakened interest. Who was he? What was he? From his clothes he might have been anything between a gentleman farmer and a gamekeeper. As for Barnabas himself, as he leaned there against the stile, with his gaze on the distance, his eyes adream, he had clean forgotten his awkward clothes and blunt-toed boots. And, after all, what can boots or clothes matter with man or woman when the face of their wearer is stamped with the serene yet determined confidence that marked Barnabas as he spoke?

"Marry — Cleone Meredith?" said the Viscount at last.

"Marry her — yes," said Barnabas slowly.

"Why, then," said the Viscount, "in the first place, let me tell you, she's devilish high and proud."

"'Tis so I would have her!" nodded Barnabas.

"And cursedly hard to please."

"So I should judge her," nodded Barnabas.

"And heiress to great wealth."

"No matter for that," said Barnabas.

"And full of whims and fancies."

"And therefore womanly," said Barnabas.

"My dear Beverley," said the Viscount, smiling again, "I tell you, the man who wins Cleone Meredith must be stronger, handsomer, richer, and more accomplished than any buck, Corinthian, or macaroni of 'em all."

"Or more determined!" added Barnabas.

"Or more determined, yes," nodded the Viscount.

"Then I shall certainly marry her — some day," said Barnabas.

Again the Viscount eyed Barnabas a while in silence; but this time, be it noted, he smiled no more.

"Hum!" said he at last. "So it seems, in finding a friend, I have also found myself another rival?"

"I greatly fear so," said Barnabas, and they walked on together. But when they had gone some distance in moody silence, the Viscount spoke.

"Beverley," said he, "forewarned is forearmed!"

"Yes," answered Barnabas; "that is why I told you."

"Then," said the Viscount, "I think we'll — shake hands — after all." The which they did forthwith.

Now it was at this moment that Milo of Crotona took it upon himself to become visible.

CHAPTER XIV

Of Milo of Crotona: of His Buttons and the Story He Told

NEVER did a pair of top-boots, big or little, shine with a lustre more resplendent; never was

postillion's jacket more excellent of fit, nattier, or more carefully brushed; and nowhere could there be found two rows of crested silver buttons with such an air of waggish roguery, so sly, so knowing, and so pertinaciously on the everlasting wink, as these same eight buttons that adorned the very small person of his groomship, Milo of Crotona. He had slipped out suddenly from the hedge, and stood, cap in hand, staring from the Viscount to Barnabas, and back again, with his innocent blue eyes, and with every blinking, twinkling button on his jacket. And his eyes were wide and guileless — the eyes of a cherub; but his buttons! Yea, forsooth, it was all in his buttons, as they winked slyly one to another, as much as to say: "Aha! we don't know why his lordship's buckskins are greened at the knees — not we! nor why the gent's lower lip is unduly swelled — Lord love your eyes and limbs — oh, no!"

"What, my imp of innocence!" exclaimed the Viscount, "where have you sprung from?"

"'Edge, m'lud."

"Ah, and what might you have been doing in the hedge, now?"

"Thinkin', m'lud."

"And what were you thinking?"

"I were thinkin', m'lud, as the tall gen'leman, here, is a top-sawyer wid 'is daddles, m'lud, I was."

"Aha! So you've been watching, eh?"

"Not watching — oh, no, m'lud. I just 'appened ter — notice — that's all, m'lud."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Viscount. "Then I suppose you happened to notice me being — knocked down?"

"No, m'lud. Ye see, I shut my eyes — every time."

"Every time, eh!" said his lordship, with his whimsical smile. "O Loyalty, thy name is Milo. But hallo!" he broke off, "I believe you've been fighting again. Come here."

"Fightin', m'lud? What, me?"

"What's the matter with your face? It's all swollen — there; your cheek."

"Swellin', m'lud! I don't feel no swellin'."

"No, no — the other cheek."

"Oh, this, m'lud! Oh, 'e done it, 'e did — but I weren't fightin'——"

"Who did it?"

"S' Mortimer's friend — 'e done it, 'e did."

"Sir Mortimer's friend?"

"Ah, 'im, m'lud."

"But how in the world ——"

"Wi' his fist, m'lud."

"What for?"

"'Cos I kicked 'im, I did."

"You — kicked Sir Mortimer Carnaby's friend!" exclaimed the Viscount. "What in heaven's name did you do that for?"

"'Cos you told me to, m'lud, you did."

"I told you to kick ——"

"Yes, m'lud, you did. You sez to me last week — arter I done up that butcher's boy — you sez to me, 'Don't fight 'cept you can't 'elp it,' you sez; 'but allus pertect the ladies,' you sez, 'an' if so be as 'e's too big to reach wid your fists — why, use your boots,' you sez. An' so I did, m'lud."

"So you were protecting a lady, were you, imp?"

"Miss Clemency ma'am — yes, m'lud. She's been good ter me, Miss Clemency ma'am 'as, an' so when I seen 'im strugglin', a-trying to kiss 'er — when I 'eared 'er cry out — I came in froo de winder, an' I kicked 'im, I did. An' then ——"

"Imp," said the Viscount gravely, "you are forgetting your aitches! And so Sir Mortimer's friend kissed her, did he? Mind your aitches, now!"

"Yes, m'lud; an' when hi seen the tears hin her heyes ——"

"Now you are mixing them, imp! — 'tears in her eyes' — well?"

"Why, then I kicked him, m'lud; an' he turned round an' give me this 'ere."

"And what was Sir Mortimer's friend like?"

"A tall, werry sleepy gentleman wot smiled, m'lud."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Viscount, starting; "and with a scar upon one cheek?"

"Yes, m'lud."

His lordship frowned. "That would be Chichester," said he thoughtfully. "Now I wonder what the devil should bring that fellow so far from London?"

"Well, m'lud," suggested Milo, shaking his golden curls, "I kind of s'pec's there's a woman at the bottom of it — there mostly generally is."

"Hum!" said the Viscount.

"'Sides, m'lud, I 'eared 'im talkin' 'bout a lady to S' Mortimer."

"Did they mention her name?"

"The sleepy one 'e did, m'lud. Jist as S' Mortimer climbed into the curricle. 'Here's wishing you luck wid the lovely Meredith,' 'e sez ——"

"Meredith!" exclaimed the Viscount.

"Meredith, m'lud; 'the lovely Meredith,' 'e sez. An' then, as he stood watching the curricle drive away, 'May the best man win,' sez 'e to himself — 'an' that's me,' sez 'e."

"Boy," said the Viscount, "have the horses put to — at once."

"Werry good, m'lud." And, touching his

small hat, Milo of Crotona turned and set off as fast as his small legs would carry him.

"Gad!" exclaimed his lordship, "this is more than I bargained for; I must be off."

"Indeed," said Barnabas, who for the last minute or so had been watching a man who was strolling idly up the lane — a tall, languid gentleman in a jaunty hat — "you seem, all at once, in a mighty hurry to get to London."

"London!" repeated the Viscount, staring blankly. "London? Oh — why, yes — to be sure, I was going to London; but — hum! — fact of the matter is, I've changed my mind about it, my dear Bev. I'm going — back. I'm following Carnaby."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, still intent upon the man in the lane. "Carnaby again."

"Oh, damn the fellow!" exclaimed the Viscount.

"But — he is your friend."

"Hum!" said the Viscount. "But Carnaby is always — Carnaby; and she ——"

"Meaning the Lady Cleone!" said Barnabas.

"Is a woman ——"

"The lovely Meredith!" nodded Barnabas.

"Exactly!" said the Viscount, frowning. "And Carnaby is the devil with women."

"But not this woman," answered Barnabas, frowning a little also.

"My dear fellow, men like Carnaby attract all women."

"That," said Barnabas, shaking his head, "that I can not believe."

"Have you known many women, Bev?"

"No," answered Barnabas; "but I have met the Lady Cleone ——"

"Once!" added the Viscount significantly.

"Once!" nodded Barnabas.

"Hum," said the Viscount.

"And therefore," said Barnabas, "I don't think that we need fear Sir Mortimer as a rival."

"That," retorted the Viscount, shaking his head, "is because you — don't know him — either."

Hereupon, having come to the inn and having settled their score, the Viscount stepped out to the stables, accompanied by the round-faced landlord, while Barnabas, leaning from the open casement, glared idly into the lane. And thus he once more beheld the gentleman in the jaunty hat, who stood glancing up and down the lane in the attitude of one who waits. He was tall and slender, and clad in a tight-fitting blue coat cut in the extreme of the prevailing fashion, and beneath his curly-brimmed hat Barnabas saw a sallow face with lips a little too heavy, nostrils a little too thin, and eyes a little too close together — at least, so Barnabas thought. But what he noticed more particularly was the fact that one of the buttons of the blue coat had been wrenched away.

Now, as the gentleman lounged there against a tree, he switched languidly at a bluebell that happened to grow within his reach — cut it down, and with gentle, lazy taps beat it slowly into nothingness; which done, he drew out his watch, glanced at it, frowned, and was in the act of thrusting it back when the hedge opposite was parted suddenly and a man came through. A wretched being he looked, dusty, unkempt, unshorn, and whose quick, bright eyes gleamed in the thin oval of his pallid face. At sight of this man the gentleman's lassitude vanished and he stepped quickly forward.

"Well," he demanded, "did you find her?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a cursed time you've been about it!"

"Annesley is further than I thought, sir, and ——"

"Pah! No matter — give me her answer"; and the gentleman held out a slim white hand.

"She had no time to write, sir," said the man, "but she bid me tell you ——"

"Damnation!" exclaimed the gentleman, glancing towards the inn. "Not here — come farther down the lane"; and with the word he turned and strode away, with the man at his heels.

"Annesley," said Barnabas, as he watched them go — "Annesley. I wonder ——"

But now, with a prodigious clatter of hoofs and grinding of wheels, the Viscount drove round in his curricle, and drew up before the door in masterly fashion; whereupon the two high-mettled bloods immediately began to rear and plunge (as is the way of their kind), to snort, to toss their sleek heads, and to dance, drumming their hoofs with a sound like a brigade of cavalry at the charge; whereupon the Viscount immediately fell to swearing at them, and his diminutive groom to roaring at them in his "stable voice," and the two hostlers to cursing them and each other; in the midst of which hubbub, out came Barnabas, to stare at them with the quick, appraising eye of one who knows and loves horses.

"Oh, there you are, Bev," cried the Viscount. "Jump up, my dear fellow — they're pulling my arms off!"

"Then you want me to come with you, Dick?"

"My dear fellow, of course. Quick — up with you."

Now, as Barnabas stepped forward, afar off up the lane he chanced to espy a certain jaunty hat; and immediately, acting for once upon impulse, he shook his head.

"No, thanks," said he.

"Eh — no?" repeated the Viscount. "But you shall see — Her. I'll introduce you myself."

"Thanks, Dick; but I've decided not to go back."

"What — you won't come, then?"

"No."

"Ah, well! We shall meet in London. Enquire for me at White's or Brooke's — any one will tell you where to find me. Goodbye!"

Then, settling his feet more firmly, he took a fresh grip upon the reins, and glanced over his shoulder to where Milo of Crotona sat, with folded arms, in the rumble.

"All right behind?"

"Right, m'lud!"

"Then — give 'em their heads; let 'em go!"

The grooms sprang away, the powerful bays reared once, twice, and then, with a thunder of hoofs, started away at a gallop that set the light vehicle rocking and swaying, yet which in no whit seemed to trouble Milo of Crotona, who sat upon his perch behind with folded arms, as stiff and steady as a small graven image, until he and the Viscount and the curricle had been whirled into the distance and vanished in a cloud of dust.

TO BE CONTINUED

"SING CUCCU NU"

BY

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

"SUMMER is icumen in, loud sing cuccu!"
Medieval singer, I am harking back to you —
You a ruddy Saxon man,
I a pale Chicagoan —
Centuries between us, but a bond of union, too!
Not your mellow English tongue — I twang it over-sharp;
Not your sturdy Saxon heart — the strain is raveled out:
Just a kinship of delight — ho, Laughter, strike the harp! —
Sets us both in song because the seasons turn about!
The spring was in your blood, man, as it quivers now in mine:
Every wind was wine to you,
The earth was all a-shine to you,
The very sloughs divine to you! —
Oh, I know every sign.
Would I might have skipped with you across the Kentish hills,
When boskages were gay with birds, and dells with daffodils!
Would you might be here with me, Chicago left behind,
And only song and sunshine in the cloisters of my mind!
Gone the streets and offices, the clatter and the soot!
Brightly winding by me a suburban river runs;
Haw trees getting green again; violets underfoot;
Luscious meadows gleaming with a million tiny suns;
Peepers trilling piercingly in every flooded cove;
Catbird at the river-bank mocking at the din;
Soloist rehearsing in the shadow of the grove —
Listen! It's the cuckoo, and the summer's coming in!

BE-DAD

BY

JOHN A. HEFFERNAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER

MANAGER MURPHY was plainly nervous. He sat on the bench, his hands deep in his pockets and his heels deep in the turf, chewing an unlighted cigar to pulp and glaring at Big Mandelbaum, who was at the bat. Mr. Mandelbaum, a tower of strength in the pitcher's box, was notoriously and outrageously weak with the stick. And it was tough luck to have him facing the twirler when there were two out and two on the bags and you needed just three tallies in your slice of the ninth inning to win. At least, so things shaped up in the mind of Manager Murphy.

It looked like butter-scotch for the home nine. The bleachers and the grand stand were stirring with that agitation that precedes the rushing exodus at the end of the game. Madigan put a beauty right over the plate, at which Mr. Mandelbaum slashed furiously and futilely just as it plugged into the catcher's mitt. A huge "Ha-ha!" bristling with hilarious derision, came from the grand stand, and every bristle entered Manager Murphy's soul.

Just then Be-dad arrived. He was little and mangy and wire-haired, and he had chin-whiskers like a Galway man. Whence came he? Heaven knows. But out from the bleachers he scurried, his tail between his legs, and across the field he skedaddled, straight for Mike Tracy crouching on the coach line.

"It's a mascot, be-dad! Lam it, ye kike!" screeched Tracy, just as a swift one slipped out of Madigan's fingers.

And did Mr. Mandelbaum "lam" it? Did it shoot high into the pallid evening blue and out

into deepest and darkest left field? And did Ryan and Schwartz blow gently home and Mandelbaum make the grand tour on an easy trot? All these things he and it and they did.

And Manager Murphy? Manager Murphy, with one arm full of dog and the other around the neck of the big pitcher, wept tears of joy as he cried in his ecstasy:

"Oh, Bennie! Oh, Bennie! I forgive ye for bein' a Jew!"

"Chop it off!" yelled Mike Tracy, who stood behind him. "'Twas the Irish did it. Isn't he the fine-lookin' four-leaved Kerry horseshoe?" he demanded, as he rescued the terrier from Murphy's embrace. "Do ye know what he barked to me, Dutchie, when he leapt into me arms?"

"No. What?" asked Schwartz seriously.

"'Erin go bragh and to hell with the Dutch!'" replied Tracy, with a grin; and then he ducked quickly, for, if the little catcher was slow of speech, he was quick on the throw, and his hurtling mitt just grazed the big first-baseman's lowered head.

Thus was Be-dad installed, or thus did he install himself, as premier mascot of the Gymnastics. From the first there was never any question as to his name; Tracy had bestowed it on him on the field of his first success, and it stuck to him like his tail. Under his benign influence the Gyms began to prosper. From sixth place they clambered to fifth; from fifth to fourth; three straight in St. Louis gave them third, and two out of three in Boston set them marching right behind the captain.

It was on the jump from Boston to Chicago that Be-dad was seriously offended. Tracy, who was his particular chum, managed to slip him by the Pullman conductor and into a berth. Be-dad behaved with great discretion, making no noise at all, but curling up silently and dropping into slumber. The negro porter caught a glimpse of him, but so awed was he in the presence of so many baseball stars of the first magnitude that he forgot to mention it to the conductor for a long time. Meantime, at Albany the Boston section had been tailed on to the Chicago express from New York, and a new conductor had taken over the sleeping-cars. It was one o'clock in the morning when this functionary awakened Tracy from a sound but not soundless slumber, and Mike, raising himself up in the berth, rested the point of his elbow on Be-dad's tail. Be-dad, in two staccato syllables, remarked that he couldn't stand for that.

"What's the matter?" Tracy asked, sticking his head through the curtains.

"THEY SUGGESTED RAPHAELESQUE CHERUBIM MINUS THE WINGS"

"You have a dog in that berth," the conductor declared.

"Yes?" said Tracy. He said it interrogatively, non-committally. His mind was still heavy with sleep, and he was sparring for time to get it limbered up.

"Yes," answered the conductor. He was a short, stocky fellow with a black mustache.

"I'm Tracy of the New York Gyms," Mike informed him.

"Glad to meet you!" said the conductor. "I'm Corcoran of the New York Central. Pass out the bow-wow!"

"H'm," said Mike. "You see, Mr. Conductor, the mutt don't belong to me; it really belongs to that gentleman across the aisle. He might sue me if I let any one take it away from me."

Without another word, the conductor turned to the opposite berth.

"Hi, there!" he yelled at the snoring

"OUT FROM THE BLEACHERS HE SCURRIED, HIS TAIL BETWEEN HIS LEGS,

inmate, "you'll have to get your dog out of this car."

The snore ceased, and Tommy Ryan projected his head from the curtains.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Your dog," said the conductor. "You'll have to take it out of that berth over there and ——"

"Who says it's my dog?" asked Ryan.

"The man in the berth behind me."

"He must be talkin' in his sleep. I don't own a dog, only a goat," Mr. Ryan declared, as he withdrew his head.

"The *upper* berth," Mr. Tracy suggested from behind.

"Hi, you up there!" the conductor shouted.

Mr. Mandelbaum's tousled black thatch made its appearance aloft.

"Is that your dog?" the railroad man demanded.

Big Ben looked up and down the aisle.

"I don't see any dog," he said.

"There's one in that berth; is it yours?"

Mandelbaum wagged his head and yawned.

"I used to play for St. Louis," he said. "You'll have to show me."

Tracy stuck his head out again.

"Perhaps it's the *next* section," he said in a helpful tone.

By this time the curtains were decorated up and down the aisle with two tiers of bodiless heads. They suggested Raphaelesque cherubim minus the wings and something of the seraphic expression. But their countenances radiated celestial joy.

Mr. Corcoran took one look at them and spun around on Tracy.

"The main show is now over, bo," he said determinedly. "The side-show will take place immediately in the baggage-car. Come, take out the ki-yi and trail him forward!"

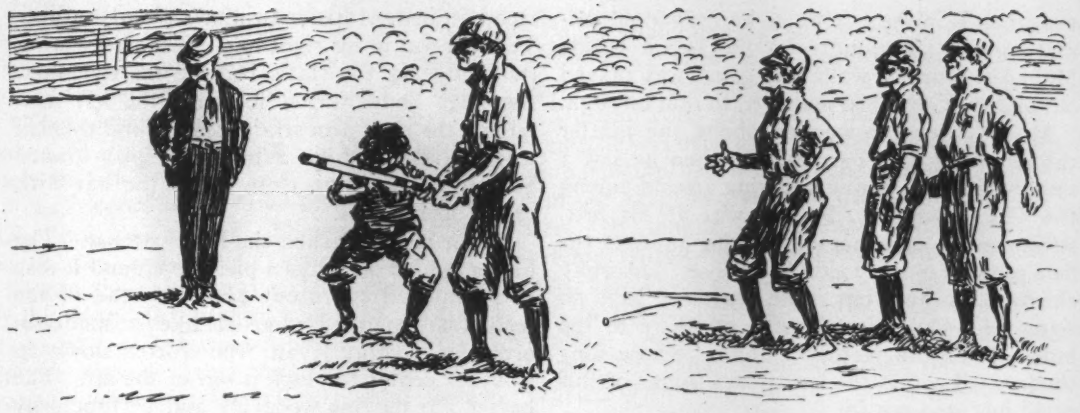
"Can't it be fixed?" Tracy pleaded; but the conductor shook his head.

"I'd like to oblige you," he said, "but the rule is copper-riveted, and I need my job. Come on; let us get it over with."

Mr. Tracy surrendered.

"Wait till I get me pants on," he said; and a few minutes later his bare feet were on the floor and he was standing erect in his undershirt. From their com-

"TRACY, WHO WAS HIS PARTICULAR CHUM, CONDUCTOR AND



AND ACROSS THE FIELD HE SKEDADDLED, STRAIGHT FOR MIKE TRACY"

fortable berths his loving companions consoled him.

"Goin' for a waug, Mige?" Schwartz inquired pleasantly.

"What ye standin' on? Are them things *feet*?" Ryan cried, his eyes on Mike's pink pedal extremities.

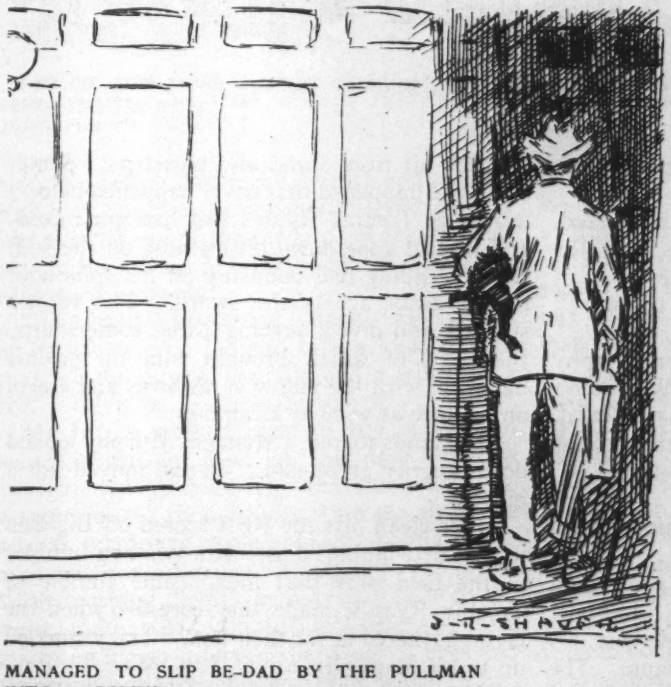
"He's shaking for the drinks," Mandelbaum declared, from the upper regions, as the scantily clothed Tracy shivered with the chill of the morning air rushing through the open ventilators.

"It's only nine cars," Tommy Ryan announced cheerfully, sticking his noddle out through the curtains and drawing it back in time to escape Mike's lunge at him.

"Come on!" Tracy commanded, pulling on the strap he held in his hand and hauling Be-dad from his comfortable recess.

Be-dad gazed at him reproachfully and raised his voice in song. Operatically he announced that he didn't want to go.

But he had to. Following the conductor, Mike shooed him along. It was quite a journey. Mr. Tracy was jounced rudely from side to side, now stubbing his toes against suit-cases concealed by the drooping curtains, now saving himself from involuntary invasion of the modesty of a draped compartment by jamming his big paw down upon the stomach of some unfortunate inmate. Hoarse growls and shrill screams resulted. Be-dad protested all the way in the most sorrowful tones, and behind the procession was a streak of sulphurous language. They joggled into the swaying baggage-car at last, and the conductor made the protesting Be-dad fast to a rack. Then Tracy bumped back to his own car and clambered into his berth, his teeth chattering.



MANAGED TO SLIP BE-DAD BY THE PULLMAN INTO A BERTH"

It was a sullen Be-dad that joined that company of metropolitan ball-players when they turned out for breakfast. At all of them, from Manager Murphy down to Heck Grimshaw, who had just graduated from the Northern League, he gazed with deep reproach in his brown eyes. Tracy tried to pat him on the head, but he drew the head away. Rogers brought him a chop from the dining-car, but he turned up his brown snout and wouldn't touch it. He felt that he had been abandoned by his friends to the mercy of a soulless corporation, and his heart was sore under his ribs.

Even when he was taken out to

the grounds in the afternoon, he showed no animation, but sat stolidly on the bench beside Manager Murphy while the game was played out and the Gyms just managed to skin through.

Murphy became worried about the matter the following day, particularly when he saw a small white bull pup scampering around among the Chicago Reds. Be-dad was at his feet, sitting on his haunches and looking out over the field with a far-away look in his eyes. Murphy chirruped to him, but, if he heard, he gave no sign. His soul seemed away off there in the blue, above the factory chimney whose long shadow fell across the fence, and things of this earth he cared not for.

It was a critical time. If the Gyms could get two out of the series they would leap to the lead, and they had pulled one off already. The manager called Mike Tracy.

"Look at the bow-wow, Mike," he whispered.

Mike glanced at the little figure, and the shadow of trouble darkened his blue eyes.

"Do you think it's lyin' down on us he is?" he asked anxiously.

"I d'know — I d'know," Manager Murphy said, shaking his head dolefully. "Why don't you try to bring him to? He went to you first."

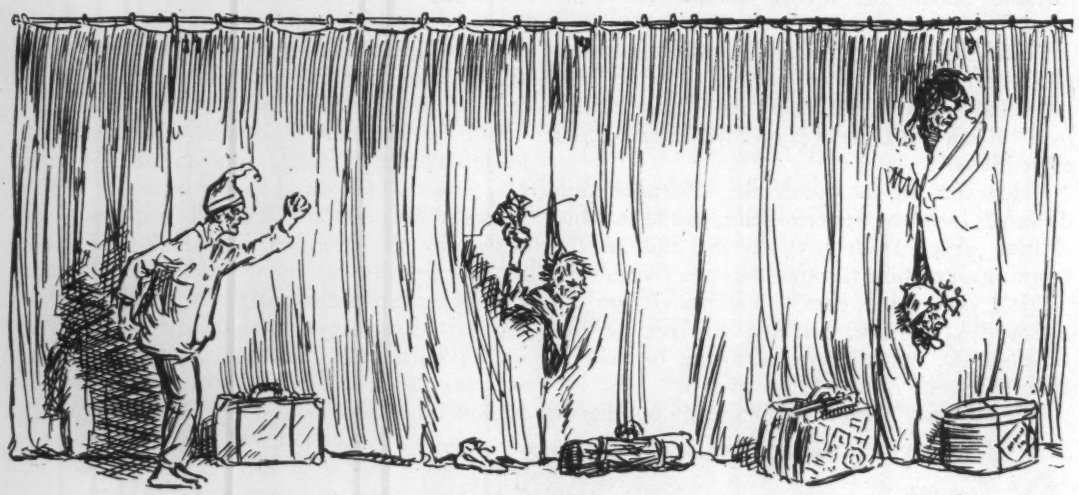
"He's raw on me for fetchin' him to the baggage-wagon, I'm afraid. Hi, Be-dad!"

Be-dad never budged.

"See," said the first-baseman mournfully, "I've lost me drag with him."

Just then the umpire called the game, and Mike had to hurry out to his station. The batter stepped up to the plate and stood there, his stick raised and his eyes on Mandelbaum. The Gyms' big pitcher swung his arms aloft and stood an instant like a swimmer about to dive. The ball was in his right hand, his left covering it. Suddenly the static became the dynamic; the huge body lunged forward, the left arm falling, the right arm straightening, and the ball was delivered. Like a bullet it sped toward Schwartz, crouching close under the bat with eager, open hands.

But it never reached the little catcher. The batter landed on it like a pile-driver, and it rose in a beautiful curve out over the head of the second-baseman. It looked like a made-to-order for Tommy Ryan, who trotted slowly in from far center to pluck it out of the air. The batter was moving woodenly and perfunctorily toward first base, and the "next up" was selecting his stick, when a surprised yell jumped into the air from stand and bleachers. Something had happened that never happened before: dead-sure Tommy Ryan's feet had got mixed, and he had gone down on his nose on the sod, the descending ball bouncing off his spine and rolling away across the sward. The runner spurted and dived, turning three somersaults, the third of which brought him up on his haunches with the pillow in his arms and a grin on his face as wide as a rainbow.



"IT WAS QUITE A JOURNEY. MR. TRACY WAS JOUNCED RUDELY FROM SIDE TO SIDE, STOMACH OF SOME

The stands roared. Manager Murphy looked down angrily at Be-dad. Be-dad moved not a muscle.

Three clean hits the Reds scored off Big Ben in that first inning; these, with two bad fumbles in the field plus that inexplicable tumble of Tommy Ryan's, made the score 6–0 when the Gyms gathered in for their lick. Tracy hurried up to his manager.

"Hey, Murph, ye got to do somepin'!" he

whispered hoarsely. "That ki-yi's got a black Irish fit. He's on strike, I tell ye! He sure put the Indian sign on Tommy Ryan that time."

"There he sits like a funeral ornament," answered Murphy, in disgust. "D'ye think he might be sick?"

"No; it's sore he is," Mike answered gloomily. "Oh, Lord, look at that! Three peaches fell for Doc Rogers, and he didn't pluck one."

So ran the game away. They pounded the terrible Mandelbaum until he almost cried with shame; they stole bases whenever the predatory impulse moved them; they played in circles around the demoralized Gyms, who seemed unable to get the ball or to hold it or throw it.

And throughout the massacre Be-dad sat, silent, nursing his wrath. Tracy got down on his knees before him in the seventh and pleaded with him; but there was no mercy in the haughty and averted eye of the terrier. Manager Murphy grabbed Bugs MacIntyre by the sleeve and whispered brokenly:

"The mutt's in reverse, Mack! He's got it on us backward. Go and take a look at him; that roll-top mug o' yours 'd pull a grin from a stiff. Try it on, like a good sport!"

MacIntyre walked over to the bench and leaned down in front of the dog. Be-dad straightened his hind legs and stood up. He wagged his tail thoughtfully, with the air of one who is pondering some subject of importance and will not let trifles distract his attention. With crushing dignity he moved a pace to the right, so that Mr. MacIntyre's face and form might no longer intervene between his eyes and that spot in the blue universe upon which he had fixed his regard. Then he calmly sat down again.

Mack straightened up and looked at Murphy, wall-eyed. "Now w'at do you know about dat?" he demanded.

Murphy tried Scraggs in the box; but poor Scraggsie was even more blissfully buffeted than Mandelbaum had been, so the manager pulled him out again and went to the finish with Big Ben. By almost superhuman exertion, that veteran twirler held the Reds down to fifteen runs; and Tracy got home on a scratch hit and two sacrifices, making the only score for the visitors. Amid shrieks of derision from the "fans," the game closed thus, and the broken-hearted Gyms went to their dressing-rooms in a gloom as deep as the Pacific Ocean and as thick as the Chicago River.

Anxiously, the next morning, Manager Murphy asked for the temperamental condition of Be-dad. Tracy, to whom the inquiry was addressed, shook a mournful head.

"I never saw such a grouch," he declared sadly. "There isn't a wag o' the tail or a yelp out of him. His appetite's all right, but his disposition's just rotten."

"Then," said Mr. Murphy, with determination, "he stays home. We got enough to pull against without havin' a back-actin' mascot puttin' the jinks on us."

Indeed, it was a task for heroes that confronted the Gyms: a big, hostile crowd, for the "fans" turned out in force to see the game that was to determine the question of the Big League championship; opponents flushed with the easy victory of the day before; and, worst of all, a leaden consciousness at the bottom of their hearts that luck was blowing against them and their mascot was giving them the double cross.

NOW STUBBING HIS TOES AGAINST SUIT-CASES, NOW JAMMING HIS BIG PAW UPON THE UNFORTUNATE INMATE"

"'HE'S RAW ON ME FOR FETCHIN' HIM TO THE BAGGAGE-WAGON, I'M AFRAID. I'VE LOST ME DRAG WITH HIM'"

But they *were* heroes. Every one was a man of Murphy's selection, and Johnnie Murphy knew a ball-player from cap to cleats. He never fancied the flashy chaps who sailed well with the wind right; he wanted the heavy-weather men, the boys of the bull-dog breed, who could hold on like grim death, who could take punishment without losing strength, and fight an uphill fight steady and sure.

And he had them. Their faces were solemn, but their nerve was true, as they grimly limbered up for the supreme contest. Murphy watched their practice with pride in his heart. Sure and unsmiling they played, speedy and strong, working together in perfect coördination. When the umpire yelled, "Play ball!" their manager felt in his heart that Fate might pluck the prize away from him, but it would be through no fault of that heroic band whose white uniforms dotted the broad green field.

And that day the "fans" got their money's worth. It was a game of games. The snap of the coming winter was in the air, and the players, waiting for their turn at the bat, jigged and turned cartwheels on the turf to keep the blood moving briskly.

Close under the grand stand the little white bull pup of the Chicagoans joyously gamboled, but the Gyms played without their mascot. He was at home, locked in Mike Tracy's room. The battle was to be fought without him.

What a battle it was! The Reds were in their best form; they had their eyes with them, and Mandelbaum found them foemen worthy of his steel. But it was good steel. Never did Big Ben pitch a better game; his speed and control were superb.

The very first inning showed the kind of a fight it was going to be. Two of Chicago's puissant batters Ben pitched out in one-two-three order; the third man up got a clean hit to right, which Doc Rogers picked from the turf in a long, sweeping scoop, and shot to first bag in time to get his man.

The crowd shouted its approval. This might be a defeat for the metropolitan players, but it would be no rout. The Gyms were playing ball again.

At the bat they did well, but not well enough. Buck Terry was in the box for Chicago, and he could pitch. They got two hits off him; one of them landed Tracy at second, but he died there.

The second inning passed without a score, and the third; but in the fourth Dutchie Schwartz streaked in from third bag on Mandelbaum's caught fly, beating the swift home throw of the left-fielder to the plate.

Two innings went by before the Reds tied the score, Terry ripping a two-bagger through the short stop which brought Swede Nelson home.

So, nip and tuck, it went to the ninth, and Mandelbaum held the home team down in the first half.

A deep sigh broke from Murphy as his men trooped in to the bat.

"Oh, for a run! Just one little tiny single one!" he prayed under his breath, as Rogers picked up the stick. But Rogers fanned. And so did Ryan. And, as Mike Tracy skipped in from the coach line and reached down for his war-club, the little manager fixed on him a tearful glance of appeal.

"I'll do me best, Murph," the big slugger answered, smiling a little sadly as he hefted the stick.

Tracy looked up at the grand stand and around at the boards. A midnight hush had fallen upon them. Each spectator was stone still; their bodies were inclined forward; only their eyes were alive.

A man standing in Dearborn Street saw a wild-looking little Irish terrier clamber out of a first-story window of a hotel across the street. The dog scampered up and down the fire-escape, as if seeking some means of getting down to the street. He whimpered quickly, eagerly. While the man watched, the animal pushed his body through two iron uprights and fell to the sidewalk. The man ran across the roadway to pick up the little creature, but before he reached the curb the dog was on his feet and darting away. He ran a little lame on one fore leg, but so swiftly that he was around the corner and out of sight in a second.

Some minutes later the dog, still with that little limp that betokened a sore fore paw, scurried under the turnstile at the unguarded gate of the ball-grounds, ran between the legs of the fat policeman who stood with his back to the door, and lost himself under the seats of the grand stand.

Mike Tracy, about to step up to the plate, heard a high-pitched yelp, and looked sharply at the lower end of the big stand. Then out on the field hopped Be-dad.

The white bull of the Chicagoans saw him and made a dash for him. Like a flash Be-dad sprang at his throat, and a sudden clamor of canine yelps and yowls shattered the deathlike silence that brooded on the ball-field.

They tore the dogs apart, the Chicago manager grabbing the bull pup and Manager Murphy gathering Be-dad to his breast.

"Now, ye big Mick," he cried, laughing hysterically, as he turned toward Tracy, "*bit it!*"

And Tracy, his eyes beaming, stretched out his bat and called gayly to Buck Terry:

"Shoot it, kid!"

The pitcher "shot" it — a vicious inshoot that fairly sizzled as it sped toward the plate.

Tracy stepped back and swung on it. He couldn't miss. It sprang from his bat as if from a gun, and Tracy heard the yelp of Be-dad mingle with the roar from the crowd as he lowered his head and streaked for first.

"Go on! Go on!" Tommy Ryan shrieked,— Tommy dancing like a madman on the coach line,— and Mike was on his way in a flash. Pete Burke tried to fool him with a fake catch at second, but Ryan's "Go on! Go on!" was ringing in his ears, and he just put more steam into his flying legs. Again at third bag the cry was "Go on!" and, as he flashed by it and started down the home stretch, he caught a glimpse of the catcher pleading, with hands outstretched in prayer, for the ball that Mike knew was speeding in from deep center on the relay. Ten feet from the plate the look in the catcher's face warned him, and he pitched down, head foremost, for the long slide. An instant later the catcher fell on him, and he waited an agonized eternity till the umpire yelled:

"Safe!"

The catcher rolled off him, and he staggered to his feet, rubbing the dust and sweat out of his eyes. The roar of voices assaulted his ears in deep, recurrent surges. When he looked around, he saw his team-mates dancing a wild dance of victory and joy. But Tracy walked straight to Murphy and took the dog from the manager's arms. Clasping him close to the huge chest that was pumping like a bellows, he looked down at Be-dad.

"Ye — ye b-black Irishman!" he sobbed.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE MONTESSORI AMERICAN COMMITTEE

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE wishes to announce that, in response to a request from Madame Montessori, a Montessori American Committee has been formed to direct the progress in America of Dr. Montessori's educational theories. This Committee already includes the following names:

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.
BYRON SATTERLEE HURLBUT, *Dean of Harvard University.*
WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, *Superintendent of Schools, New York City.*
MR. ROBERTS WALKER, *Director of the Rock Island Railway Company.*
S. S. McCLURE, *Editor of McClure's Magazine.*
DR. A. DUNCAN YOCUM, *Head of the Pedagogical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.*
HENRY W. HOLMES, *Educational Department of Harvard University.*
MISS ELLEN YALE STEVENS, *Principal of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary.*
ARTHUR O. NORTON, *Educational Department of Harvard University.*
MISS ANNE E. GEORGE, *Translator of Madame Montessori's book, "Scientific Pedagogy."*
HOWARD C. WARREN, *of Princeton University.*
JOHN F. REIGART, *Principal of School No. 166, New York City.*
MRS. EDITH SHARON, *Principal of St. Michael's School, New York City.*
WILLIAM MORROW, *Secretary of the Frederick A. Stokes Company.*
MRS. WILLIAM PIERSON HAMILTON.
EDWARD H. BOUTON, *of the Sage Foundation Homes Company.*
MRS. HENRY COPLEY GREEN.
MRS. RICHARD CABOT.

The Committee will work under the direct instructions of Madame Montessori, and will supervise all matters pertaining to the Montessori movement, with the exception of the manufacture and sale of the Montessori apparatus.

The manufacture and sale of this apparatus is under the control of the House of Childhood, Inc., Carl A. Byoir, president. The Committee has no financial connection with the firm which is to manufacture and sell the Montessori materials. It will deal, under Madame Montessori's direction, with all matters relating to the educational side of the movement, such as discouraging the premature opening of schools by teachers insufficiently trained, seeing that only serious propaganda work is carried on and that only well substantiated statements about the movement are sent forth, and helping in the organization of the courses for teachers which Montessori herself will undertake. Madame Montessori intends to start, this fall, a special course for fitting teachers who wish to open training-schools for teaching the Montessori method. This course is to be given by Madame Montessori personally in Rome. No training-school approved by Madame Montessori will be opened in the United States this year. Until a headquarters has been established, communications may be addressed to the Montessori American Committee, care of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. An announcement giving additional facts regarding the Montessori movement in America will appear in the July number of McCLURE'S.

THE FORTUNES THAT ENDURE

IN an article recently published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE Burton J. Hendrick described the downfall of the Goulds as a great financial and railroad power. Essentially the same story could have been written of nearly all the other railroad families — the Vanderbilts, the Huntingtons, the Stanfords, the Garretts, and the rest.

In this issue of McCLURE'S the same writer describes certain great family fortunes which do not disintegrate, but steadily increase in size from generation to generation. The more the general subject of American fortunes is studied the more apparent it is that the only ones that show any particular stability are those which are based upon the ownership of urban land. The Gould fortune, at present only in its second generation, is rapidly going to pieces. The Astor fortune, on the other hand, is now in its fifth generation, and the young man of twenty, William Vincent Astor, who, as a result of his father's tragic death upon the *Titanic*, has suddenly become the head of the American branch of the family, will inherit in the neighborhood of $150,000,000, which is at least eight times as much as was left in 1848 by the first John Jacob. It is a remarkable fact that while great fortunes made in railroad and in other economic and industrial enterprises apparently last for only two or three generations, the Goelet fortune dates back nearly two centuries and the Rhinelander family almost as long. With the exception of the Astors, indeed, nearly all these great landed families in New York are descended from the old Dutch and Huguenot families who founded the city.

POLITICS and the stage are two dominant notes in the symphony of the spring fiction season, with occasional minor chords from George Moore *et al.* and the brave clatter of the mystery manufacturers at all times pervasive. It has been a busily modern season; each offering is up to the minute in trig modernity of matter and treatment. No good old-fashioned story has dared to bare its humble head. Lilac-tinted and sunflowery fiction has gone to the limbo of the white-uniformed naval officer of the passé musical comedy. Heart-throbs this year differ in expression from the heart-throbs of the past.

From Louisa M. Alcott to the anguished author of "To M. L. G."! (Stokes.) This anonymous writer tears 338 impassioned pages from her heart of hearts, that "M. L. G." may know the truth about her. She was a great but sorrowing actress when she first loved and was loved by "M. L. G." Whether he wanted to know her past and she couldn't speak of it is problematic; but she sent him away, quickly repented her rashness, and cast this screed of her deeds upon the tides of men, in the hope of its reaching him and bringing him back to her. "M. L. G." and the eager reader are spared no detail of her orphaned and unleashed maidenhood, the really pathetic story of her rise to stellar heights by the ladder of convenience, and her hectic life as a stage idol until the awakening of her soul by "M. L. G." Assuming, even at the risk of questioning her good taste, that this is a real "human document," the author will have some compensation even if she fails to win back "M. L. G." — she may be sure of her royalties.

Parallel for most of its course "To M. L. G." lies "Carnival" (Appletons), by Compton Mackenzie. Although this story of a London ballet girl may be more imaginative in conception than its American contemporary, it is more vulgarly real and less blatantly emotional. Jenny of the ballet was sound at heart, and because of it she refused the love that (with reservations) was offered her. Because she lost her young sculptor lover she did the next best thing, and after an episodic interval married a Cornish farmer. Inevitable tragedy. "Carnival" is a chronicle of diverting people written in a fresh and sympathetic way. Jenny, vulgarian and philosopher, is captivating from the time she dances into the world until she goes out of it. She is a new character in fiction, admirable in her naïve sophistication and the sure hold she takes upon a hitherto untouched part of our mind.

It is a relief to find a detective story in which the long arm of coincidence is not stretched until its tendons crack. One of the exceptions is Burton E. Stevenson's "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet" (Dodd, Mead). This venomous piece of furniture is conveyed from France to New York by a temperamental French criminal for reasons of his own. Scarcely is it unpacked before it begins murdering people mysteriously — but quite naturally, as you learn in the end. The pursuit of Crochard, the criminal, is rapid and enlivening, with several extremely tense situations. Crochard wins your admiration, and you will almost be glad he escapes. Our sympathies go so naturally to the under dog — especially if he is a clever dog of the under-world.

Two young widows at a gambling resort, a discredited French count, and a married couple whose past is veiled in uncertainty are the *dramatis personae* of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' "The Chink in the Armour" (Scribners). One